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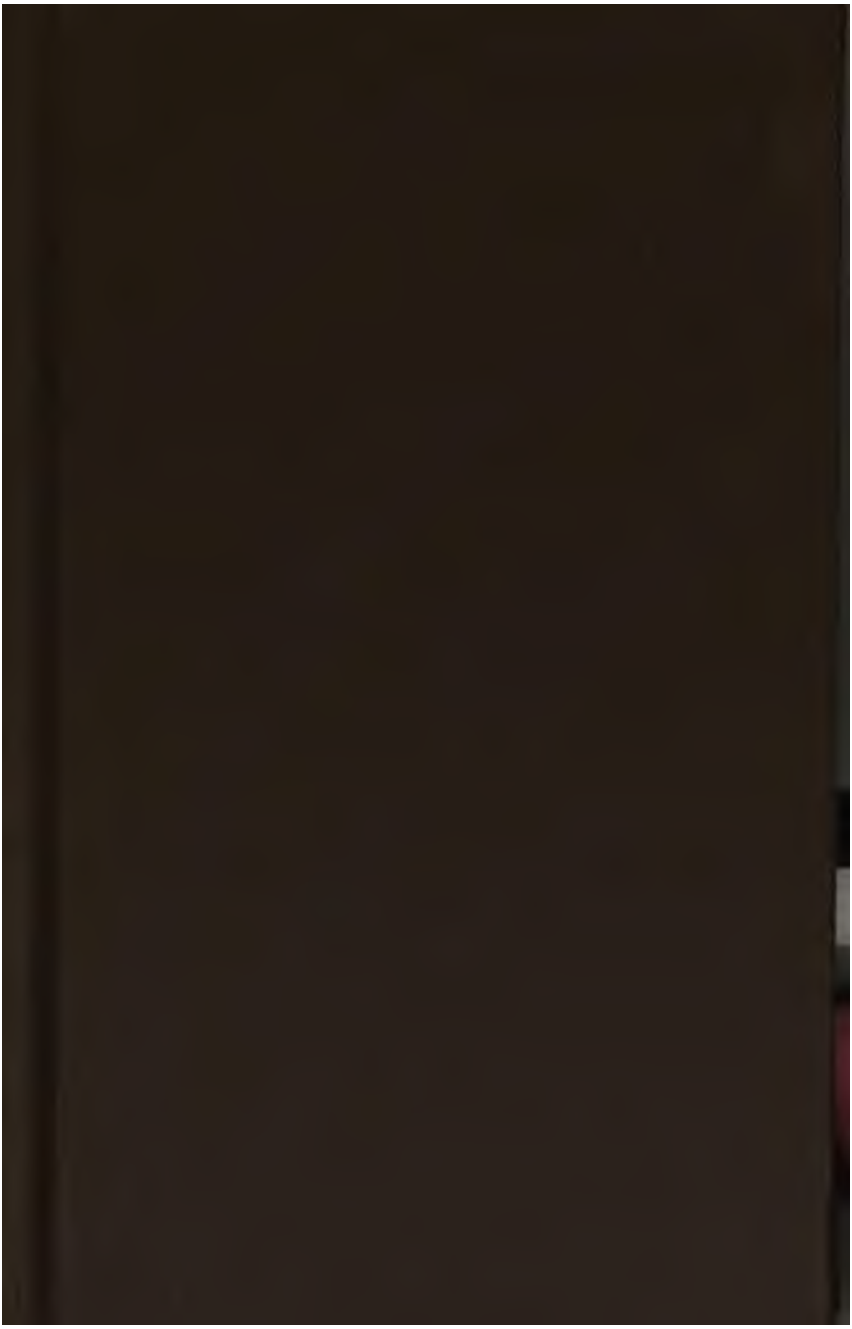

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THE

BRITISH CLASSICS:

VOLUME THE FIFTIETH.

CONTAINING THE

SIXTEENTH VOLUME

OF

SWIFT'S WORKS.

1813.

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

REV. JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

ARRANGED BY

THOMAS SHERIDAN, A. M.

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL.

A NEW EDITION, IN TWENTY-FOUR VOLUMES.

CORRECTED AND REVISED

BY JOHN NICHOLS, F. A. S.

EDINBURGH AND PERTH.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE SIXTEENTH VOLUME.

LETTERS.

From Judge Nutley, - - - - - - - 1
From Mr. Pope, - - - - - - - 3
To Bishop Sterne, - - - - - - - 7
From Lord Primate Lindsay, - - - - - - 9
To Archbishop King, - - - - - - 11
From Lord Primate Lindsay - - - - - - 15
From Lord Chancellor Phipps, - - - - - 16
From the Earl of Anglesey, - - - - - - 18
From the Earl of Peterborow, - - - - - 19
From Lord Treasurer Oxford, - - - - - 22
A Letter from an Informer, - - - - - - ib.
Humourous Lines by Lord Oxford, &c. - - - - 23
More Lines by Lord Oxford, - - - - - - 25
From the Duchess of Ormond, - - - - - - ib.
To the Earl of Peterborow, - - - - - - 28
From Chiverton Charlton, Esq. - - - - - 30
From Mr. Gay, - - - - - - - - 33
To Miss Vanhomrigh, - - - - - - - 35
From Mr. Barber, - - - - - - - 36
From Dr. Arbuthnot, - - - - - - - 37
From Mr. Pope, - - - - - - - - 38
From T. Harley, Esq. - - - - - - - 41
From Mr. Thomas, - - - - - - - 42
From Dr. Arbuthnot, - - - - - - - 43
To Lord Treasurer Oxford, - - - - - - 46
From Mr. Barber, - - - - - - - 47
From the same to Mr. Ford, - - - - - - 49
From Mr. Thomas, - - - - - - - ib.
From Erasmus Lewis, Esq. - - - - - - 50
From Charles Ford, Esq. - - - - - - 52
From the same, - - - - - - - - 54
From Dr. Arbuthnot, - - - - - - - 56
From Lord Bolingbroke, - - - - - - 58
From Charles Ford Esq. - - - - - - 59
From the same, - - - - - - - - 60
From Erasmus Lewis, Esq. - - - - - - 62

299776

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Dr. Warren Lombard
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CONTENTS

OF

THE SIXTEENTH VOLUME.

LETTERS.

From Judge Nutley, - - - - - - - 1
From Mr. Pope, - - - - - - - 3
To Bishop Sterne, - - - - - - - 7
From Lord Primate Lindsay, - - - - - - 9
To Archbishop King, - - - - - - 11
From Lord Primate Lindsay, - - - - - - 15
From Lord Chancellor Phipps, - - - - - 16
From the Earl of Anglesey, - - - - - - 18
From the Earl of Peterborow, - - - - - 19
From Lord Treasurer Oxford, - - - - - 22
A Letter from an Informer, - - - - - - ib.
Humourous Lines by Lord Oxford, &c. - - - - 23
More Lines by Lord Oxford, - - - - - - 25
From the Duchess of Ormond, - - - - - - ib.
To the Earl of Peterborow, - - - - - - 28
From Chiverton Charlton, Esq. - - - - - 30
From Mr. Gay, - - - - - - - - 33
To Miss Vanhomrigh, - - - - - - - 35
From Mr. Barber, - - - - - - - 36
From Dr. Arbuthnot, - - - - - - - 37
From Mr. Pope, - - - - - - - - 38
From T. Harley, Esq. - - - - - - - 41
From Mr. Thomas, - - - - - - - 42
From Dr. Arbuthnot, - - - - - - - 43
To Lord Treasurer Oxford, - - - - - - 46
From Mr. Barber, - - - - - - - 47
From the same to Mr. Ford, - - - - - - 49
From Mr. Thomas, - - - - - - - ib.
From Erasmus Lewis, Esq. - - - - - - 50
From Charles Ford, Esq. - - - - - - 52
From the same, - - - - - - - - 54
From Dr. Arbuthnot, - - - - - - - 56
From Lord Bolingbroke, - - - - - - 58
From Charles Ford Esq. - - - - - - 59
From the same, - - - - - - - - 60
From Erasmus Lewis, Esq. - - - - - - 62

299776

From Lord Harley, - - - - - - 64
From Dr. Arbuthnot, - - - - - - ib.
To the Duke of Ormond, - - - - - 67
From Charles Ford, Esq. - - - - - 68
From the Duke of Ormond, - - - - - 70
From Erasmus Lewis, Esq. - - - - - 71
From Charles Ford, Esq. - - - - - ib.
From the same, - - - - - - - 73
From Erasmus Lewis, Esq. - - - - - ib.
From Dr. Arbuthnot, - - - - - - 74
To the Earl of Oxford, - - - - - - 76
From the Earl of Oxford, - - - - - ib.
From Erasmus Lewis, Esq. - - - - - 77
From Lady Masham, - - - - - - 79
From Erasmus Lewis, Esq. - - - - - 80
From Mr. Barber - - - - - - 81
From Erasmus Lewis, Esq. - - - - - 82
From Charles Ford, Esq. - - - - - 83
To Miss Vanhomrigh, - - - - - - 87
From Mr. J Birch, - - - - - - 88
From Lord Bolingbroke, - - - - - ib.
From Erasmus Lewis, Esq. - - - - - 89
From Mr. Barber, - - - - - - - 90
From Charles Ford, Esq. - - - - - 91
From Erasmus Lewis, Esq. - - - - - 94
To Lady Masham, - - - - - - 95
To Lord Bolingbroke, - - - - - - 96
To Archdeacon Walls, - - - - - - 100
From Erasmus Lewis, Esq. - - - - - 101
From Lord Bolingbroke, - - - - - 103
From Charles Ford, Esq. - - - - - 104
From Dr. Arbuthnot, - - - - - - 106
To Miss Vanhomrigh, - - - - - - 107
From Charles Ford, - - - - - - 108
From Mr. Gay, - - - - - - - 110
Dr Arbuthnot to Mr. Pope, - - - - - 113
To Lord Bolingbroke, - - - - - - 114
From Dr. Arbuthnot, - - - - - - 117
The same to Mr. Ford, - - - - - - 119
To Sir Arthur Langford, - - - - - 120
From Erasmus Lewis, Esq. - - - - - 121
From Miss Vanhomrigh, - - - - - 122
From the same, - - - - - - - ib.
Dr. Arbuthnot to Mr. Ford, - - - - - 123
From the same, - - - - - - - 124
To Monsieur Giraldi, - - - - - - 126
To the Earl of Oxford, - - - - - - 127
From Dr. Freind, - - - - - - - 128

From the Duchess of Ormond, - - - - - 129
To Mr. Pope, - - - - - - 130
To Bishop Atterbury, - - - - - - 133
From Bishop Atterbury, - - - - - 135
To Bishop Atterbury, - - - - - - 138
From Lady Bolingbroke, - - - - - 140
To Archbishop King, - - - - - - 141
From Mr. Pope, - - - - - - - 144
From Lady Bolingbroke, - - - - - 146
To Mr. Pope, - - - - - - - 148
From the Duchess of Ormond, - - - - - 151
From Lord Bolingbroke, - - - - - 153
From Charles Ford, Esq. - - - - - 155
To Archbishop King, - - - - - - 156
From Archbishop King, - - - - - 159
To the Archbishop of Dublin, - - - - - 160
To the same, - - - - - - - 162
From Erasmus Lewis, Esq. - - - - - 165
To Archbishop King, - - - - - - 167
To the same, - - - - - - - 169
To the same, - - - - - - - 172
From Erasmus Lewis, Esq. - - - - - 174
From the same, - - - - - - - 176
From the same, - - - - - - - 177
To Robert Cope, Esq. - - - - - - 178
To Bishop Atterbury, - - - - - - 179
From Mr. Prior, - - - - - - - 182
From the Earl of Oxford, - - - - - - 184
From Mr. Prior, - - - - - - - ib.
From Mr. Addison, - - - - - - 185
From Lord Harley, - - - - - - 187
From Mr. Prior, - - - - - - - 188
From the same, - - - - - - - 189
From Peter Ludlow, Esq. - - - - - 190
From Mr. Prior, - - - - - - - 193
From Mr. Addison, - - - - - - 194
From Dr. Arbuthnot, - - - - - - 195
From the same, - - - - - - - 197
From Lord Bolingbroke, - - - - - 200
To Lord Bolingbroke, - - - - - - 205
From Mr. Prior, - - - - - - - 208
From the same, - - - - - - - 209
To Miss Vanhomrigh, - - - - - - 211
To the Bishop of Meath, - - - - - 212
To Lord Bolingbroke, - - - - - - 214
From the Duchess of Ormond, - - - - - 217
From Mr. Prior, - - - - - - - 219

To Robert Cope, Esq. - - - - - - 222
From Miss Vanhomrigh, - - - - - 224
To the same, - - - - - - - 225
From the same, - - - - - - - 226
To the same, - - - - - - - 227
To the same, - - - - - - - 228
From the same, - - - - - - - ib.
To the same, - - - - - - - 229
From Sir Thomas Hanmer, - - - - - 231
To Mr. Pope, - - - - - - - 232
From Sir Constantine Phipps, - - - - - 245
From Mr. Prior, - - - - - - - 246
From the same, - - - - - - - 247
To [Stella] Mrs. Johnson, - - - - - 249
To the Rev. Mr. Wallis, - - - - - 250
To the Bishop of Meath, - - - - - 251
To Vanessa, - - - - - - - 252
From Lord Bolingbroke, - - - - - 254
From the Duchess of Ormond, - - - - - 261
To Mr. Worrall, - - - - - - - 262
To Archbishop King, - - - - - - 263
To the Rev. Mr. Jackson, - - - - - 266
To the Rev. Mr. Wallis, - - - - - 268
From Lord Bolingbroke, - - - - - 269
From Dr. Snape, - - - - - - - 273
To Vanessa, - - - - - - - 274
To the same, - - - - - - - 275
To the same, - - - - - - - 276
To Robert Cope, Esq. - - - - - - 277
To the Earl of Oxford, - - - - - - 282
From Mr. Gay, - - - - - - - 283
To Dr. Sheridan, - - - - - - - 284
To Mr. Gay, - - - - - - - 286
From Mr. Pope, - - - - - - - 289
To the Duke of Grafton, - - - - - 292
From Mr. Gay, - - - - - - - 293
To the Rev. Mr. Wallis, - - - - - 295
To Archbishop King, - - - - - - 297
To Robert Cope, Esq. - - - - - - ib.
To the same, - - - - - - - 299
From Lord Bolingbroke, - - - - - 301
To Dr. Sheridan, - - - - - - - 306
To Mr. Pope, - - - - - - - ib.
From Dr. Arbuthnot, - - - - - - 308
From the Duchess of Ormond, - - - - - 310
From Lord Bolingbroke, - - - - - - 312

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

DR. SWIFT

FROM JUDGE NUTLEY.*

SIR, *Dublin, Nov.* 21, 1713.

I CANNOT help telling you that I think you do me great wrong in charging me with being too civil, and with want of plainness in my letters to you. If you will be abundant in your favours to me, how can I forbear thanking you? and if you will call that by a wrong name, that is your fault, and not mine. I hope I shall be able to convince you of your mistake, by putting you in the place of the party obliged; and then I will show you, that I can be as ready as you are in doing good offices for a friend, and when I have done them, can treat you as you do me, as if you were the benefactor, and I had received the favour: I am sorry I did not keep a copy of my letter to you, that I might compare it with that which I shall have from you, whenever I

* Mr. Richard Nutley went to Ireland as counsel to the commissioners of the forfeited estates in that kingdom; and acquired such practice as enabled him to allow Mr. William Nutley, a dissipated elder brother in England, 300*l.* a year out of his profits, in lieu of an estate of 140*l.* a year, which he was fearful would be alienated from the family. William was the author of a little poem, called "Dr. Radcliffe's Advice to Lady Darsley;" and when his circumstances were much in the decline, received a most noble benefaction from that benevolent physician. F.

shall be so happy as to receive one from you upon that subject; for I am thoroughly persuaded, you will then as much outdo me in civility of expression, as you do now in the power of conferring favours.

By this time, I hope, I have satisfied you, that it is fit for me (and I am resolved) to express the sense I have of your friendship in as high a manner as I can, until I have an opportunity of making a better return: but to show you, that it is as uneasy to me to write civil things, as it can be to you to read them, I will, as often as I can, do you services, that I may not be at the trouble or bear the reproach of being complaisant.

I am so much a philosopher as to know that to be great, is to be, but not to be thought, miserable; and I am of the opinion of those among them, who allow retaliation; and therefore, since you have declared your intention of loading me with cares, I will, as far as I can, make you sensible of the hurt you do me, by laying a like burden upon you.

I thank you most sincerely for the clear and full information you have given me of your grand church affair. It entirely agrees with my judgment; for I do think that what you propose will be the best service that has been done to this church and kingdom since the restoration, and the doing it soon will be of great advantage to the queen's affairs at this juncture. For, it has been given out among the party, that the ministry have an eye toward the whigs, and that if they now exert themselves, they will soon have an open declaration in their favour: we have a remarkable proof of this; for Mr. Broderick has engaged a considerable number of the parliament men (many of them not of his party) to promise him their votes for speaker, by telling them he has the approbation of the ministry and lord lieutenant; and since his grace has made known her majes-

ty's pleasure, a new word is given out, that the liberties of the people are in the last danger, and that the crown is attempting the nomination of a speaker. I own I am no politician; but I think I understand the posture of affairs here, and I am assured that the church party is so strong, that if any thing be done on your side to excite their zeal, and discourage their adversaries, there will be but a short struggle here. But if the whigs are permitted to hope, or what is as bad, to boast of their expectations, and nothing is done, to enable others to confute them, they will, it is probable, be able to give trouble to the government; and what is now easy to be effected, will become difficult by delay; and I fear, the want of doing this in time will occasion some uneasiness to the Duke of Shrewsbury; for to this is owing the doubtful dispute, who shall be speaker.

I have showed your letter to the gentleman chiefly concerned in it: this I did, because I knew it would produce a full expression of his sentiments; and I can assure you, whatever occasion may have been given you to think what you say in your letter, he has a true sense of your friendship to him. I will be guarantee, that according to the power he has, he will be ready to serve you, and that in kind.

My lord chancellor will send you his own thanks. I am, most truly and sincerely,

Yours, &c.

FROM MR. POPE.

SIR, *Binfield, Dec.* 8, 1713.

Not to trouble you at present with a recital of all my obligations to you, I shall only mention two things,

which I take particularly kind of you: your desire that I should write to you, and your proposal of giving me twenty guineas to change my religion; which last you must give me leave to make the subject of this letter.

Sure no clergyman ever offered so much out of his own purse for the sake of any religion. It is almost as many pieces of gold, as an Apostle could get of silver, from the priests of old, on a much more valuable consideration. I believe it will be better worth my while to propose a change of my faith by subscription, than a translation of Homer. And, to convince you how well disposed I am to the reformation, I shall be content, if you can prevail with my lord treasurer and the ministry to rise to the same sum each of them, on this pious account, as my Lord Halifax has done on the profane one. I am afraid there is no being at once a poet and a good Christian; and I am very much straightened between the two, while the whigs seem willing to contribute as much to continue me the one, as you would to make me the other. But, if you can move every man in the government, who has above ten thousand pounds a year, to subscribe as much as yourself, I shall become a convert, as most men do, when the Lord turns it to my interest. I know they have the truth of religion so much at heart, that they would certainly give more to have one good subject translated from popery to the church of England, than twenty Heathenish authors out of any unknown tongue into ours. I therefore commission you, Mr. Dean, with full authority to transact this affair in my name, and to propose as follows: First, that as to the head of our church, the pope, I may engage to renounce his power, whensoever I shall receive any particular indulgences from the head of your church, the queen.

As to communication in one kind, I shall also promise to change it for communion in both, as soon as the ministry will allow me.

For invocations to saints, mine shall be turned to dedications to sinners, when I shall find the great ones of this world as willing to do me any good, as I believe those of the other are.

You see I shall not be obstinate in the main points; but there is one article I must reserve, and which you seemed not unwilling to allow me, prayer for the dead. There are people to whose souls I wish as well as to my own; and I must crave leave, humbly to lay before them, that, though the subscriptions above mentioned will suffice for myself, there are necessary perquisites and additions, which I must demand on the score of this charitable article. It is also to be considered, that the greater part of those, whose souls I am most concerned for, were unfortunately heretics, schismatics, poets, painters, or persons of such lives and manners, as few or no churches are willing to save. The expense will therefore be the greater, to make an effectual provision for the said souls.

Old *Dryden*, though a roman catholic, was a poet; and it is revealed in the visions of some ancient saints, that no poet was ever saved under some hundreds of masses. I cannot set his delivery from purgatory at less than fifty pounds sterling.

Walsh was not only a socinian, but (what you will own is harder to be saved) a whig. He cannot modestly be rated at less than a hundred.

L'Estrange, being a tory, we compute him but at twenty pounds; which I hope no friend of the party can deny to give, to keep him from damning in the next life, considering they never gave him sixpence to keep him from starving in this.

All this together amounts to one hundred and seventy pounds.

In the next place, I must desire you to represent, that there are several of my friends yet living, whom I design, God willing, to outlive, in consideration of legacies; out of which it is a doctrine in the reformed church, that not a farthing shall be allowed, to save their souls who gave them.

There is one * * * * who will die within these few months; with * * * * one Mr. Jervas, who hath grievously offended, in making the likeness of almost all things in heaven above and earth below. And one Mr. Gay, an unhappy youth, who writes pastorals during the time of divine service; whose case is the more deplorable, as he hath miserably lavished away all that silver he should have reserved for his soul's health, in buttons and loops for his coat.

I cannot pretend to have these people honestly saved under some hundred pounds, whether you consider the difficulty of such a work, or the extreme love and tenderness I bear them; which will infallibly make me push this charity as far as I am able.

There is but one more whose salvation I insist upon; and then I have done: but indeed it may prove of so much greater charge than all the rest, that I will only lay the case before you and the ministry, and leave to their prudence and generosity what sum they shall think fit to betow upon it.

The person I mean, is Dr. Swift; a dignified clergyman, but one, who, by his own confession, has composed more libels than sermons. If it be true, what I have heard often affirmed by innocent people, "That too much wit is dangerous to salvation;" this unfortunate gentleman must certainly be damned to all eternity. But I hope his long experience in the world, and frequent

conversation with great men, will cause him (as it has some others) to have less and less wit every day. Be it as it will, I should not think my own soul deserved to be saved, if I did not endeavour to save his; for I have all the obligations in nature to him. He has brought me into better company than I cared for, made me merrier when I was sick than I had a mind to be, and put me upon making poems on purpose that he might alter them, &c.

I once thought I could never have discharged my debt to his kindness; but have lately been informed, to my unspeakable comfort, that I have more than paid it all. For Monsieur de Montaigne has assured me, "That the person who receives a benefit obliges the giver:" for, since the chief endeavour of one friend is to do good to the other, he who administers both the matter and occasion, is the man who is liberal. At this rate it is impossible Dr. Swift should be ever out of my debt, as matters stand already; and, for the future, he may expect daily more obligations from

His most faithful,

affectionate humble servant,

A. POPE.

I have finished the Rape of the Lock; but I believe I may stay here till Christmas, without hindrance of business.

TO BISHOP STERNE.

MY LORD, *London, Dec.* 19, 1713.

I HAVE two letters from you to acknowledge, one of the fifth, and the other of the eleventh instant. I am

very glad it lies in my way to do any service to Mr. Worrall, and that his merits and my inclinations agree so well. I write this post to Dr. Synge, to admit him. I am glad your lordship thinks of removing your palace to the old, or some better place. I wish I were near enough to give my approbation; and if you do not choose till summer, I shall, God willing, attend you. Your second letter is about Dr. Marsh, who is one I always loved, and have shown it lately, by doing every thing he could desire from a brother. I should be glad for some reasons, that he would get a recommendation from the lord lieutenant, or at least that he be named. I cannot say more at this distance, but assure him, that all due care is taken of him. I have had an old scheme, as your lordship may remember, of dividing the bishoprics of Kilmore and Ardagh.* I advised it many months ago, and repeated it lately; and the queen and ministry, I suppose, are fallen into it. I did likewise lay very earnestly before proper persons the justice, and indeed necessity, of choosing to promote those of the kingdom; which advice has been hearkened to, and I hope will be followed. I would likewise say something in relation to a friend of your lordship's; but I can only venture thus much, that it was not to be done, and you may easily guess the reasons.

I know not who are named among you for the preferments; and, my lord, this is a very nice point to talk of at the distance I am. I know a person there better qualified, perhaps, than any that will succeed. But, my lord, our thoughts here are, that your kingdom leans too much one way; and believe me, it cannot do so long, while the queen and administration here act upon so

* These sees were then vacant, and were granted the month following to the lord lieutenant's chaplain, Dr. Godwyn. H.

very different a foot. This is more than I care to say. I should be thought a very vile man, if I presumed to recommend to a ——* my own brother, if he were the least disinclined to the present measures of her majesty and ministry here. Whoever is thought to do so must shake off that character, or wait for other junctures. This, my lord, I believe you will find to be true; and I will for once venture a step farther, than perhaps discretion should let me: that I never saw so great a firmness in the court, as there now is, to pursue those measures, upon which this ministry began, whatever some people may pretend to think to the contrary: and were certain objections made against some persons we both know, I believe I might have been instrumental to the service of some, whom I much esteem. Pick what you can out of all this, and believe me to be ever, &c.

FROM LORD PRIMATE LINDSAY.

SIR, *Dec.* 26, 1713.

YOUR's of December the 8th I have received, and have obeyed your commands, but am much troubled to find that the trade of doing ill offices is still continued. As for my part, I can entirely clear myself from either writing or saying any thing to any one's prejudice upon this occasion ;† and if others have wounded me in the dark, it is no more than they have done before; for Archbishop Tillotson formerly remarked, that if he

* "A bishopric," without doubt. N.

† There was at this time a great difference between the house of lords and commons in Ireland, about the Lord Chancellor Phipps of that kingdom; the latter addressing the queen to remove him from his post, and the former addressing in his favour. B.

should hearken to what the Irish clergy said of one another, there was not a man in the whole country that ought to be preferred.

We are now adjourned for a fortnight, and the commons for three weeks. I hear our lord lieutenant is not well pleased, that we have adjourned short of them: and I fancy the queen will not be well pleased, that the commons have had so little regard to the despatch of public business, as to make so long an adjournment as three weeks: and indeed they lowly seem to intimate, that if the lord chancellor* is not removed by that time, they will give her majesty no more money; and indeed some of them do not stick to say as much; and think it a duty incumbent on the crown, to turn out that minister (how innocent soever he be) whom the commons have addressed against.

I think it is plain to any who know the state of affairs here, that no party hath strength enough directly to oppose a money bill in this kingdom, when the government thinks fit to exert itself, as to be sure it always will do upon such occasions: and the half-pay officers, no doubt, will readily come in to that supply, out of which they are to receive their pay. But should all fail, yet the queen still may make herself easy, by disbanding two or three regiments, and striking off some unnecessary pensions.

Hobbes, in his Behemoth, talks of a height in time as well as place; and if ever there was a height in time here, it is certainly now; for some men seem to carry things higher, according to their poor power, than they did in England in 1641. And they now threaten (and I am pretty well assured, have resolved upon it) that if the chancellor is not discarded, they will impeach him

* Sir Constantine Phipps. H.

before the lords in England. But if they have no more to say against him, than what their address contains, I think they will go upon no very wise errand.

I question not but that you will receive the votes, addresses, and representations of both houses from other hands, and therefore I have not troubled you with them: but if the parliament should continue to sit, you may expect a great product of that kind; for the commons have taken upon themselves to be a court of judicature, have taken examinations out of the judges' hands about murder (which is treason here) without ever applying to the government for them: and before trial have voted the sheriffs and officers to have done their duty, and acquitted themselves well, when possibly the time may yet come, that some may still be hanged for that fact; which, in my poor opinion, is entirely destructive of liberty, and the freedom of elections.

I am your most humble servant, &c.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

MY LORD, *London, Dec.* 31, 1713.

YOUR grace's letter, which I received but last post, is of an earlier date than what have since arrived. We have received the addresses for removing the chancellor, and the counter addresses from the lords and convocation; and you will know, before this reaches you, our sentiments of them here. I am at a loss what to say in this whole affair. When I writ to you before, I dropped a word on purpose for you to take notice of; that our court seemed resolved to be very firm in their resolutions about Ireland. I think it impossible for the two kingdoms to proceed long upon a different scheme of

politics. The controversy with the city I am not i
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whether there was a necessity that the other party
be a majority? There was put into my hands a
your house of commons by some who know the ki
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nistry, who I found amounted to one hundred and
three, which I think comes within an equality: t
names beside they could not determine upon; s
suppose eight to be of the same side, there woul
majority by one; but besides, we reckon that th
number, one hundred and forty-three, would easi
to a great majority, by the influence of the gover
if that had been thought fit. This is demonstra
us; for, the government there has more influence
the court here: and yet our court carried it for
years against a natural majority, and a much g
one. I shall not examine the reasons among y
proceeding otherwise; but your grace will find t
are determined upon the conclusion, which is, th
land must proceed on the same foot with England.
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the whig party in both kingdoms, than their man
proceeding in your house of commons. It will c
the crown and ministry that there can be no safety
those people are able to give disturbance; and i
the effects it has already produced here, are hardly
believed: neither do we here think it worth our
to be opposed, and encourage our enemies, on
70,000*l.* a year; to supply which, it may not be h
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for a parliament, we are confident a new one may be called, with a majority of men in the interest of the queen and church; for when the present majority pretends to regard either, we look upon such professions to signify no more than if they were penned by my Lord Wharton, or Mr. Molesworth.* I have suffered very much for my tenderness to some persons of that party, which I still preserve; but I believe it will not be long in my power to serve those who may want it. It would be endless to recount to your grace the reproaches that have been made me, on account of your neighbour.

It is but true, my lord, we do not care to be troubled with the affairs of Ireland; but, there being no war, nor meeting of parliament, we have leisure at present: besides, we look on ourselves as touched in the tenderest part. We know the whig party are preparing to attack us next sessions, and their prevailing in Ireland would, we think, be a great strength and encouragement to them here: besides, our remissness would dishearten our friends, and make them think we acted a trimming game. There are some things which we much wonder at, as they are represented: the address for removing the chancellor is grounded upon two facts: in the former of which he was only concerned with several others. The criminal was poor and penitent; and a *noli prosequi* was no illegal thing. As to Moore's business, the chancellor's speech on that occasion has been transmitted hither, and seems to clear him from the imputation of prejudging. Another thing we wonder at, is, to find the commons in their votes approve the sending for the guards, by whom a man was killed. Such a thing would, they say, look monstrous in England.

* Created Viscount Molesworth in 1716. N.

Your grace seems to think they would not break on money matters; but we are taught another opinion, that they will not pass the great bill until they have satisfaction about the chancellor; and what the consequence of that will be, I suppose you may guess from what you know by this time.

My lord, we can judge no otherwise here than by the representations made to us. I sincerely look upon your grace to be master of as much wisdom and sagacity, as any person I have known; and from my particular respect to you and your abilities, shall never presume to censure your proceedings, until I am fully apprised of the matter. Your grace is looked upon here as altogether in the other party, which I do not allow when it is said to me. I conceive you to follow the dictates of your reason and conscience: and whoever does that, will, in public management, often differ as well from one side as another.

As to myself, I take Ireland to be the worst place to be in while the parliament sits; and probably I may think the same of England in a month or two. I have few obligations (farther than personal friendship and civilities) to any party: I have nothing to ask for but a little money to pay my debts, which I doubt they never will give me; and wanting wisdom to judge better, I follow those who, I think, are most for preserving the church and state, without examining whether they do so from a principle of virtue or of interest.

FROM LORD PRIMATE LINDSAY.

SIR, *Jan.* 5, 1713-14.

YOURS I received the 2d instant, and immediately got Mr. Justice Nutley to write to the Bishop of Killala,* at Kells, to know of him, whether, if he could get him translated to the bishopric of Raphoe, he would accept of it: and this day we received his answer, that it was not worth his while to carry his family so far northward, for so little advantage as that bishopric would bring him; his own being upward of a thousand pounds a year, and Raphoe not much above eleven hundred. The reason why I got Judge Nutley to write, was, because I apprehended it might seem irksome to him to be persuaded by myself to accept of what I left: though at the same time I can assure you, I have done little more than saved myself whole by that bishopric; and he might, if he pleased, in a little time have received sixteen or seventeen hundred pounds for fines; so that if this comes time enough to your hands, you will prevent any farther motion that way. But if Meath drops, I believe it would be an acceptable post; and the truth is, he has always, in the worst of times, voted honestly, and behaved himself as a true son of the church. In the mean time, be assured, the Judge knows not that you are concerned in this affair.

There is a gentleman, whom I believe you must have heard of, Dr. Andrew Hamilton,† archdeacon of Raphoe,

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† Though recommended by the primate to succeed him in the see of Raphoe, he was not preferred to it; Dr. Edward Synge being then advanced to that bishopric. B.

a man of good learning and abilities, and one of great interest in that country, whom I could wish you would move for, (since the Bishop of Killala refuses) to succeed me in Raphoe, as one that is the most likely to do good in that part of the country, of any one man I know.

And now be pleased to accept my thanks for the great services you have done me: and as you have contributed much to my advancement, so I must desire you, upon occasion, to give me your farther assistance for the service of the church.

The parliament is prorogued to the 18th instant; but the whigs continuing obstinate, and deaf to all persuasions to carry on the queen's business with peace and gentleness, we conclude it must be dissolved.

If this should not come time enough to your hands, to prevent the Bishop of Killala's letter for a translation to Raphoe, I will labour all I can to make him easy.

FROM LORD CHANCELLOR PHIPPS.

DEAR SIR, *Dublin, Jan.* 15, 1713-14.

MANY of my letters from London tell me how much I am obliged to you for your friendly solicitation on my son's behalf, which will be always remembered by us both, with the same gratitude, as if it had succeeded. I had congratulations from the Duke of Ormond, my Lord Bolingbroke, and others, on account of my son's having the place, for they sent me word it was actually done; and several other persons had letters of it, and our friends were extremely rejoiced at the well timing of it, and it was a great addition to the mortification of the whigs; and the disappointment will be a cause of great joy to

them. But in this, and all other things, I submit to the judgment of my superiors, who know best what is fit to be done. As to looking out for any thing else for my son, there is nothing else here, that I know is fit for him; and if any thing worth his having falls in England, it will be disposed of before I can have notice of it.

We are told by every body, that the rest of our vacant bishoprics will be filled to our satisfaction: if they are, you must be one of them. But if you are resolved, that you will not yet *episcopari* here, give me leave to recommend to you an affair of my Lord Abercorn's, which is, that you would consent to the agreement the vicars choral have made with him for renewing his lease.* I am informed there are some misunderstandings between you. It is very unhappy there should be any difference between two such sure and great friends to the common cause. I do assure you, we are very much obliged to my Lord Abercorn for his great service in these times of difficulty; he is as good a friend as any in the world, and as bad an enemy; and I am very sure if you would make him a compliment, and oblige him in this matter, you would gain an entire true friend of him for the future, and oblige a great many of your friends here, who have all a great value and esteem for him.

I heartily congratulate you on her majesty's recovery, and the good effect it has had in uniting our friends. That, together with the resolution that is taken to support the church interest, will, without doubt, in a little time render all things easy and quiet in both kingdoms; though as yet our whigs here are as obstinate and perverse as ever. The commons are resolved, they will

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I think it is plain to any who know the state of affairs here, that no party hath strength enough directly to oppose a money bill in this kingdom, when the government thinks fit to exert itself, as to be sure it always will do upon such occasions: and the half-pay officers, no doubt, will readily come in to that supply, out of which they are to receive their pay. But should all fail, yet the queen still may make herself easy, by disbanding two or three regiments, and striking off some unnecessary pensions.

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politics. The controversy with the city I am not master of: it took its rise before I ever concerned myself in the affairs of Ireland, farther than to be an instrument of doing some services to the kingdom, for which I have been ill requited. But, my lord, the question with us here is, whether there was a necessity that the other party should be a majority? There was put into my hands a list of your house of commons by some who know the kingdom well: I desired they would (as they often do here) set a mark on the names of those who would be for the ministry, who I found amounted to one hundred and forty-three, which I think comes within an equality: twenty names beside they could not determine upon; so that, suppose eight to be of the same side, there would be a majority by one; but besides, we reckon that the first number, one hundred and forty-three, would easily rise to a great majority, by the influence of the government, if that had been thought fit. This is demonstration to us; for, the government there has more influence, than the court here: and yet our court carried it for many years against a natural majority, and a much greater one. I shall not examine the reasons among you for proceeding otherwise; but your grace will find that we are determined upon the conclusion, which is, that Ireland must proceed on the same foot with England. I am of opinion, my lord, that nothing could do more hurt to the whig party in both kingdoms, than their manner of proceeding in your house of commons. It will confirm the crown and ministry that there can be no safety while those people are able to give disturbance; and indeed the effects it has already produced here, are hardly to be believed: neither do we here think it worth our while to be opposed, and encourage our enemies, only for 70,000*l.* a year; to supply which, it may not be hard to find other expedients; and when there shall be occasion

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And now be pleased to accept my thanks for the great services you have done me: and as you have contributed much to my advancement, so I must desire you, upon occasion, to give me your farther assistance for the service of the church.

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MANY of my letters from London tell me how much I am obliged to you for your friendly solicitation on my son's behalf, which will be always remembered by us both, with the same gratitude, as if it had succeeded. I had congratulations from the Duke of Ormond, my Lord Bolingbroke, and others, on account of my son's having the place, for they sent me word it was actually done; and several other persons had letters of it, and our friends were extremely rejoiced at the well timing of it, and it was a great addition to the mortification of the whigs; and the disappointment will be a cause of great joy to

them. But in this, and all other things, I submit to the judgment of my superiors, who know best what is fit to be done. As to looking out for any thing else for my son, there is nothing else here, that I know is fit for him; and if any thing worth his having falls in England, it will be disposed of before I can have notice of it.

We are told by every body, that the rest of our vacant bishoprics will be filled to our satisfaction: if they are, you must be one of them. But if you are resolved, that you will not yet *episcopari* here, give me leave to recommend to you an affair of my Lord Abercorn's, which is, that you would consent to the agreement the vicars choral have made with him for renewing his lease.* I am informed there are some misunderstandings between you. It is very unhappy there should be any difference between two such sure and great friends to the common cause. I do assure you, we are very much obliged to my Lord Abercorn for his great service in these times of difficulty; he is as good a friend as any in the world, and as bad an enemy; and I am very sure, if you would make him a compliment, and oblige him in this matter, you would gain an entire true friend of him for the future, and oblige a great many of your friends here, who have all a great value and esteem for him.

I heartily congratulate you on her majesty's recovery, and the good effect it has had in uniting our friends. That, together with the resolution that is taken to support the church interest, will, without doubt, in a little time render all things easy and quiet in both kingdoms; though as yet our whigs here are as obstinate and perverse as ever. The commons are resolved, they will

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give no money till I am removed: and the aldermen will not own my lord mayor, nor proceed to any election, notwithstanding the opinion of all the judges here, and of the attorney general, and all the queen's counsel (except Sir Joseph Jekyll) in England.

I wish you many happy new years, and should be very proud to receive your commands here, being, with the utmost sincerity and esteem, your most obedient humble servant,

CON. PHIPPS.

FROM THE EARL OF ANGLESEY.

MR. DEAN, *Dublin, Jan.* 16, 1713-14.

You judged extremely right of me, that I should, with great pleasure, receive what you tell me, that my endeavours to serve her majesty, in this kingdom, are agreeable to my lord treasurer, and the rest of the ministers. I have formerly so freely expressed to you the honour I must always have for his lordship, that I think I cannot explain myself more fully on that subject. But, what his lordship has already done for the church, and the church interest here, and what we have assurance will soon be done, will give his lordship so entire a command in the affections of all honest men here (which are not a few) that I am persuaded, he will soon find Ireland an easy part of the administration. For, it is my firm opinion, that steady and vigorous measures will so strengthen the hands of our friends in both kingdoms, that after the efforts of despair (which never last long) are over, her majesty and her ministers will receive but little trouble from the faction, either on this or on your side of the water.

You are very kind to us in your good offices for Mr. Phipps, because a mark of favour so seasonably, as at this time, conferred on lord chancellor's son, will have a much greater influence, and reach farther than his lordship's person. I am preparing for my journey, and I hope I shall be able to lay such a state of this kingdom before my lord treasurer, as may prevent future disappointments, when it shall be thought necessary to hold a parliament. If this parliament is not to sit after the present prorogation, I do think, were I with you, I could offer some reasons why the filling the vacant bishoprics should be deferred for a little time. I praise God for his great goodness in restoring her majesty to her health; the blessing of which, if we had no other way of knowing, we might learn from the mortification it has given a certain set of men here.

I shall trouble you with no compliments, because I hope soon to tell you how much I am, dear sir, your's,

ANGLESEY.

FROM THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

March 5, 1713–14.

QUERIES FOR DR. SWIFT, NEXT SATURDAY, AT DINNER.

WHETHER any great man, or minister, has favoured the Earl of Peterborow with one single line since he left England;* for, as yet, he has not received one word from any of them, nor his friend of St. Patrick's?

Whether, if they do not write till they know what to write, he shall ever hear from them?

Whether any thing can be more unfortunate, than to

* Endorsed, "Lord Peterborow, abroad on embassies." N.

be overcome when strongest, outwitted having more wit, and baffled having most money?

Whether betwixt two stools the bottom goes to the ground (reverend dean) be not a good old proverb, which may give subject for daily meditation and mortification?

I send the lazy scribbler a letter from the extremities of the earth, where I pass my time, admiring the humility and patience of that power heretofore so terrible; and the new scene which we see, to wit, the most christian king waiting with so much resignation and respect, to know the emperor's pleasure as to peace or war.

Where I reflect with admiration upon the politics of those, who, breaking with the old allies, dare not make use of the new ones; who, pulling down the old rubbish and structure, do not erect a new fabric on solid foundations. But this is not so much to the purpose; for, in the world of the moon, provided toasting continue, the church and state can be in no danger.

But, alas! in this unmerry country, where we have time to think, and are under the necessity of thinking, where impiously we make use of reason, without a blind resignation to Providence, the bottle, or chance, what opinion think you we have of the present management in the refined parts of the world, where there are just motives of fear? When neither steadiness nor conduct appears, and when the evil seems to come on apace, can it be believed, that extraordinary remedies are not thought of?

Heavens! what is our fate? What might have been our portion, and what do we see in the age we live in? France and England, the kings of Spain and Sicily, perplexed and confounded by a headstrong youth;* one,

* Charles the twelfth of Sweden. H.

who has lost so many kingdoms by pride and folly; and all these powerful nations at a gaze, ignorant of their destiny; not capable of forming a scheme, which they can maintain, against a prince, who has neither ships, money, nor conduct. Some of the ministers assisted and supported with absolute power, others with a parliament at their disposal, and the most inconsiderable of them with the Indies at their tail.

And what do I see in the centre, as it were, of ignorance and bigotry? The first request of a parliament to their king is to employ effectual means against the increase of priests; the idle devourers of the fat of the land. We see churches, shut up by the order of the pope, set open by dragoons, to the general content of the people. To conclude, it fell out, that one of our acquaintance* found himself, at a great table, the only excommunicated person by his holiness; the rest of the company eating and toasting, under anathemas, with the courage of a hardened heretic.

Look upon the prose I send you. See, nevertheless, what a sneaking figure he makes at the foot of the parson. Who could expect this from him? But he thinks, resolves, and executes.

If you can guess from whence this comes, address your letter to him, "à messieurs *Raffael* et *Fratti Sacerdotti, Genoa.*"

* Probably the Rev. Mr. George Berkeley, fellow of Dublin College, who went chaplain and secretary to the Earl of Peterborow to Sicily, at the recommendation of Dr. Swift. B.

FROM LORD TREASURER OXFORD.*

Wednesday Night.

I HAVE heard, that some honest men, who are very innocent, are under trouble, touching a printed pamphlet. A friend of mine, an obscure person, but charitable, puts the enclosed bill into your hands, to answer such exigencies as their case may immediately require. And I find he will do more, this being only for the present. If this comes safe to your hands, it is enough.†

TO LORD TREASURER OXFORD.‡

May it please your lordship, *March* 18, 1713-14.

PURSUANT to her majesty's proclamation of the fifteenth of this instant March, for discovering the author of a false, malicious, and factious libel, entitled, "The Public Spirit of the Whigs;" wherein her majesty is graciously pleased to promise a reward of three hundred pounds, to be paid by your lordship, which said disco-

* Endorsed, "Lord treasurer Oxford's letter to me in a counterfeit hand, with the bill when the printers were prosecuted by the house of lords for a pamphlet. Letter with bill of 100l. Received March 14, 1713-14." N.

† This letter was sent to Dr. Swift, when the printer Morphew was prosecuted by the house of lords, for "The public Spirit of the Whigs:" a pamphlet written in answer to a tract of Sir Richard Steele's, called the Crisis, and published on the second of March, 1713-14. All the Scots lords then in London went to the queen, and complained of the affront put on them and their nation by the author; upon which a proclamation was published by her majesty, offering a reward of 300l. to discover him. H.

‡ Endorsed, "A letter to lord treasurer, offering to discover the author of the pamphlet, called 'The Public Spirit of the Whigs.'"

very I can make. But your lordship, or some persons under your lordship, have got such an ill name in paying such rewards. Instance two poor men, *viz.* John Greenwood and John Bouch, who took and brought to justice six persons, vulgarly Mohocks; which the said two poor men never received but twenty pounds, and the latter thirty; and they had no partners concerned with them, as appears by the attorney general's reports to your lordship; which if I should be so served, to cause any persons to be punished, and be no better rewarded, will be no encouragement for me to do it; for these two poor men being so plain a precedent for me to go by. Your lordship's most humble and most obedient servant, L. M.

HUMOUROUS LINES BY LORD TREASURER OXFORD, SENT TO DR. SWIFT, DR. ARBUTHNOT, MR. POPE, AND MR. GAY.

April 14, 1714. *Back-stairs, past eight.*

GAY.

In a summons so large, which all clergy contains,
I must turn Dismal's* convert, or part with my brains,
Should I scruple to quit the back stairs for your blind ones,
Or refuse your true junctot for one of——

* Dismal was Lord Nottingham. H.

† Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Gay, were writing the history of Martinus Scriblerus; and these four wits in conjunction, are styled by lord treasurer a juncto. H.

The following is their answer to his lordship, chiefly written by the dean.

Let not the whigs our tory club rebuke;
Give us our earl,* the devil take their duke.†
Quædam quæ attinent ad Scriblerum,
Want your assistance now to clear 'em.
One day it will be no disgrace,
In Scribler to have had a place.
Come then, my lord, and take your part in
The important history of Martin.

THE DEAN.

A pox on all senders
For any pretenders,
Who tell us these troublesome stories
In their dull humdrum key,
Of *Arma virumque,*
Hanoniæ‡ *qui primus ab oris.*
A pox too on Hanmer,
Who prates like his gran-mere,
And all his old friends would rebuke.
In spite of the carle,
Give us but our earl,
The devil may take their duke.
Then come and take part in
The memoirs of Martin;
Lay down your white staff and gray habit:
For trust us, friend Mortimer,
Should you live years forty more,
Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

* Of Oxford. B. † Of Marlborough. B.
‡ The duchy of Hainault. H.

MORE LINES OF HUMOUR BY LORD TREASURER.

April 14, 1714.

I HONOUR the men, sir,
Who are ready to answer,
When I ask them to stand by the queen;
In spite of orâtors,
And blood thirsty praters,
Whose hatred I highly esteem.
Let our faith's defender
Keep out every pretender,
And long enjoy her own;
Thus you four, five,
May merrily live,
Till faction is dead as a stone.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

BROTHER,* *April* 24, 1714.

I SHOULD sooner have thanked you for your letter, but that I hoped to have seen you here by this time. You cannot imagine how much I am grieved, when I find people I wish well to, run counter to their own interest, and give their enemies such advantages, by being so hard upon their friends as to conclude, if they are not without fault, they are not to be supported, or scarce conversed with. Fortune is a very pretty gentlewoman; but how soon she may be changed, nobody can tell.

* The Duke of Ormond was one of the sixteen brothers; the duchess, therefore, calls Swift brother in her lord's right. H.

Fretting her, with the seeing all she does for people only makes them despise her, may make her so sick as to alter her complexion; but I hope our friends will find her constant, in spite of all they do to shock her; and remember the story of the arrows,* that were very easily broke singly; but when tied up close together, no strength of man could hurt them. But that you may never feel any ill consequences from whatever may happen, are the sincere wishes of, brother,

Yours, with all sisterly affection.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

MY LORD, *London, May* 13, 1714.

I HAD done myself the honour of writing to your excellency, above a month before yours of March the 5th came to my hands. The Saturdays' dinners have not been resumed since the queen's return from Windsor; and I am not sorry, since it became so mingled an assembly, and of so little use either to business or conversation: so that I was content to read your queries to our two great friends. The treasurer stuck at them all; but the secretary acquitted himself of the first, by assuring me he had often written to your excellency.

I was told, the other day, of an answer you made to somebody abroad, who inquired of you the state and dispositions of our court: "That you could not tell,

* In this letter the duchess alludes to the division then subsisting among the ministers at court; and it is probable, that the hint about the story of the arrows produced the poem called "The Faggot," which the dean wrote about this time. It is said, under the title, to have been written in the year 1713, when the queen's ministers were quarrelling among themselves. H.

for you had been out of England a fortnight." In your letter, you mention the world of the moon, and apply it to England; but the moon changes but once in four weeks. By both these instances, it appears you have a better opinion of our steadiness than we deserve; for I do not remember, since you left us, that we have continued above four days in the same view, or four minutes with any manner of concert. I assure you, my lord, for the concern I have for the common cause, with relation to affairs both at home and abroad, and from the personal love I bear to our friends in power, I never led a life so thoroughly uneasy as I do at present. Our situation is so bad, that our enemies could not, without abundance of invention and ability, have placed us so ill, if we had left it entirely to their management. For my own part, my head turns round; and after every conversation, I come away just one degree worse informed than I went. I am glad, for the honour of our nation, to find by your excellency's letter, that some other courts have a share of frenzy, though not equal, nor of the same nature with ours. The height of honest men's wishes at present is, to rub off this session; after which, nobody has the impudence to expect that we shall not immediately fall to pieces: nor is any thing I write the least secret, even to a whig footman.

The queen is pretty well at present: but the least disorder she has puts all in alarm; and when it is over we act as if she were immortal. Neither is it possible to persuade people to make preparations against an evil day. There is a negotiation now in hand, which, I hope, will not be abortive: the States General are willing to declare themselves fully satisfied with the peace and the queen's measures, &c. and that is too popular a matter to slight. It is impossible to tell you whether the prince of Hanover intends to come over or not. I should

think the latter, by the accounts I have seen; yet our adversaries continue strenuously to assert otherwise; and very industriously give out, that the lord treasurer is at the bottom: which has given some jealousies not only to his best friends, but to some I shall not name; yet I am confident they do him wrong. This formidable journey is the perpetual subject both of court and coffee house chat.

Our mysterious and unconcerted ways of proceeding have, as it is natural, taught every body to be refiners, and to reason themselves into a thousand various conjectures. Even I, who converse most with people in power, am not free from this evil: and particularly, I thought myself twenty times in the right, by drawing conclusions very regularly from premises which have proved wholly wrong. I think this, however, to be a plain proof that we act altogether by chance; and that the game, such as it is, plays itself.

By the present enclosed in your excellency's letter, I find the Sicilians to be bad delineators, and worse poets. As sneakingly as the prince looks at the bishop's foot, I could have made him look ten times worse, and have done more right to the piece, by placing your excellency there, representing your mistress the queen, and delivering the crown to the bishop, with orders where to place it. I should like your new king very well, if he would make Sicily his constant residence, and use Savoy only as a *commendam*. Old books have given me great ideas of that island. I imagine every acre there worth three in England; and that a wise prince, in such a situation, would, after some years, be able to make what figure he pleased in the Mediterranean.

The Duke of Shrewsbury, not liking the weather on our side the water, continues in Ireland, although he

formally took his leave there six weeks ago. Tom Harley is every hour expected here, and writes me word, "he has succeded at Hanover to his wishes." Lord Stafford writes the same, and gives himself no little merit upon it.

Barber, the printer, was, some time ago, in great distress, upon printing a pamphlet, of which evil tongues would needs call me the author:* he was brought before your house, which addressed the queen in a body, who kindly published a proclamation with three hundred pounds to discover. The fault was, calling the Scots "a fierce poor northern people." So well protected are those who scribble for the government! Upon which, I now put one query to your excellency, What has a man without employment to do among ministers, when he can neither serve himself, his friends, nor the public?

In my former letter, which I suppose was sent to Paris to meet you there, I gave you joy of the government of Minorca. One advantage you have of being abroad, that you keep your friends; and I can name almost a dozen great men, who thoroughly hate one another, yet all love your lordship. If you have a mind to preserve their friendship, keep at a distance; or come over, and show your power, by reconciling at least two of them; and remember, at the same time, that this last is an impossibility. If your excellency were here, I would speak to you without any constraint; but the fear of accidents in the conveyance of the letter, makes me keep to generals. I am sure you would have prevented a great deal of ill, if you had continued among us; but people of my level must be content to have their opinion

* "The Public Spirit of the Whigs." See the lord treasurer's letter on this subject, p. 22. N.

asked, and to see it not followed; although I have always given it with the utmost freedom and impartiality. I have troubled you too much; and as a long letter from you is the most agreeable thing one can receive, so the most agreeable return would be a short one. I am ever, with the greatest respect and truth, my lord,

Your excellency's most obedient,
and most humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

FROM CHIVERTON CHARLTON, ESQ.

CAPTAIN OF THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

SIR, *May* 22, 1714.

HEARING from honest John,* that you still persist in your resolution of retiring into the country, I cannot but give you my thoughts of it, at the same time that I am sensible how intruding it may appear in me to trouble you with what I think; but you have an unlucky quality, which exposes you to the forwardness of those who love you: I mean good nature. From which, though I did not always suspect you guilty of it, I now promise myself an easy pardon. So that, without being in much pain as to the censure you may pass upon my assurance, I shall go on gravely to tell you, I am entirely against your design.

I confess a just indignation at several things, and particularly at the return your services have met with,

* John Barber, then the Dean's printer; in 1722 an alderman, and in 1733 Lord Mayor of London. N.

may give you a disgust to the court; and that retirement may afford a pleasing prospect to you, who have lived so long in the hurry, and have borne so great a share of the load of business; and the more so at this juncture, when the distraction among your friends is enough to make any one sick of a courtier's life. But on these very accounts you should choose to stay, and convince the world that you are as much above private resentment, where the public is concerned, as you are incapable of being tired out in the service of your country; and that you are neither afraid nor unwilling to face a storm in a good cause.

It is true, you have less reason than any one I know, to regard what the world says of you; for I know none, to whom the world has been more unjust. Yet since the most generous revenge is to make the ungrateful appear yet more ungrateful, you should still persecute the public with fresh obligations; and the rather, because some there are of a temper to acknowledge benefits; and it is to be hoped the rest may not always continue stupid. At least (suppose the worst) the attempt to do good, carries along with it a secret satisfaction, with which if you are not sensibly affected, I am at a loss how to account for many of your actions. I remember very well, what you have sometimes said upon this subject; as if you were now grown useless, &c. To which I have this to answer, that though your efforts are in vain to-day, some unforeseen incident may make them otherwise to-morrow; and that, should you by your absence lose any happy opportunity, you will be the first to reproach yourself with running away, and be the last man in the world to pardon it. If I denied self interest to be at the bottom of all I have said, I know you would think I lied villanously, and perhaps not think amiss neither: for I still flatter myself with the

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continuance of that favour you have on many occasions been pleased to show me; and am vain enough to fancy I should be a considerable loser, if you were where I could not have an opportunity of clubbing my shilling with you now and then at *good eating*. But as much as I am concerned on this account, I am not so selfish to say what I have done, if it were not my real opinion; which, whether you regard or not, I could not deny myself the satisfaction of speaking it, and of assuring you, that I am, with the utmost sincerity and respect, sir, your most obliged, and most faithful humble servant,

CH. CHARLTON.

My lady duchess,* I can answer for her, is very much your servant, though I have not her commands to say so. She is gone to see the Duke of Beaufort, who is so ill, it is feared he cannot recover. She went this morning so early, I have had no particular account how he is; but am told, he does nothing but doze. The messenger came to her at three in the morning; and she went away immediately afterward.

Lady Betty desires me to thank you for your letter, and would be glad, since the provost is graciously pleased to stay her majesty's time, to know where it is he designs to stay.

Honest Townshend and I have the satisfaction to drink your health, as often as we do drink together. Whether you approve of your being toasted with the Bishop of London, and such people, I cannot tell; but at present we have disposed you in the first list of rank tories.

* Of Ormond. M.

A servant is just now come from the Duchess of Ormond, and gives such an account of the Duke of Beaufort, that it is thought he cannot possibly recover.

FROM MR. GAY.*

SIR, *London, June* 8, 1714.

SINCE you went out of the town, my Lord Clarendon was appointed envoy extraordinary to Hanover, in the room of Lord Paget; and by making use of those friends, which I entirely owe to you, he has accepted me for his secretary. This day, by appointment, I met his lordship at Mr. Secretary Bromley's office;† he then ordered me to be ready by Saturday. I am quite off from the Duchess of Monmouth.‡ Mr. Lewis was very ready to serve me upon this occasion, as were Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Ford. I am every day attending my lord treasurer for his bounty, in order to set me out; which he has promised me upon the following petition, which I sent him by Dr. Arbuthnot:

The Epigrammatical Petition of John Gay.

I'm no more to converse with the swains,
But go where fine people resort:
One can live without money on plains,
But never without it at court.

* Endorsed, "The dean sent Gay abroad." N.

† Bromley was joint secretary with Bolingbroke. H.

‡ Mr. Gay had been secretary, or domestic steward, to the duchess, widow of the Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in the first year of King James II. B.

If, when with the swains I did gambol,
I array'd me in silver and blue:
When abroad, and in courts I shall ramble,
Pray, my lord, how much money will do?

We had the honour of the treasurer's company last Saturday, when we sat upon Scriblerus.* Pope is in town, and has brought with him the first book of Homer.

I am this evening to be at Mr. Lewis's with the Provost,† Mr. Ford, Parnell, and Pope. It is thought my Lord Clarendon will make but a short stay at Honover. If it was possible, that any recommendation could be procured to make me more distinguished than ordinary, during my stay at that court, I should think myself very happy, if you could contrive any method to prosecute it; for I am told, that their civilities very rarely descend so low as to the secretary. I have all the reason in the world to acknowledge this as wholly owing to you. And the many favours I have received from you, purely out of your love for doing good, assures me you will not forget me in my absence. As for myself, whether I am at home or abroad, gratitude will always put me in mind of the man, to whom I owe so many benefits. I am your most obliged humble servant,

J. GAY.

* Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus; a joint work of Pope, Arbuthnot, and others. See Pope's works. H.

† Of Dublin College, Dr. Benjamin Pratt. H.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

Upper Letcombe, near Wantage, Berks, June 8, 1714.

I HAVE not much news to tell you from hence, nor have I had one line from any body since I left London, of which I am very glad: but to say the truth, I believe I shall not stay here so long as I intended; I am at a clergyman's house, whom I love very well; but he is such a melancholy thoughtful man, partly from nature, and partly by a solitary life, that I shall soon catch the spleen from him. Out of ease and complaisance, I desire him not to alter any of his methods for me: so we dine exactly between twelve and one. At eight we have some bread and butter, and a glass of ale; and at ten he goes to bed. Wine is a stranger, except a little I sent him; of which, one evening in two, we have a pint between us. His wife has been this month twenty miles off, at her father's, and will not return these ten days. I never saw her: and perhaps the house will be worse when she comes. I read all day, or walk; and do not speak as many words as I have now writ, in three days: so that, in short, I have a mind to steal to Ireland, unless I find myself take more to this way of living, so different, in every circumstance, from what I left. This is the first syllable I have writ to any body since you saw me. I shall be glad to hear from you, not as you are a Londoner, but as a friend; for I care not threepence for news, nor have heard one syllable since I came here. The pretender, or Duke of Cambridge, may both be landed, and I never the wiser: but if this place were ten times worse, nothing shall make me return to town, while things are in the situation I left them. I give a guinea a week for my board, and can eat any thing.

think the latter, by the accounts I have seen; yet our adversaries continue strenuously to assert otherwise; and very industriously give out, that the lord treasurer is at the bottom: which has given some jealousies not only to his best friends, but to some I shall not name; yet I am confident they do him wrong. This formidable journey is the perpetual subject both of court and coffee house chat.

Our mysterious and unconcerted ways of proceeding have, as it is natural, taught every body to be refiners, and to reason themselves into a thousand various conjectures. Even I, who converse most with people in power, am not free from this evil: and particularly, I thought myself twenty times in the right, by drawing conclusions very regularly from premises which have proved wholly wrong. I think this, however, to be a plain proof that we act altogether by chance; and that the game, such as it is, plays itself.

By the present enclosed in your excellency's letter, I find the Sicilians to be bad delineators, and worse poets. As sneakingly as the prince looks at the bishop's foot, I could have made him look ten times worse, and have done more right to the piece, by placing your excellency there, representing your mistress the queen, and delivering the crown to the bishop, with orders where to place it. I should like your new king very well, if he would make Sicily his constant residence, and use Savoy only as a *commendam*. Old books have given me great ideas of that island. I imagine every acre there worth three in England; and that a wise prince, in such a situation, would, after some years, be able to make what figure he pleased in the Mediterranean.

The Duke of Shrewsbury, not liking the weather on our side the water, continues in Ireland, although he

formally took his leave there six weeks ago. Tom Harley is every hour expected here, and writes me word, "he has succeded at Hanover to his wishes." Lord Stafford writes the same, and gives himself no little merit upon it.

Barber, the printer, was, some time ago, in great distress, upon printing a pamphlet, of which evil tongues would needs call me the author:* he was brought before your house, which addressed the queen in a body, who kindly published a proclamation with three hundred pounds to discover. The fault was, calling the Scots "a fierce, poor northern people." So well protected are those who scribble for the government! Upon which, I now put one query to your excellency, What has a man without employment to do among ministers, when he can neither serve himself, his friends, nor the public?

In my former letter, which I suppose was sent to Paris to meet you there, I gave you joy of the government of Minorca. One advantage you have of being abroad, that you keep your friends; and I can name almost a dozen great men, who thoroughly hate one another, yet all love your lordship. If you have a mind to preserve their friendship, keep at a distance; or come over, and show your power, by reconciling at least two of them; and remember, at the same time, that this last is an impossibility. If your excellency were here, I would speak to you without any constraint; but the fear of accidents in the conveyance of the letter, makes me keep to generals. I am sure you would have prevented a great deal of ill, if you had continued among us; but people of my level must be content to have their opinion

* "The Public Spirit of the Whigs." See the lord treasurer's letter on this subject, p. 22. N.

asked, and to see it not followed; although I have always given it with the utmost freedom and impartiality. I have troubled you too much; and as a long letter from you is the most agreeable thing one can receive, so the most agreeable return would be a short one. I am ever, with the greatest respect and truth, my lord,

Your excellency's most obedient,
and most humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

FROM CHIVERTON CHARLTON, ESQ.

CAPTAIN OF THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

SIR, *May* 22, 1714.

HEARING from honest John,* that you still persist in your resolution of retiring into the country, I cannot but give you my thoughts of it, at the same time that I am sensible how intruding it may appear in me to trouble you with what I think; but you have an unlucky quality, which exposes you to the forwardness of those who love you: I mean good nature. From which, though I did not always suspect you guilty of it, I now promise myself an easy pardon. So that, without being in much pain as to the censure you may pass upon my assurance, I shall go on gravely to tell you, I am entirely against your design.

I confess a just indignation at several things, and particularly at the return your services have met with,

* John Barber, then the Dean's printer; in 1722 an alderman, and in 1733 Lord Mayor of London. N.

may give you a disgust to the court; and that retirement may afford a pleasing prospect to you, who have lived so long in the hurry, and have borne so great a share of the load of business; and the more so at this juncture, when the distraction among your friends is enough to make any one sick of a courtier's life. But on these very accounts you should choose to stay, and convince the world that you are as much above private resentment, where the public is concerned, as you are incapable of being tired out in the service of your country; and that you are neither afraid nor unwilling to face a storm in a good cause.

It is true, you have less reason than any one I know, to regard what the world says of you; for I know none, to whom the world has been more unjust. Yet since the most generous revenge is to make the ungrateful appear yet more ungrateful, you should still persecute the public with fresh obligations; and the rather, because some there are of a temper to acknowledge benefits; and it is to be hoped the rest may not always continue stupid. At least (suppose the worst) the attempt to do good, carries along with it a secret satisfaction, with which if you are not sensibly affected, I am at a loss how to account for many of your actions. I remember very well, what you have sometimes said upon this subject; as if you were now grown useless, &c. To which I have this to answer, that though your efforts are in vain to-day, some unforeseen incident may make them otherwise to-morrow; and that, should you by your absence lose any happy opportunity, you will be the first to reproach yourself with running away, and be the last man in the world to pardon it. If I denied self interest to be at the bottom of all I have said, I know you would think I lied villanously, and perhaps not think amiss neither: for I still flatter myself with the

ontinuance of that favour you have on many occasions been pleased to show me; and am vain enough to fancy I should be a considerable loser, if you were where I could not have an opportunity of clubbing my shilling with you now and then at *good eating*. But as much as I am concerned on this account, I am not so selfish to say what I have done, if it were not my real opinion; which, whether you regard or not, I could not deny myself the satisfaction of speaking it, and of assuring you, that I am, with the utmost sincerity and respect, sir, your most obliged, and most faithful humble servant,

CH. CHARLTON.

My lady duchess,* I can answer for her, is very much your servant, though I have not her commands to say so. She is gone to see the Duke of Beaufort, who is so ill, it is feared he cannot recover. She went this morning so early, I have had no particular account how he is; but am told, he does nothing but doze. The messenger came to her at three in the morning; and she went away immediately afterward.

Lady Betty desires me to thank you for your letter, and would be glad, since the provost is graciously pleased to stay her majesty's time, to know where it is he designs to stay.

Honest Townshend and I have the satisfaction to drink your health, as often as we do drink together. Whether you approve of your being toasted with the Bishop of London, and such people, I cannot tell but at present we have disposed you in the first list of rank tories.

* Of Ormond. M.

A servant is just now come from the Duchess of Ormond, and gives such an account of the Duke of Beaufort, that it is thought he cannot possibly recover.

FROM MR. GAY.*

SIR, *London, June* 8, 1714.

SINCE you went out of the town, my Lord Clarendon was appointed envoy extraordinary to Hanover, in the room of Lord Paget; and by making use of those friends, which I entirely owe to you, he has accepted me for his secretary. This day, by appointment, I met his lordship at Mr. Secretary Bromley's office;† he then ordered me to be ready by Saturday. I am quite off from the Duchess of Monmouth.‡ Mr. Lewis was very ready to serve me upon this occasion, as were Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Ford. I am every day attending my lord treasurer for his bounty, in order to set me out; which he has promised me upon the following petition, which I sent him by Dr. Arbuthnot:

The Epigrammatical Petition of John Gay.

I'm no more to converse with the swains,
But go where fine people resort:
One can live without money on plains,
But never without it at court.

* Endorsed, "The dean sent Gay abroad." N.

† Bromley was joint secretary with Bolingbroke. H.

‡ Mr. Gay had been secretary, or domestic steward, to the duchess, widow of the Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in the first year of King James II. B.

If, when with the swains I did gambol,
I array'd me in silver and blue:
When abroad, and in courts I shall ramble,
Pray, my lord, how much money will do?

We had the honour of the treasurer's company last Saturday, when we sat upon Scriblerus.* Pope is in town, and has brought with him the first book of Homer.

I am this evening to be at Mr. Lewis's with the Provost,† Mr. Ford, Parnell, and Pope. It is thought my Lord Clarendon will make but a short stay at Honover. If it was possible, that any recommendation could be procured to make me more distinguished than ordinary, during my stay at that court, I should think myself very happy, if you could contrive any method to prosecute it; for I am told, that their civilities very rarely descend so low as to the secretary. I have all the reason in the world to acknowledge this as wholly owing to you. And the many favours I have received from you, purely out of your love for doing good, assures me you will not forget me in my absence. As for myself, whether I am at home or abroad, gratitude will always put me in mind of the man, to whom I owe so many benefits. I am your most obliged humble servant,

J. GAY.

* Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus; a joint work of Pope, Arbuthnot, and others. See Pope's works. H.

† Of Dublin College, Dr. Benjamin Pratt. H.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

Upper Letcombe, near Wantage, Berks, June 8, 1714.

I HAVE not much news to tell you from hence, nor have I had one line from any body since I left London, of which I am very glad: but to say the truth, I believe I shall not stay here so long as I intended; I am at a clergyman's house, whom I love very well; but he is such a melancholy thoughtful man, partly from nature, and partly by a solitary life, that I shall soon catch the spleen from him. Out of ease and complaisance, I desire him not to alter any of his methods for me: so we dine exactly between twelve and one. At eight we have some bread and butter, and a glass of ale; and at ten he goes to bed. Wine is a stranger, except a little I sent him; of which, one evening in two, we have a pint between us. His wife has been this month twenty miles off, at her father's, and will not return these ten days. I never saw her: and perhaps the house will be worse when she comes. I read all day, or walk; and do not speak as many words as I have now writ, in three days: so that, in short, I have a mind to steal to Ireland, unless I find myself take more to this way of living, so different, in every circumstance, from what I left. This is the first syllable I have writ to any body since you saw me. I shall be glad to hear from you, not as you are a Londoner, but as a friend; for I care not threepence for news, nor have heard one syllable since I came here. The pretender, or Duke of Cambridge, may both be landed, and I never the wiser: but if this place were ten times worse, nothing shall make me return to town, while things are in the situation I left them. I give a guinea a week for my board, and can eat any thing.

FROM MR. BARBER.

DEAR SIR, *London, June* 8, 1714

I HAVE enclosed all the letters that have come to my hands. I saw my lord treasurer to-day, who asked me where you were gone? I told his lordship you were in Berkshire.* He answered, "It is very well; I suppose I shall soon hear from him." My Lord Bolingbroke was very merry with me upon your journey, and hoped the world would be the better for your retirement, and that I should soon be the midwife. The schism bill was read the second time yesterday, and committed for to-morrow, without a division. Every body is in the greatest consternation at your retirement, and wonders at the cause. I tell them, it is for your health's sake. Mr. Gay is made secretary to my Lord Clarendon, and is well pleased with his promotion. The queen is so well that the Sicilian ambassador has his audience to-night. She can walk, thank God, and is well recovered. * * * * * * * * consent, I will appoint the happy day; as does, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

TYRANT.

I forgot to tell you that I saw Mr. Harley, who told me he would instantly send for the horse from Hereford-

* Swift having in vain endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation between the Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke, retired about this time, to the house of his friend the Rev. Mr. Gery, at Letcombe, Berks: where he wrote "Free Thoughts on the present State of Affairs;" which through the medium of his friend John, he put to the press of John Barber; who, pleased with his pamphlet, but not knowing by whom it was written, communicated it to Lord Bolingbroke, who made in it some alterations not attested by the Dean, and which retarded the progress at the press so long, that in the interim the queen died, and the pamphlet was wholly suppressed. N.

shire, but that, being at grass, he had ordered his man not to ride hard; but that you should have him with all convenient speed.

FROM DR. ARBURTHNOT, THE QUEEN'S DOMESTIC PHYSICIAN.

DEAR BROTHER,* *St. James's, June* 12, 1714.

I AM glad your proud stomach is come down, and that you submit to write to your friends. I was of opinion, that if they managed you right, they might bring you to be even fond of an article in the Postboy, or Flying-post. As for the present state of our court affairs, I thank God, I am almost as ignorant as you are, to my great ease and comfort. I have never inquired about any thing, since my Lady Masham told the dragon,† that she would carry no more messages, nor meddle, nor make, &c. I do not know whether things were quite so bad when you went. The dragon manages this bill‡ pretty well; for you know that it is his *forte:* and I believe, at the rate they go on, they will do mischief to themselves, and good to nobody else.

You know that Gay goes to Hanover, and my lord treasurer has promised to equip him. Monday is the day of departure; and he is now dancing attendance for money to buy him shoes, stockings, and linen. The duchess has turned him off,‖ which I am afraid will make the poor man's condition worse, instead of better.

* One of the sixteen. H.

† Lord Treasurer Oxford. B.

‡ "To prevent the growth of schism, and for the further security of the church of England, as by law established." It passed the house of lords, June 13, 1714. B.

‖ The duchess of Monmouth, to whom he had been secretary. H.

The dragon was with us on Saturday night last, after having sent us really a most excellent copy of verses. I really believe when he lays down, he will prove a very good poet. I remember the first part of his verses was complaining of ill usage; and at last he concludes,

"He that cares not to rule, will be sure to obey,
When summon'd by Arbuthnot, Pope, Parnell, and Gay."

Parnell has been thinking of going chaplain to my Lord Clarendon; but they will not say whether he should or not. I am to meet our club at the Pall-mall coffee-house, about one to-day, where we cannot fail to remember you. The queen is in good health; much in the same circumstances with the gentleman I mentioned, in attendance upon her ministers for something she cannot obtain. My Lord and my Lady Masham, and Lady Fair, remember you kindly; and none with more sincere respect than your affectionate brother, and humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

FROM MR. POPE.

June 18, 1714.

WHATEVER apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I shall use none now, to a man who has owned himself as splenetic as a cat in the country. In that circumstance, I know by experience a letter is a very useful, as well as amusing thing: if you are too busied in state-affairs to read it, yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures, either doubling it into a pyramidical, or twisting it into

a serpentine form; or if your disposition should not be so mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of studious minds are apt to sit longer than ordinary; where, after an abrupt division of the paper, it may not be unpleasant to try to fit and rejoin the broken lines together. All these amusements I am no stranger to in the country, and doubt not but (by this time) you begin to relish them, in your present contemplative situation.

I remember a man, who was thought to have some knowledge in the world, used to affirm, that no people in town ever complained they were forgotten by their friends in the country: but my increasing experience convinces me he was mistaken; for I find a great many here grievously complaining of you, upon this score. I am told farther, that you treat the few you correspond with in a very arrogant style, and tell them you admire at their insolence in disturbing your meditations, or even inquiring of your retreat:* but this I will not positively assert, because I never received any such insulting epistle from you. My Lord Oxford says you have not written to him once since you went: but this perhaps may be only policy, in him or you: and I, who am half a whig, must not entirely credit any thing he affirms. At Button's it is reported you are gone to Hanover, and that Gay goes only on an embassy to you. Others apprehend some dangerous state treatise from your retirement; and a wit who affects to imitate Balzac, says, that the ministry now are like those heathens of old, who received their oracles from the woods. The gentlemen of the Roman Catholic persuasion are not unwilling to credit me, when I whisper that you are gone to meet some Jesuits commissioned from the court of Rome, in

* At a friend's house in Berkshire. See the preceding letters. N.

order to settle the most convenient methods to be taken for the coming of the pretender. Dr. Arbuthnot is singular in his opinion, and imagines your only design is to attend at full leisure to the life and adventures of Scriblerus.* This indeed must be granted of greater importance than all the rest; and I wish I could promise so well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work, and I shall translate Homer by the by. Mr. Gay has acquainted you what progress I have made in it. I cannot name Mr. Gay, without all the acknowledgments which I shall ever owe you, on his account. If I writ this in verse, I would tell you, you are like the sun, and while men imagine you to be retired or absent, are hourly exerting your indulgence, and bringing things to maturity for their advantage. Of all the world, you are the man (without flattery) who serve your friends with the least ostentation; it is almost ingratitude to thank you, considering your temper; and this is the period of all my letter which I fear you will think the most impertinent. I am, with the truest affection,

Yours, &c.

* This project (in which the principal persons engaged were Dr. Arbuthnot, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Pope) was a very noble one. It was to write a complete satire in prose upon the abuses in every branch of science, comprised in the history of the life and writings of Scriblerus; the issue of which were only some detached parts and fragments, such as the "Memoirs of Scriblerus," the "Travels of Gulliver," the "Treatise of the Profound," the literal "Criticisms on Virgil," &c.

WARBURTON.

But the *three* last-mentioned works were not at all on the character of Dr. Scriblerus.

DR. WHARTON.

FROM THOMAS HARLEY, ESQ.*

SIR, *June* 19, 1714.

YOUR letter gave me a great deal of pleasure. I do not mean only the satisfaction one must always find in hearing from so good a friend, who has distinguished himself in the world, and formed a new character, which nobody is vain enough to pretend to imitate. But you must know, the moment after you disappeared, I found it was to no purpose to be unconcerned, and to slight (as I really have done) all the silly stories and schemes I met with every day; the effects of self-conceit, and a frightened, hasty desire of gain. They asked me, "Has not the Dean left the town? Is not Dr. Swift gone into the country?"—Yes; and I would have gone into the country too, if I had not learned, one cannot be hurt till one turns one's back; for which reason I will go no more on their errands. But, seriously, you never heard such bellowing about the town of the state of the nation, especially among the sharpers, sellers of bear-skins,† and the rest of that kind; nor such crying and squalling among the ladies; insomuch that it has at last reached the house of commons; which I am sorry for, because it is hot and uneasy sitting there in this season of the year. But I was told to day, that in some countries, people are forced to watch day and night, to keep wild beasts out of their corn. Do you not pity me,

* This gentleman was cousin to the lord treasurer. He died in January 1727; and left his estate to Edward Harley, Esq. H.

† Stockjobbers. He who sells that of which he is not possessed, is said proverbially to sell the bear's skin, while the bear runs in the woods. And it being common for stockjobbers to make contracts for transferring stock at a future time, though they were not possessed of the stock to be transferred, they are called sellers of bear-skins. H.

for yielding to such grave sayings, to be stifled every day in the house of commons?

When I was out of England, I used to receive five or six letters each post with this passage, "As for what passes here, you will be informed by others much better; therefore I shall not trouble you with any thing of that sort." You will give me leave to use it now, as my excuse to you for not writing news. I hope honest Gay will be better supplied by some friend or other. Before I received your direction, I had ordered my servant, who comes next Monday out of Herefordshire, to leave your horse at the Crown in Farringdon, where you can easily send for him. I hear he was so fat, they could not travel him till he was taken down; and I ordered he should go short journeys; he is of a good breed, and therefore I hope will prove well: if not, use him like a bastard, and I will choose another for you. I am, sir, your most faithful humble servant,

T. HARLEY.

FROM MR. THOMAS.*

REVEREND SIR, *June* 22, 1714.

IT was with some difficulty, that I prevailed with myself to forbear acknowledging your very kind letter. I can only tell you, it shall be the business of my life, to endeavour to deserve the opinion you express of me, and thereby to recommend myself to the continuance of your friendship.

* Secretary to lord treasurer. See p. 49. 73.—A letter to the Earl of Oxford from this Mr. Thomas, who retired into Wales, on the Antiquity of English and British Poetry, may be seen among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. N.

My lord treasurer does, upon all occasions, do justice to your merit; and has expressed to all his friends the great esteem he has for so hearty and honest a friend, and particularly on occasion of the letter you mention to have lately writ to him. And all his friends can inform you with what pleasure he communicated it to them.

And now for business; I am to acquaint you, that last Thursday I received the 50*l.* (which now waits your orders) and dated your receipt accordingly, which I delivered to Mr. Wetham, who paid me the money.

I do not pretend to tell you how matters go. Our friend says very bad. I am sanguine enough to hope not worse.

I am, with all possible esteem, ever your's,

WILLIAM THOMAS.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR BROTHER, *Kensington, June* 26, 1714.

I HAD almost resolved not to write to you, for fear of disturbing so happy a state as you describe. On the other hand, a little of the devil, that cannot endure any body should enjoy a paradise, almost provoked me to give you a long and melancholy state of our affairs. For you must know, that it is just my own case. I have with great industry endeavoured to live in ignorance, but at the same time would enjoy Kensington garden; and then some busy discontented body or another comes just cross me, and begins a dismal story; and before I go to supper, I am as full of grievances as the most knowing of them.

I will plague you a little, by telling you the dragon

dies hard. He is now kicking and cuffing about him like the devil: and you know parliamentary management is the *forte*, but no hopes of any settlement between the two champions. The dragon said last night to my Lady Masham and me, that it is with great industry he keeps his friends, who are very numerous, from pulling all to pieces. Gay had a hundred pounds in due time, and went away a happy man. I have solicited both lord treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke strongly for the Parnelian, and gave them a memorial the other day. Lord treasurer speaks mighty affectionately of him, which you know is an ill sign in ecclesiastical preferments. Witness some, that you and I know, when the contrary was the best sign in the world. Pray remember Martin,* who is an innocent fellow, and will not disturb your solitude. The ridicule of medicine is so copious a subject, that I must only here and there touch it. I have made him study physic from the apothecaries' bills, where there is a good plentiful field for a satire upon the present practice. One of his projects was, by a stamp upon blistering plasters, and melilot by the yard, to raise money for the government, and to give it to Radcliffe and others to farm. But there was likely to be a petition from the inhabitants of London and Westminster, who had no mind to be flayed. There was a problem about the doses of purging medicines published four years ago, showing that they ought to be in proportion to the bulk of the patient. From thence Martin endeavours to determine the question about the weight of the ancient men, by the doses of physic that were given them. One of his best inventions was a map of diseases for the three cavities of the body, and one for the exter-

* Martinus Scribleras, of whom Pope, Arbuthnot, and others were to write the Memoirs. H.

nal parts; just like the four quarters of the world. Then the great diseases are like capital cities, with their symptoms all like streets and suburbs, with the roads that lead to other diseases. It is thicker set with towns than any Flanders map you ever saw. Radcliffe is painted at the corner of the map, contending for the universal empire of this world, and the rest of the physicians opposing his ambitious designs, with a project of a treaty of partition to settle peace.

There is an excellent subject of ridicule from some of the German physicians, who set up a sensitive soul as a sort of a first minister to the rational. Helmont calls him Archæus. Dolæus calls him Microcosmetor. He has under him several other genii, that reside in the particular parts of the body, particularly Prince Cardiniech in the heart; Gasteronax in the stomach; and the plastic prince in the organs of generation. I believe I could make you laugh at the explication of distempers from the wars and alliances of those princes; and how the first minister gets the better of his mistress *anima rationalis*.

The best is, that it is making reprisals upon the politicians, who are sure to allegorise all the animal economy into state affairs. Pope has been collecting high flights of poetry, which are very good; they are to be solemn nonsense.

I thought upon the following the other day, as I was going into my coach, the dust being troublesome:

> The dust in smaller particles arose,
> Than those which fluid bodies do compose;
> Contraries in extremes do often meet,
> 'Twas now so dry, that you might call it wet.

I do not give you these hints to divert you, but that you may have your thoughts, and work upon them.

I know you love me heartily, and yet I will not own, that you love me better than I love you. My Lord and Lady Masham love you too, and read your letter to me with pleasure. My lady says she will write to you, whether you write to her or not. Dear friend, adieu.

TO LORD TREASURER OXFORD.

MY LORD, *July* 1, 1714.

WHEN I was with you, I have said more than once, that I would never allow quality or station made any real difference between men. Being now absent and forgotten,* I have changed my mind: you have a thousand people who can pretend they love you, with as much appearance of sincerity as I; so that, according to common justice, I can have but a thousandth part in return of what I give. And this difference is wholly owing to your station. And the misfortune is still the greater, because I always loved you just so much the worse for your station: for, in your public capacity, you have often angered me to the heart; but, as a private man, never once. So that, if I only look toward myself, I could wish you a private man to-morrow: for I have nothing to ask; at least nothing that you will give, which is the same thing: and then you would see whether I should not with much more willingness attend you in a retirement, whenever you please to give me leave, than ever I did at London or Windsor. From these sentiments, I will never write to you, if I can help it, otherwise than as to a private person, or allow myself to have been obliged by you in any other capacity.

* The dean was now retired to Letcombe. See p. 37. N.

The memory of one great instance of your candour and justice, I will carry to my grave: that having been in a manner domestic with you for almost four years, it was never in the power of any public, or concealed enemy, to make you think ill of me, though malice and envy were often employed to that end. If I live, posterity shall know that, and more; which, though you, and somebody that shall be nameless, seem to value less than I could wish, is all the return I can make you. Will you give me leave to say how I would desire to stand in your memory? As one, who was truly sensible of the honour you did him, though he was too proud to be vain upon it: as one, who was neither assuming, officious, nor teasing; who never wilfully misrepresented persons or facts to you, nor consulted his passions when he gave a character: and lastly, as one, whose indiscretions proceeded altogether from a weak head, and not an ill heart. I will add one thing more, which is the highest compliment I can make, that I never was afraid of offending you, nor am now in any pain for the manner I write to you in. I have said enough; and, like one at your levee, having made my bow, I shrink back into the crowd. I am, &c.

FROM MR. BARBER.

HONOURED SIR, *London, July* 6, 1714.

I HAD yours of the 3d instant, and am heartily glad of your being in health, which I hope will continue. Pray draw what bills you please: I will pay them on demand.

I will take care of Mrs. Rolt's affair. I wish you would write to her. I had a visit from Mrs. Brackley

to day; she gives her humble service, and desired my assistance with General Hill. I told her it was best to stay till there was a *master;* and I did not doubt but something would be done.

I fortunately met Lord Bolingbroke yesterday, the minute I had your letter. I attacked him for some wine, and he immediately ordered you two dozen of red French wine, and one dozen of strong Aaziana white wine. The hamper will be sent to-morrow by Robert Stone the Wantage carrier, and will be there on Friday. I am afraid it will cost you *5s.* to George, my lord's butler; but I would do nothing without order. My lord bid me tell you this morning, that he will write to you, and let you know, that as great a philosopher as you are, you have had the pip; that the public affairs are carried on with the same zeal and quick despatch as when you was here; nay, that they are improved in several particulars; that the same good understanding continues; that he hopes the world will be the better for your retirement; that your *inimitable* pen was never more wanted than now; and more, which I cannot remember. I believe he expects you should write to him. He spoke many affectionate and handsome things in your favour. I told him your story of the spaniel, which made him laugh heartily.

FROM MR. BARBER TO MR. FORD.*

SIR, *Lambeth Hill, July* 6, 1714.

I THANKFULLY acknowledge the receipt of a packet sent last Sunday. I have shown it only to one person,‡ who is charmed with it, and will make some small alterations and additions to it, with your leave. You will the easier give leave, when I tell you, that it is one of the best pens in England. Pray favour me with a line.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN BARBER.

FROM MR. THOMAS.

REVEREND SIR, *July* 6, 1714.

I SHOULD not have presumed to break in upon your retirement, nor so much as inquire for your address, had not the inclosed given me a fair occasion to ask after your health. I need not add any thing to what the papers will inform you touching that affair. The person mentioned in the baron's letter has not yet called upon me. When you have endorsed the letter of attorney, please to return that and the baron's letter, that I may punctually follow his directions. I dare not mention any thing of politics to one, that has purposely with-

* This letter was disguised, and directed to Samuel Bridges, Esq. at St. Dunstan's coffee-house, Fleet-street; and is thus endorsed by the Dean, "John Barber's letter about the pamphlet." *N.*

† "Free thoughts on the present State of Affairs." *B.*

‡ This was Mr. Ford. See p. 52. *N.*

drawn himself from the din of it. I shall only tell you, that your friends applaud your conduct with relation to your own ease; but they think it hard you should abdicate at a juncture your friendship seems to be of most use to them. I am sure some of them want your advice, as well as assistance. You will forgive this digression from business, when I tell you I shall not repeat this trouble, not having so much as kept a copy of your direction. You may direct your commands to me, under cover, to our common friends. I hope you believe me too sensible of obligations to need formal assurances of the sincere respect, wherewith I am, reverend sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

WILLIAM THOMAS.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.*

SIR, *Whitehall, July* 6, 1714.

You give me such good reasons for your desire of knowing what becomes of our grand affair, that, to oblige you, and perhaps to give myself vent, I will tell you what I think on it. The two ladies† seem to have determined the fall of the dragon,‡ and to entertain a chimerical notion, that there shall be no *monsieur le premier*, but that all power shall reside in one, and profit in the other. The man of mercury§ soothes them in this notion with great dexterity and reason, for he will be *monsieur le premier* then of course, by virtue of the

* Endorsed, "Lord Treasurer Oxford begins to decline at court." N.

† Lady Masham and Duchess of Somerset. N.

‡ Lord Treasurer Oxford. B.

§ Lord Bolingbroke. B.

little seal. His character is too bad to carry the great ensigns; therefore he takes another method, and I think it very artful, viz. to continue his present station, to which the power may altogether be as properly attached as to the wand. In this brangle I am no otherwise concerned, than that I must lose part of the pleasure I had in the conversation of my friends. And that I am really apprehensive the two ladies may suffer by the undertaking; for the man of Mercury's bottom is too narrow, his faults of the first magnitude; and we cannot find, that there is any scheme in the world how to proceed. Mercurialis* complains, that the Dragon† has used him barbarously; that he is in with the democraticals, and never conferred a single obligation upon him since he had the wand. *Le temps nous éclaircira.*

I propose to move on the 2d of August to Bath, and to stay there, or go from thence, according as our chaos settles here. I believe I shall not go to Abercothy, otherwise I would attend you. Shall not we meet at Bath? Before I began this paragraph, I should have added something to the former, which is, that the dragon is accused of having betrayed his friends yesterday upon the matter of the three explanatory articles of the Spanish treaty of commerce, which he allowed not to be beneficial, and that the queen might better press for their being changed, if it was the sense of the house they ought to be so. The address then passed without a negative.

I thank you for the account you give me of the farm in Buckinghamshire. I could like the thing, and the price too, very well; but when it comes to a point, I own my weakness to you. I can't work myself up to a resolution, while I have any hope of the 200*l.* a year

* The same. B.

† Lord treasurer. B.

I told you of in my own parish; it lies now at sale; if I miss, I would catch greedily at the other.

When I am at the Bath, I will set down the hints you desire.

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

London, July 6.*

If Barber be not a very great blockhead, I shall soon send you a letter in print, in answer to your last: I hope it may be next post, for he had it on Sunday. I took care to blot the *e's* out of *onely*, and the *a's* out of *scheame*, which I suppose is the meaning of your question, whether I corrected it? I do not know any other alteration it wanted; and I made none except in one paragraph, that I changed the present to the past tense four times, and I am not sure I did right in it neither. There is so great a tenderness and regard shown all along to the ——,† that I could have wished this expression had been out [" the uncertain timorous nature of the ——."†] But there was no striking it out without quite spoiling the beauty of the passage: and, as if I had been the author myself, I preferred beauty to discretion. I really think it is at least equal to any thing you have writ;‡ and I dare say it will do great service as matters stand at present.

* The year is omitted, but it should be 1714. This letter is endorsed, " Affairs still worse." H.

† The blanks are thus in the original. Query, should the word be *Queen?* H.

‡ Called " Free Thoughts," &c. The words which Mr. Ford says he could have wished to have blotted out, but spared for the beauty of the passage, are not to be found in the copy of the " Free Thoughts," printed in the Dean's works; nor is it easy to determine where they originally stood. N.

The colonel* and his friends give the game for lost on their side; and I believe by next week we shall see Lord Bolingbroke at the head of affairs. The Bishop of Rochester is to be lord privy seal. They talk of several other alterations, as that my Lord Trevor is to be president of the council; Lord Abingdon, chamberlain: Lord Anglesey, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; that Mr. Bromley† is to go out, and a great many more in lesser employments. I fancy these reports are spread to draw in as many as they can to oppose the new scheme. I can hardly think any body will be turned out of the cabinet, except the treasurer and the privy seal.‡ Perhaps my Lord Poulett§ may lay down. Certainly the secretary may continue in, if he pleases, and I do not hear that he is disposed to resign, or that he is so attached to any minister, as to enter into their resentments. What has John of Bucks‖ done? and yet the report is very strong, that he is to be succeeded by my Lord Trevor.** The Duke of Shrewsbury was one out of eight or nine lords, that stood by my Lord Bolingbroke yesterday, in the debate about the Spanish treaty, and spoke with a good deal of spirit. Is it likely he is to be turned out of all? The lords have made a representation to the queen, in which they desire her to surmount the insurmountable difficulties the Spanish trade lies under by the last treaty. It is thought there was a majority in the house to have prevented such a reflection upon the treaty, if they had come to a division. The clamour of the merchants,

* Lord Oxford. H.

† Secretary for the Northern provinces. H.

‡ Lord Dartmouth. H.

§ Lord Steward. H.

‖ John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire. B.

** Lord chief justice of the common pleas. B.

whig and tory, has been too great to have passed a vote in vindication of it, as it stands ratified. But my Lord Anglesey and his squadron seemed willing to oppose any censure of it; and yet this representation was suffered to pass, nobody knows how. To day they are to take into consideration the queen's answer to their address, desiring to know who advised her to ratify the explanation of the three articles. She sent them word she thought there was little difference between that and what was signed at Utrecht. When they rise I will tell you what they have done. The last money bill was sent up yesterday; so that in all probability the parliament will be up in two or three days, and then we shall be entertained with court affairs. I hope you got mine last post, and one a fortnight ago. Will the change of the ministry affect Elwood? He is in pain about it. I am told the people of Ireland are making a strong opposition against the present provost.

The consideration of the queen's answer is deferred till to-morrow. I am now with Lord Guilford and three other commissioners of trade, who were examined to-day at the house of lords. They are prodigiously pleased with what has been done. But I do not understand it well enough to give you an account of it. For the rapture they are in hinders them from explaining themselves clearly. I can only gather from their manner of discourse, that they are come off without censure.

FROM THE SAME.

SIR. *London, Friday, July* 10, 1714.

WHAT answer shall I send? I am against any alteration: but additions, I think, ought by no means to be

allowed. I wish I had called sooner at St. Dunstan's;* but I did not expect it would have come out till Thursday, and therefore did not go there till yesterday. Pray let me know what you would have done. Barber was a blockhead to show it at all; but who can help that? Write an answer either for yourself or me; but I beg of you to make no condescensions.

Yesterday put an end to the session, and to your pain. We gained a glorious victory at the house of lords the day before: the attack was made immediately against Arthur Moor,† who appeared at the bar, with the other commissioners of trade. The South Sea Company had prepared the way for a censure, by voting him guilty of a breach of trust, and incapable of serving them in any office for the future. This passed without hearing what he had to say in his defence, and had the usual fate of such unreasonable reflections. Those, who proposed the resolutions, were blamed for their violence: and the person accused, appearing to be less guilty than they made him, was thought to be more innocent than I doubt he is. The whigs proposed two questions in the house of lords against him, and lost both, one by twelve, and the other, I think, by eighteen votes.

Court affairs go on as they did. The cry is still on the captain's side.‡ Is not he the person Barber means by one of the best pens in England? It is only my own conjecture, but I can think of nobody else. Have you the queen's speech, the lords' address, &c. or shall I send them to you? and do you want a comment? Have Pope and Parnell been to visit you, as they intended?

* This is explained by a note in p. 49. N.

† One of the commissioners of trade and plantations, who was accused of being bribed by the court of Spain, to favour that kingdom in the treaty of commerce made between it and England. B.

‡ Lord Bolingbroke; alluding to his difference with Lord Oxford M.

I had a letter yesterday from Gay, who is at the Hague, and presents his humble service to you. He has writ to Mr. Lewis too, but his respect makes him keep greater distance with him: and I think mine is the pleasanter letter, which I am sorry for.

We were alarmed by B.* two days ago: he sent Tooke word, our friend was ill in the country; which we did not know how to interpret, till he explained it. It was Mrs. M.† he meant; but she is in no danger. Pray, write immediately, that there may be no farther delay to what we ought to have had a week ago.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.‡

DEAR BROTHER, *Kensington, July* 10, 1714.

I HAVE talked of your affairs to nobody but my Lady Masham. She tells me, that she has it very much at heart, and would gladly do it for her own sake, and that of her friends; but thinks it not a fit season to speak about it." We are indeed in such a strange condition as to politics, that nobody can tell now who is for who. It were really worth your while to be here for four-and-twenty hours only, to consider the oddness of the scene. I am sure it would make you relish your country life the better.

The *Dragon* holds fast with a dead gripe the little machine.§ If he would have taken but half so much pains to have done other things, as he has of late to ex-

* John Barber. H.

† Mrs. Manley, the writer of the Atalantis, who at that time lived with Mr. Barber. H.

‡ Endorsed, "Affairs still worse." N.

§ His treasurer's staff. H.

ert himself against the esquire, he might have been a *Dragon*, instead of a *Dagon*. I would no more have suffered and done what he has, than I would have sold myself to the gallies. *Hæc inter nos*. However, they have now got rid of the parliament, and may have time to think of a scheme: perhaps they may have one already. I know nothing, but it is fit to rally the broken forces under some head or another. They really did very well the last day but one in the house of lords; but yesterday they were in a flame about the queen's answer, till the queen came in, and put an end to it.

The dragon showed me your letter, and seemed mightily pleased with it. He has paid ten pounds for a manuscript, of which I believe there are several in town. It is a history of the last invasion of Scotland, wrote just as plain, though not so well, as another history which you and I know,* with characters of all the men now living, the very names, and invitation that was sent to the pretender. This by a flaming jacobite, that wonders all the world are not so. Perhaps it may be a whig, that personates a jacobite. I saw two sheets of the beginning, which was treason every line. If it goes on at the same rate of plain dealing, it is a very extraordinary piece, and worth your while to come up to see it only. Mr. Lockhart, they say, owns it. It is no more his than it is mine. Do not be so dogged: but after the first shower, come up to town for a week or so. It is worth your while. Your friends will be glad to see you, and none more than myself. Adieu.

* History of the Four last Years. N.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.*

July 13, 1714.

I NEVER laughed, my dear dean, at your leaving the town: on the contrary, I thought the resolution of doing so, at the time when you took it, a very wise one. But, I confess, I laughed, and very heartily too, when I heard that you affected to find, within the village of Letcombe, all your heart desired. In a word, I judged of you, just as you tell me in your letter, that I should judge. If my grooms did not live a happier life than I have done this great while, I am sure they would quit my service. Be pleased to apply this reflection. Indeed I wish I had been with you, with Pope and Parnell, *quibus neque animi candidiores.* In a little time, perhaps, I may have leisure to be happy. I continue in the same opinions and resolutions as you left me in; I will stand or fall by them. Adieu. No alteration in my fortune or circumstances can alter that sincere friendship with which I am, dear dean, yours.

I fancy you will have a visit from that great politician and casuist, the duke.† He is at Oxford with Mr. Clarke.‡

* Endorsed "Lord Bolingbroke, on my retiring." N.

† Perhaps the Duke of Ormond. H.

‡ George Clarke, doctor of laws, fellow of All Souls, who had been secretary to Prince George of Denmark, as lord high admiral, and was member of parliament for the university of Oxford. H.

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

London, July 15, 1714.

You see I was in the right; but I could wish the booby* had not convinced me by naming my Lord Bolingbroke, and then I should have dealt well enough with him. Since it has happened so, the best remedy I could think of, was to write him a very civil answer; in which, however, I have desired to see the alterations: this is mentioned with great respect to my lord. Though he has promised to have it again to-morrow, it is probable he may be disappointed, and there may be time enough for me to receive your directions what I shall do, when I get it into my hands. If the alterations are material, shall I send it to some other printer as it was first written?† Reflect upon every thing you think likely to happen, and tell me beforehand what is proper to be done, that no more time may be lost. I hate the dog for making his court in such a manner.

I am very sorry you have had occasion to remove your premier minister. We are told now, we shall have no change in ours, and that the Duke of Shrewsbury will perfectly reconcile all matters. I am sure you will not believe this any more than I do; but the dragon‡ has been more cheerful than usual for three or four days; and therefore people conclude the breaches are healed. I rather incline to the opinion of those who say he is to be made a duke, and to have a pension. Another reason given why there is to be no change is, because the

* Barber. D. S.

† This was the "Free Thoughts" (see p. 49.) The queen's death prevented the publication of it in those times; and it never appeared till the year 1741. D. S.

‡ The Earl of Oxford. D. S.

parliament was not adjourned to issue new writs in the room of those who were to come in upon the new scheme, that they might sit in the house at the next meeting. But I cannot see why an adjournment may not do as well at the beginning, as at the end of a session; and certainly it will displease less in January or February, than it would have done in July. The whigs give out the Duke of Marlborough is coming over, and his house is actually now fitting up at St. James's. We have had more variety of lies of late than ever I remember. The history we were formerly talking of, would swell to a prodigious size, if it was carried on. There was a fire last night on Towerhill, that burnt down forty or fifty houses. You say nothing of coming to town. I hope you do not mean to steal away to Ireland without seeing us.

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

London, July 17, 1714.

A SECOND to-morrow is almost past, and nothing has been yet left at St. Dunstan's.* Barber will lose by his prodigious cunning; but that is nothing to the punishment he deserves. Had it been only his fear, he would have chosen somebody else to consult with; but the rogue found it was well written, and saw the passages that galled. I am heartily vext at the other person,† from whom one might have expected a more honourable proceeding. There is something very mean in his desiring to make alterations, when I am sure he has no reason to complain, and is at least as fairly dealt with

* See p. 49, 55. N. † Lord Bolingbroke. D. S.

as his competitor.* Besides, a great part of it is as much for his service as if he had given directions himself to have it done. What relates to the pretender is of the utmost use to him; and therefore I am as much surprised at his delay, as at his ungenerous manner of treating an unknown author, to whom he is so much obliged. But perhaps I may wrong him, and he would not desire to turn the whole to his own advantage. If it had come to me yesterday, or to day, I was resolved to have sent it to some other printer without any amendment; but now I shall wait till I have your directions. I wish you had employed somebody else at first; but what signifies wishing now? After what Barber writ in his last, I can hardly think he will be such a —— as not to let me have it: and in my answer I have given him all manner of encouragement to do it. He has as much assurance as he can well desire, that the alterations shall be complied with, and a positive promise that it shall be returned to him the same day he leaves it at St. Dunstan's.†

I cannot imagine why we have no mischief yet. Sure we are not to be disappointed at last, after the bustle that has been made. It is impossible they‡ can ever agree, and I want something to make my letters still entertaining. I doubt you will hardly thank me for them, now the parliament is up; but as soon as any thing happens you shall know it.

The queen has not yet appointed the time for removing to Windsor. My lord chief baron Ward is dead, and we have already named seven successors,

* Lord Oxford. D. S.

† See two other letters from Mr. Ford, on the subject of this pamphlet, July 22 and 24. It appears, by Mr. Barber's letter of July 8, that he did not know the real author. N.

‡ Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke. D. S.

among whom is our lord chancellor Phipps. Frank Annesley was to have had his place under my Lord Anglesey, so that it is well for him we have provided him with another for life.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

June 17, 1714.

I AM sorry to find by those that have fresher advices from you than yours of the eleventh to me, that Parvisol's* conduct puts you under a necessity of changing the administration; for it will probably draw you to Ireland whether you will or not. However, I hope to see you at Bath three weeks hence, whatever happens. I meet with no man or woman, who pretends upon any probable grounds to judge who will carry the great point. Our female friend [A] told the Dragon [B] in her own house, last Thursday morning, these words: "You never did the queen any service, nor are you capable of doing her any." He made no reply, but supped with her and Mercurialis [C] that night, at her own house. His revenge is not the less meditated for that. He tells the words clearly and distinctly to all mankind. Those who range under his banner, call her ten thousand bitches and kitchen wenches.

* Dr. Swift's agent in Ireland. The Dean's observations on the names marked A, B, C, are thus written on the blank part of the original letter:

[A] "Mrs. Masham, who was the queen's favourite, fell out in a rage, reproaching Lord Oxford very injuriously."

[B] "The Dragon, Lord Treasurer Oxford, so called by the Dean by contraries; for he was the mildest, wisest, and best minister that ever served a prince."

[C] "Lord Bolingbroke, called so by Mr. Lewis." H.

Those who hate him do the same. And from my heart I grieve that she should give such a loose to her passion; for she is susceptible of true friendship, and has many social and domestic virtues. The great Attorney,* who made you the sham offer of the Yorkshire living, had a long conference with the dragon on Thursday, kissed him at parting, and cursed him at night. He went to the country yesterday; from whence some conjecture nothing considerable will be done soon. Lord Harley† and Lady Harriot‡ went this morning to Oxford. He has finished all matters with Lord Pelham,§ as far as can be done without an act of parliament. The composition was signed by the auditor, and Naylor, brother-in-law to Pelham. This day se'nnight Lord Harley is to have the whole Cavendish estate, which is valued at ten thousand *per annum*, and has upon it forty thousand pounds worth of timber. But three out of this ten thousand a year he had by the will. He remits to Lord Pelham the twenty thousand pounds charged for Lady Harriot's fortune on the Holles estate; and gives him some patches of land, that lie convenient to him, to the value of about twenty thousand pounds more. According to my computation, Lord Harley gets by the agreement (if the timber is worth forty thousand pounds) one hundred and forty thousand pounds; and when the jointures fall in to him, will have sixteen thousand pounds a year. But the cant is, twenty-six thousand. Lord Pelham will really have twenty-six thousand pounds a year from the Newcastle family, which, with his paternal estate, will be twice as much as Lord Har-

* Perhaps Lord Chancellor Harcourt. H.

† Edward, son to the Lord Treasurer Oxford. B.

‡ Wife of Lord Harley. B

§ Afterward Duke of Newcastle. B.

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§ Afterward Duke of Newcastle. B.

ley's. The estate of the latter is judged to be in the best condition; and some vain glorious friends of ours say, it is worth more than the other's; but let that pass. Adieu.

FROM LORD HARLEY.

BROTHER SWIFT,* *July* 17, 1714.

YOUR sister† has at last got rid of her lawyers. We are just setting out for Oxford, where we hope to see you. I am your affectionate brother,

HARLEY.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR BROTHER, *London, July* 17, 1714.

I THOUGHT it necessary to speak to Lady Masham about that affair, because I believe it will be necessary to give her majesty the same notion of it, which the memorial does,‡ and not that you are asking a little scandalous salary for a sinecure. Lewis despairs of it, and thinks it quite over since a certain affair. I will not think so. I gave your letter, with the enclosed memori-

* A company of sixteen, all men of the first class, Swift included, dined once a week at the house of each other, by rotation, and went under the general denomination of Brothers. The number was afterwards enlarged, and they dined at a tavern every Thursday. Lord Harley was one, which accounts for the address of this letter. H.

† Lady Henrietta Harley, wife of Lord Harley. H.

‡ Swift's memorial to the queen, humbly desiring her majesty to appoint him historiographer; printed in the sixth volume of this collection. N.

al, cavalierement, to Lord Bolingbroke. He read it, and seemed concerned at some part of it, expressing himself thus: "That it would be among the eternal scandals of the government to suffer a man of your character, that had so well deserved of them, to have the least uneasy thought about those matters." As to the fifty pounds, he was ready to pay it; and if he had had it about *him*, would have given it me. The dragon was all the while walking with the Duke of Shrewsbury. So my Lord Bolingbroke told me, "I would immediately stir in this matter, but I know not how I stand with some folks:" for the Duke of Shrewsbury has taken himself to the dragon in appearance. "I know how I stand with that man, (pointing to the dragon) but as to the other, I cannot tell; however, I will claim his promise;" and so he took the memorial.

Do not think I make you a bare compliment in what I am going to say; for I can assure you I am in earnest. I am in hopes to have two hundred pounds before I go out of town, and you may command all or any part of it you please, as long as you have occasion for it. I know what you will say; "To see a scoundrel pretend to offer to lend me money." Our situation at present is in short thus; they have *rompu en visière* with the dragon, and yet do not know how to do without him. My Lady Masham has in a manner bid him defiance, without any scheme, or likeness of it in any form or shape, as far as I can see. Notwithstanding he visits, cringes, flatters, &c. which is beyond my comprehension.

I have a very comical account of Letcombe, and the Dean of St. Patrick's, from Pope, with an episode of the burning glass. I was going to make an epigram upon the imagination of your burning your own history with the burning glass. I wish Pope or Parnell would put it into rhyme. The thought is this: Apollo speaks; "That

since he had inspired you to reveal those things which were hid, even from his own light, such as the feeble springs of some great events: and perceiving that a faction, who could not bear their deeds to be brought to light, had condemned it to an ignominious flame; that it might not perish so, he was resolved to consume it with his own; a celestial one." And then you must conclude with some simile. Thus, &c. There are two or three that will fit it.

Whiston has at last published his project of the longitude; the most ridiculous thing that ever was thought on. But a pox on him! he has spoiled one of my papers of Scriblerus, which was a proposal for the longitude, not very unlike his, to this purpose; that since there was no pole for east and west, that all the princes of Europe should join and build two prodigious poles, upon high mountains, with a vast lighthouse to serve for a pole star. I was thinking of a calculation of the time, charges, and dimensions. Now you must understand, his project is by lighthouses, and explosion of bombs at a certain hour.

Lewis invited me to dinner to-day, and has disappointed me. I thought to have said something more about you. I have nothing more to add, but, my dear friend, adieu.

TO THE DUKE OF ORMOND.*

MY LORD, *June* 17, 1711.

I NEVER expected that a great man should remember me in absence, because I knew it was unreasonable, and that your grace is too much troubled with persons about you, to think of those who are out of the way. But, if Dr. Pratt has done me right, I am mistaken; and your grace has almost declared that you expected a letter from me; which you should never have had, if the ministry had been like you: for then I should have always been near enough to have carried my own messages. But I was heartily weary of them: and your grace will be my witness, that I despaired of any good success, from their manner of proceeding, some months before I left town; where I thought it became me to continue no longer, when I could do no service either to myself, my friends, or the public. By the account I have from particular friends, I find the animosity between the two great men does not at all diminish: though I hear it is given out that your grace's successor† has undertaken a general reconcilement. If it be true, this will succeed like the rest of his late undertakings.

I must beg your grace's pardon, if I entreat you, for several reasons, to see Lady Masham as often as you conveniently can: and I must likewise desire you to exert yourself in the disposal of the bishopries in Ireland. It is a scandal to the crown, and an injury to the church, that they should be so long delayed. There are some

* The Duke of Ormond was lord lieutenant of Ireland in 1710. He succeeded the Duke of Marlborough in the command of the army; and his duchess was lady of the bedchamber. H.

† The Duke of Shrewsbury. D. S.

hotheaded people on the other side the water, who understand nothing of our court, and would confound every thing: always employed to raise themselves upon the ruins of those characters they have blasted. I wish their intermeddling may not occasion a worse choice than your grace approved of last winter. However, I beg you will take care that no injury be done to Dr. Pratt, or Dr. Elwood; who have more merit and candour than a hundred of their detractors. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your grace's most obedient,
and most obliged humble servant,
J. S.

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

London, July 20, 1714.

Who would ever do any thing for them, when they are so negligent of their own interest? The Captain must see what use it would be to him to have it published, and yet he has not returned it. You have another copy by you: I wish you would send it: and if you do not care it should appear in your own hand, I will get it transcribed. My secretary is a boy of ten or eleven years old, and no discovery can be made by him. I do not know what my Lord Bolingbroke may do, but I dare say Barber does not suspect from whence it comes. However, I wonder he has not mentioned it to you.*

I thought you had heard the historiographer's place has been disposed of this fortnight. I know no more of

* This relates to the "Free Thoughts." H.

him who has it, than that his name is Madox.* It would be impudence in them to send for you; but I hope you will come. A reconcilement is impossible; and I can guess no reason why matters are delayed, unless it be to gain over some lords, who stick firm to the dragon, and others that are averse to the captain.† The Duke of Shrewsbury declares against him in private conversation; I suppose because he is against every chief minister, for it is known he has no kindness for the colonel.‡ Lord Anglesey rails at the chancellor, for some opinion the attorney and solicitor general have given relating to Ireland. Who can act, when they have so much caprice to deal with?

Mr. Lewis says, "he will speak to Mr. Bromley for his part, and will engage it shall be paid as soon as Lord Bolingbroke has given his." But it was mentioned before my lord treasurer, and he immediately took the whole upon himself. If they lived near one another, and a house between them was on fire, I fancy they would contend who should put it out, until the whole street were burned. Mr. Lewis goes into Wales the week after next. I shall have the whole town to myself. Now it is my own, I begin not to value it. Pope and Parnell tell me, you design them a visit. When do you go? If you are with them in the middle of a week, I should be glad to meet you there. Let me know where you are to be in Herefordshire, and I will send you some claret. It is no compliment, for I am overstocked, and it will decay before I drink it. You shall have either old or new; I have too much of both.

I paid the woman for your handkerchiefs; but should not have given her so much, if she had not assured me

* Thomas Madox, Esq. H.
† Lord Bolingbroke. H.
‡ Lord Oxford. H.

you had agreed with her. I think you may very well shake off the old debt, and she will have no reason to complain. So I told her; but if you would have me, I will pay her.

Pray send me the other copy,* or put me in a way of recovering the former. I am, &c.

FROM THE DUKE OF ORMOND.

SIR, *July* 22, 1714.

I AM very glad to hear from you. I thought you had hid yourself from the world, and given over all thoughts of your friends. I am very sorry for the reason of your retirement. I am a witness to your endeavours to have made up, what I believe the great man you mention will hardly compass. I am of your opinion, that it is shameful that the vacant bishoprics are not disposed of. I shall do all that lies in my power to serve the gentlemen that I have already mentioned to the queen, and hope with good success.

For the lady you mention,† I shall endeavour to see her as often as I can. She is one that I have a great esteem for. I send you some Burgundy, which I hope you will like. It is very good to cure the spleen. Believe me, with great truth, sir, your most affectionate friend, and humble servant,

ORMOND.

* Of the "Free Thoughts." H

† Lady Masham. D. S.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

SIR, *Whitehall, July* 22, 1714.

I RECEIVED a letter from you last Monday, for my lord treasurer, in a blank cover. Last Friday lord chancellor went into the country, with a design to stay there till the tenth of August; but last Tuesday he was sent for express by Lord Bolingbroke. Next Tuesday the queen goes to Windsor. What changes we are to have, will probably appear before she goes. Dr. Arbuthnot dines with me to-day, and in the evening we go to Kensington.

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

London, July 22, 1714.

PRAY send me the other copy, and let us have the benefit of it, since you have been at the trouble of writing. Unless ——* be served against his will, it is not likely to be done at all; but I think you used to take a pleasure in good offices of that kind; and I hope you would not let the cause suffer; though I must own, in this particular, the person who has the management of it does not deserve any favour. Nothing being left for me at St. Dunstan's, I sent to Barber for an answer to my last. He says, it is not yet restored to him; as soon as it is, I shall have it. This delay begins to make me think all ministers are alike; and as soon as the Captain is Colonel, he will act as his predecessors have done.

* The blank should probably be filled up with "lord treasurer." N.

The queen goes to Windsor next Tuesday, and we expect all matters will be settled before that time. We have had a report, that my lord privy seal is to go out alone; but the learned only laugh at it. The Captain's* friends think themselves secure; and the Colonel's† are so much of the same opinion, that they only drink his health while he is yet alive. However, it is thought he will fall easy, with a pension of four thousand pounds a year, and a dukedom. Most of the staunch tories are pleased with the alteration: and the whimsicals pretend the cause of their disgust was, because the whigs were too much favoured.

In short, we propose very happy days to ourselves, as long as this reign lasts; and if the *uncertain timorous nature of* ——‡ does not disappoint us, we have a very fair prospect. The Dragon and his antagonist§ meet every day at the cabinet. They often eat, and drink, and walk together, as if there was no sort of disagreement: and when they part, I hear they give one another such names, as nobody but ministers of state could bear, without cutting throats. The Duke of Marlborough is expected here every day. Dr. Garth says, he comes only to drink the Bristol waters for a diabetes. The whigs are making great preparations to receive him. But yesterday I was offered considerable odds, that not one of those, who go out to meet him, will visit him in half a year. I durst not lay, though I can hardly think it. My Lord Marr is married to Lady Frances Pierrepoint; and my Lord Dorchester, her father, is to be married next week to Lady Bell Bentinck. Let me know if you go to Pope's, that I may endeavour to meet you there. I am, &c.

* Bolingbroke. H.
† Oxford. H.
‡ See before, p. 52. N.
§ Bolingbroke. H.

FROM THE SAME.

London, July 24, 1714.

We expected the grand affair would have been done yesterday, and now every body agrees it will be to night.* The Bishop of London, Lord Bathurst, Mr. Bridges, Sir William Wyndham, and Campion, are named for commissioners of the treasury; but I have not sufficient authority for you to depend upon it. They talk of the Duke of Ormond for our lord lieutenant. I cannot get the pamphlet back. What shall I do? I wish you would send me the other copy. My Lord Anglesey goes next Monday to Ireland. I hear he is only angry with the chancellor, and not at all with the captain.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

Whitehall, July 24, 1714.

I saw Lord Harley this morning. He tells me, that he left you horridly in the dumps. I wish you were here; for after giving a quarter of an hour's vent to our grief for the departure of our Don Quixotte,† we should recover ourselves, and receive consolation from each other. The triumph of the enemy makes me mad. I feel a strange tenderness within myself, and scarce

* The dismission of Lord Oxford. H.

† Lord Oxford, who was just at this time dismissed from his employment as first minister, and immediately succeeded by Lord Bolingbroke. On Thursday the 27th of the same month he surrendered his staff as lord treasurer, and on the 30th Lord Shrewsbury was appointed to succeed him in that office. H.

bear the thoughts of dating letters from this place, when my old friend is out, whose fortune I have shared for so many years. But *fiat voluntas tua!* The damned thing is, we are to do all dirty work. We are to turn out Monckton,* and I hear we are to pass the new commission of the treasury. For God's sake write to Lady Masham, in favour of poor Thomas,† to preserve him from ruin. I will second it. I intended to have writ you a long letter: but the moment I had turned this page, I had intelligence that the Dragon has broke out in a fiery passion with my lord chancellor,‡ sworn a thousand oaths he would be revenged, &c. This impotent, womanish behaviour, vexes me more than his being out. This last stroke shows, *quantula sint hominum corpuscula.* I am determined for the Bath on the second or the ninth of August at the farthest.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR BROTHER, *July* 24, 1714.

I SUPPOSE you have read the account of St. Kilda. There is an officer there, who is a sort of *tribunus*

* Robert Monckton, one of the commissioners for trade and plantations, who had given information against Arthur Moore, one of his brother commissioners, for accepting a bribe from the Spanish court, to get the treaty of commerce continued. H.

† Mr. Thomas had been secretary under the old commission of the treasury; and he wrote to the Dean, by the same post, for a recommendation to Lady Masham, either to be continued in the same office under the new commissioners, or to be considered in some other manner, by way of compensation He urges a precedent for this in the case of his predecessor, who being removed from his post of secretary, got the office of comptroller of the lotteries, worth 500*l.* a year, for 32 years. See page 42. 49. H.

‡ Lord Harcourt. H.

plebis, whose office it is to represent the grievances of the people to the Laird of M'Leod, who is supposed to be their oppressor. He is bound to contradict the laird, till he gives him three strokes with a cane over the head, and then he is at liberty to submit. This I have done, and so has your friend Lewis. It has been said that we and the dean were the authors of all that has since happened, by keeping the dragon in, when there was an offer to lay down. I was told to my face, that what I said in this case went for nothing; that I did not care, if the great person's affairs went to entire ruin, so I could support the interests of the Dragon; that I did not know the half of his proceedings. Particularly it was said, though I am confident it was a mistake, that he had attempted the removing her from the favour of a great person. In short, the fall of the dragon does not proceed altogether from his old friend, but from the great person, whom I perceive to be highly offended, by little hints that I have received. In short, the Dragon has been so ill used, and must serve upon such terms for the future, if he should, that I swear I would not advise Turk, Jew, nor infidel, to be in that state. Come up to town, and I can tell you more. I have been but indifferently treated myself, by somebody at court, in small concerns. I cannot tell who it is! But mum for that. Adieu.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.*

MY LORD, *July* 25, 1714.

To-MORROW sevennight I shall set out from hence to Ireland; my license for absence being so near out, that I can stay no longer without taking another. I say this, that if you have any commands, I shall have just time enough to receive them before I go. And if you resign in a few days, as I am told you design to do, you may possibly retire to Herefordshire, where I shall readily attend you, if you soon withdraw; or, after a few months' stay in Ireland, I will return at the beginning of winter, if you please to command me. I speak in the dark, because I am altogether so, and what I say may be absurd. You will please to pardon me; for, as I am wholly ignorant, so I have none of your composure of mind. I pray God Almighty direct and defend you, &c.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

July 27, 1714.†

IF I tell my dear friend the value I put upon his undeserved friendship, it will look like suspecting you or myself. Though I have had no power since July 25, 1713.† I believe now, as a private man, I may prevail

* On hearing his intentions to resign his staff. D. S.

† Endorsed, "Just before the loss of his staff." N.

‡ The Earl of Oxford, in his Brief Account of Public Affairs, presented to the queen on the 9th of June, 1714, and published in the Report of the secret committee, mentions, that he wrote a large letter, dated July 25, 1713, to Lord Bolingbroke, "containing his scheme

to renew your license of absence, conditionally you will be present with me; for to-morrow morning I shall be a private person. When I have settled my domestic affairs here, I go to Wimple; thence alone, to Herefordshire. If I have not tired you *tête à tête*, fling away so much time upon one who loves you. And I believe, in the mass of souls, ours were placed near each other. I send you an imitation of Dryden, as I went to Kensington:

To serve with love,
And shed your blood,
Approved is above.
But here below,
Th' examples show,
'Tis fatal to be good.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

SIR, *Whitehall, July* 27, 1714.

I HAVE yours of the 25th. You judge very right; it is not the going out, but the manner, that enrages me. The queen has told all the lords the reasons of her parting with him, viz. "that he neglected all business; that he was seldom to be understood; that when he did explain himself, she could not depend upon the truth of what he said; that he never came to her at the time she appointed; that he often came drunk; lastly, to crown all, he behaved himself toward her with bad man-

of the queen's affairs, and what was necessary for Lord Bolingbroke to do;" which letter was answered by that lord, on the 27th of that month. B.

ners, in decency, and disrespect."—*Pudet hæc opprobria nobes, &c.*

I am distracted with the thoughts of this, and the pride of the conqueror.* I would give the world I could go out of town to-morrow; but the secretary says I must not go till he returns, which will not be till the sixteenth of August, or perhaps the twenty-third; but I am in hopes I may go toward Bath the sixteenth.

The runners are already employed to go to all the coffeehouses. They rail to the pit of Hell. I am ready to burst for want of vent.

The stick† is yet in his hand, because they cannot agree who shall be the new commissioners. We suppose the blow will be given to night or to-morrow morning. The sterility of good and able men is incredible. When the matter is over, I will wait upon our she friend.‡ If she receives me as usual, I will propose to her, that I will serve where I do, provided I may be countenanced, and at full liberty to pay my duty to all the Harleian family in the same manner I used to do. If that is not allowed me in the utmost extent, consistent with my trust here, I will propose an employment in the revenues, or to go out without any thing; for I will not be debarred going to him. If she does not receive me as

* Lord Bolingbroke. H.

† On the night of Tuesday, July 27, the day on which this letter is dated, a cabinet council was held (after the Earl of Oxford had resigned the staff, which he did on that day) to consult what persons to put in commission for the management of the treasury. The number to be five. Sir William Wyndham, chancellor of the exchequer, was to be one; but they could not agree in the choice of the other four. Their debate about the matter lasted till near two o'clock in the morning, at which the queen being present, it raised a violent agitation in her spirits, which affected her head. H.

‡ Lady Masham. H.

she used to do, I will never go again. I flatter myself she will be so friendly as to enter into the consideration of my private circumstances, and preserve her old goodness to me.

There is no seeing the Dragon till he is out, and then I will know his thoughts about your coming to Brampton. I hear he goes out of town instantly to Wimple, and my lady to Brampton; that he will join her there, after a few days stay at Wimple. Adieu.

FROM LADY MASHAM.*

MY GOOD FRIEND, *July* 29, 1714.

I own it looks unkind in me not to thank you, in all this time, for your sincere kind letter; but I was resolved to stay till I could tell you the queen had got so far the better of the Dragon, as to take her power out of his hands. He has been the most ungrateful man to her, and to all his best friends, that ever was born. I cannot have so much time now to write all my mind, because my dear mistress is not well, and I think I may lay her illness to the charge of the treasurer, who, for three weeks together, was teazing and vexing her without intermission! and she could not get rid of him till Tuesday last.† I must put you in mind of one passage in your letter to me, which is, "I pray God send you wise and faithful friends to advise you at this time, when there are so great difficulties to struggle with." That is very plain and true; therefore will you, who have gone

* This lady's name was Hill. She was bedchamberwoman to the queen, and, in conjunction with Mr. Harley, afterward Earl of Oxford, brought about the change in the ministry. H.

† July 27. N.

through so much, and taken more pains than any body, and given wise advice (if that wretched man had had sense enough and honesty to have taken it) I say, will you leave us and go into Ireland? No, it is impossible; your goodness is still the same, your charity and compassion for this poor lady, who has been barbarously used, would not let you do it. I know you take delight to help the distressed; and there cannot be a greater object than this good lady, who deserves pity. Pray, dear friend, stay here; and do not believe us all alike, to throw away good advice, and despise every body's understanding but their own. I could say a great deal upon the subject, but I must go to her, for she is not well. This comes to you by a safe hand, so that neither of us need be in any pain about it.

My lord and brother are in the country. My sister and girls are your humble servants.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

SIR, *July* 29, 1714.

I HAVE yours of the 27th. I write this in the morning, for I go in the evening to Kensington. If I am well received, I will continue my homage; if not, they shall hear of me no more. Where shall I write to you again? for I cannot stir from hence till the 16th of August at soonest. Nothing could please me more than to pass a few months with you at Abercothy;* but I am yet uncertain whether I shall go there at all. All I am

* In Caermarthenshire, of which county Mr. Lewis was a native. B.

sure of is, that I will go out of town to some place for some time; first to the Bath, for I cannot bear staying in this room. I want physic to help my digestion of these things, though the 'squire* is kinder to me than before. I am not mortified at what you tell me of *Mercurialis*; only I would know, whether any disrespectful conduct of mine has brought it upon me; or whether it is only a general dislike of me, because I am not a man of parts, or because I am in other interests? They would not give the Dragon the least quarter, excepting only a pension, if he will work journeywork by the quarter. I have long thought his parts decayed, and am more of that opinion than ever. The new commission is not yet named. Would not the world have roared against the Dragon for such a thing? *Mercurialis* entertained Stanhope, Craggs, Pulteney, and Walpole. What if the Dragon had done so? The Duke of Somerset dines to day with the fraternity at Greenwich, with Withers. Nobody goes out with the Dragon; but many will sit very loose. Some say the new men will be Lexington, Wyndham, Strangeways, Sir John Stonehouse, and Campion.

FROM MR. BARBER

DEAR SIR, *July* 31, 1714. *Six at night.*

I AM heartily sorry I should be the messenger of so ill news, as to tell you the queen is dead, or dying: if alive, it is said, she cannot live till morning. You may easily imagine the confusion we are all in on this sad occasion. I had set out yesterday to wait on you, but

* William Bromley, Esq. secretary of state. B.

for this sad accident, and should have brought letters from Lord Bolingbroke and Lady Masham, to have prevented your going. Pray do not go, for I will come to you when I see how things stand. My Lord Shrewsbury is made lord treasurer, and every thing is ready for the proclaiming the Duke of Brunswick king of England. The parliament will sit to-morrow, and choose a new speaker; for Sir Thomas* is in Wales.

For God's sake do not go; but either come to London, or stay till I come to you.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

Kensington, Saturday, July 31, 1714.

SIR, *six in the evening.*

At the time I am writing, the breath is said to be in the queen's nostrils; but that is all. No hope left of her recovery. Lord Oxford is in council; so are the whigs. We expect the demise to night. There is a prospect that the Elector will meet with no opposition; the French having no fleet, nor being able to put one out soon. Lady Masham did receive me kindly. Poor woman, I heartily pity her. Now, is not the Dragon born under a happy planet, to be out of the scrape? Dr. Arbuthnot thinks you should come up. You will not wonder if all my country resolutions are in suspense. Pray come up, to see how things go.

* Hanmer. B.

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

London, July 31, 1714.
Three in the afternoon.

I DO not doubt but you have heard the queen is dead, and perhaps we may be so unfortunate before this comes to you; but at present she is alive, and much better than could have been expected. I am just come from Kensington, where I have almost spent these two whole days. I am in great haste: but, till dinner comes up, I will write to you, and give you as full an account as I can of her illness.

Her disorder began between eight and nine yesterday morning. The doctors ordered her head to be shaved; and while it was doing, she fell into a fit of convulsion, or as they thought, an apoplexy. This lasted near two hours, and she was speechless, and showed little sign of life during that time; but came to herself upon being blooded.

As soon as she recovered, my Lord Bolingbroke went to her, and told her the privy council was of opinion, it would be for the public service to have the Duke of Shrewsbury made lord treasurer. She immediately consented, and gave the staff into the duke's hands. The great seal was put to the patent by four o'clock. She continued ill the whole day. In the evening I spoke to Dr. Arbuthnot, and he told me he did think her distemper was desperate. Radcliffe was sent for to Carshalton about noon, by order of council; but said he had taken physic, and could not come. In all probability he had saved her life; for I am told the late Lord Gower had been often in the same condition with the gout in his head; and Radcliffe kept him alive many years

after.* This morning, when I went there before nine, they told me she was just expiring. That account continu-

* In the account that is given of Dr. Radcliffe, in the Biographia Britannica, it is said that the queen was 'struck with death the 28th of July: that Dr. Radcliffe's name was not once mentioned, either by the queen or any lord of the council; only that Lady Masham sent to him without their knowledge, two hours before the queen's death.' In this letter from Mr. Ford to Dean Swift, which is dated the 31st of July, it is said, that the queen's disorder began between eight and nine the morning before, which was the 30th; and that about noon, the same day, Radcliffe was sent for by an order of council. These accounts being contradictory, the reader will probably want some assistance to determine what were the facts. As to the time when the queen was taken ill, Mr. Ford's account is most likely to be true, as he was upon the spot, and in a situation which insured him the best intelligence. As to the time when the doctor was sent for, the account in the Biographia is manifestly false; for if the doctor had been sent for only two hours before the queen's death, which happened incontestably on the first of August, Mr. Ford could not have mentioned the fact on the 31st of July, when his letter was dated. Whether Radcliffe was sent for by Lady Masham, or by order of council, is therefore the only point to be determined. That he was generally reported to have been sent for by order of council, is certain; but a letter is printed in the Biographia, said to have been written by the doctor to one of his friends, which, supposing it to be genuine, will prove, that the doctor maintained the contrary. On the fifth of August, four days after the queen's death, a member of the house of commons, a friend of the doctor's, who was also a member, and one who always voted on the same side, moved that he might be summoned to attend in his place, in order to be censured for not attending on her majesty. Upon this occasion the doctor is said to have written the following letter to another of his friends:

"DEAR SIR, *Carshalton, Aug.* 7, 1714.

"I could not have thought, that so old an acquaintance and so good a friend as Sir John always professed himself, would have made such a motion against me. God knows my will to do her majesty any service, has ever got the start of my ability; and I have nothing that gives me greater anxiety and trouble than the death of that great and glorious princess. I must do that justice to the physicians that attended her in her illness, from a sight of the method that was taken for her preservation by Dr. Mead, as to declare nothing was omitted for her preservation; but the people about her, the plagues of Egypt fall on them, put it out of the power of physic to be of any benefit to her. I know the nature of attending crowned heads in their last mo-

ed above three hours, and a report was carried to town, that she was actually dead. She was not prayed for, even at her own chapel at St. James's; and what is more infamous, stocks rose three *per cent.* upon it in the city. Before I came away, she had recovered a

ments too well to be fond of waiting upon them, without being sent for by proper authority. You have heard of pardons being signed for physicians, before a sovereign's demise; however, ill as I was, I would have went to the queen in a horselitter, had either her majesty, or those in commission next to her, commanded me so to do. You may tell Sir John as much, and assure him from me, that his zeal for her majesty will not excuse his ill usage of a friend, who has drank many a hundred bottles with him; and cannot, even after this breach of a good understanding that ever was preserved between us, but have a very good esteem for him. I must also desire you to thank Tom Chapman for his speech in my behalf, since I hear it is the first he ever made, which is taken more kindly; and to acquaint him, that I should be glad to see him at Carshalton, since I fear (for so the gout tells me) that we shall never more sit in the house of commons together. I am, &c. "JOHN RADCLIFFE."

But whatever credit may now be paid to this letter, or however it may now be thought to justify the doctor's refusal to attend her majesty, he became at that time so much the object of popular resentment, that he was apprehensive of being assassinated; as appears by the following letter, directed to Dr. Mead, at Child's coffeehouse in St. Paul's Churchyard:

"DEAR SIR, *Carshalton, Aug.* 3, 1714.

"I give you and your brother many thanks for the favour you intend me to-morrow; and if there is any other friend, that will be agreeable to you, he shall meet with a hearty welcome from me. Dinner shall be on the table at two, when you may be sure to find me ready to wait upon you. Nor shall I be at any other time from home, because I have received several letters, which threaten me with being pulled to pieces, if ever I come to London. After such menaces as these, it is easy to imagine, that the conversation of two such very good friends is not only extremely desirable, but the enjoyment of it will be a great happiness and satisfaction to him, who is, &c. "JOHN RADCLIFFE."

Radcliffe died on the first of November the same year, having survived the queen just three months; and it is said, that the dread he had of the populace, and the want of company in the country village, which he did not dare to leave, shortened his life. He was just 64 years old. He was buried in St. Mary's church, Oxford. H.

warmth in her breast and one of her arms, and all the doctors agreed she would in all probability hold out till to-morrow, except Mead, who pronounced several hours before, she could not live two minutes, and seems uneasy it did not happen so. I did not care to talk much to Arbuthnot, because I heard him cautious in his answers to other people; but by his manner, I fancy he does not yet absolutely despair. The council sat yesterday all day and night, taking it by turns to go out and refresh themselves. They have now adjourned, upon what the doctors said, till five. Last night the speaker and my lord chief justice Parker were sent for, and the troops from Flanders. This morning the Hanoverian envoy was ordered to attend with the black box,* and the heralds to be in readiness to proclaim the new king. Some of the whigs were at council yesterday, but not one failed to day: and most of the members of that party in each house are already come to town. If any change happens before the post goes out, I will send you word in a postscript; and you may conclude her alive, if you hear no more from me, and have no better authority than post-letters to inform you of the contrary. For God's sake do not think of removing from the place where you are, till matters are a little settled. Ireland is the last retreat you ought to think of; but you can never be better than you are now, till we see how things go.

I had yours with the printed pamphlet, as well as the other, and should have sent it away to-morrow. Pray let me hear from you. * * * * *.†

* Containing the instrument nominating the persons, in number thirteen, to be added as lords justices to the seven great officers of the realm. H.

† In the original six lines are here erased. N.

Have you had all mine? I have failed you but one post (I think it was the last) for a fortnight or more.

Eleven at night.

The queen is something better, and the council again adjourned till eight in the morning.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

Aug. 1, 1714.

Who told you I was going to Bath? No such thing. I had fixed to set out to-morrow for Ireland, but poor Lord Oxford desires I will go with him to Herefordshire, and only expect his answer whether I shall go there before, or meet him hereabouts; or to Wimple, (his son's house) and so go with him down: and I expect to leave this in two or three days one way or other. I will stay with him until the parliament meets again, if he desires it. I am not of your opinion about Lord Bolingbroke; perhaps he may get the staff, but I cannot rely on his love to me: he knew I had a mind to be historiographer, though I valued it not, but for the public service, yet it is gone to a worthless rogue that nobody knows. I am writ to earnestly by somebody to come to town, and join with those people now in power, but I will not do it. Say nothing of this, but guess the person. I told Lord Oxford I would go with him, when he was out; and now he begs it of me, and I cannot refuse him. I meddle not with his faults, as he was a minister of state; but you know his personal kindness to me was excessive: he distinguished and chose me above all other men, while he was great; and his letter to me the other day was the most moving imaginable. When I am fixed any

where, perhaps I may be so gracious to let you know, but I will not promise. Adieu.

FROM MR. JOHN BIRCH.

Wantage, one o'clock,

MR. DEAN, *Aug.* 1, 1714.

AT twelve o'clock Lord Bolingbroke's man rid through Wantage, to call Mr. Packer to London, the queen being dead. I am confounded at the melancholy news; yet could not forbear sending it to you. Your truly humble servant,

JO. BIRCH.*

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

DEAR DEAN, *Aug.* 3, 1714.

THE Earl of Oxford was removed on Tuesday: the queen died on Sunday. What a world is this! and how does fortune banter us! John Barber tells me, you have set your face toward Ireland. Pray do not go. I am against it. But this is nothing; John is against it. Ireland will be the scene of some disorder, at least it will be the scene of mortification to your friends. Here every thing is quiet, and will continue so. Beside which, as prosperity divided, misfortune may perhaps to some degree unite us. The tories seem to resolve not to be

* Directed "To the Reverend the Dean of St. Patrick's, Letcombe;" and endorsed, "Mr. Birch, of Wantage. Received half after one on Sunday afternoon, Aug. 1, 1714. Queen's death. She died at seven that morning." H.

crushed; and that is enough to prevent them from being so. Pope has sent me a letter from Gay: being learned in geography, he took Binfield* to be the ready way from Hanover to Whitehall. Adieu. But come to London, if you stay no longer than a fortnight. Ever yours, dear Jonathan, most sincerely.

I have lost all by the death of the queen, but my spirit; and I protest to you, I feel that increase upon me. The whigs are a pack of jacobites; that shall be the cry in a month, if you please.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

Tuesday, Aug. 3, 1714.

I AM overwhelmed with business, and therefore have only time to tell you I received yours of August the first, and think you should come to town, to see how the world goes: for all old schemes, designs, projects, journeys, &c. are broke by the great event. We are ill prognosticators. Every thing goes on with a tranquillity we durst not hope for. Earl Berkeley commands the fleet. Lord Dorset compliments the king. The Duke of Bolton, Lord Lieutenant of Southampton. Addison secretary to the regents.

* A village where Mr. Pope's father lived, and whence several of Mr. Pope's letters were written. It is in Windsor forest, and lies in Berkshire. H.

FROM MR. BARBER.

HONOURED SIR, *Aug.* 3, 1714.

You may easily imagine the concern we are all in on the sudden surprise of the queen's death. I have hardly recovered it yet. Lord Bolingbroke told me last Friday, that he would reconcile you to Lady Somerset, and then it would be easy to set you right with the queen, and that you should be made easy here, and not go over. He said twenty things in your favour, and commanded me to bring you up, whatever was the consequence. He said farther, he would make clear work with them. But all vanished in a minute; and he is now threatened and abused every day by the party, who publicly rejoice, and swear they will turn out every tory in England.

Enclosed you have a letter from my lord; he desires you would come up, and be any where *incognito*. Why not at the queen's house?

The Earl of Berkeley is to command the fleet to fetch over the king, and the Duke of Argyll is to go to Scotland. I send you the list of the twenty-five kings.† Poor Lady Masham is almost dead with grief * * * * * *.

The parliament meets to-morrow, which will hinder me from coming down for three or four days; but if you resolve to stay in the country farther, I will certainly come down; for I must needs see you. Pray favour me with a line. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant. Pray come up.

† The lords of the regency. H.

When my lord gave me the letter, he said, "he hoped you would come up, and help to save the constitution, which, with a little good management, might be kept in tory hands."

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

London, Aug. 5, 1714.

I HAVE writ to Dawson* for a license of absence for you; but you know you must take the oaths in Ireland within three months. There are a great many here in the same circumstances: and in all probability, some of them will desire an act of parliament to have leave to do it here. In that case, it will be no difficult matter to have you included. Mr. Lewis tells me, he wrote to you to come up to town, and I see no reason why you should not. All matters go on very quiet, and we are not apprehensive of any disturbances. Stocks never rose so much in so few days. This is imputed to the hatred of the old treasurer, and the popularity of the new one. The whigs were not in council when he was recommended. Lord Bolingbroke proposed it there, as well as to the queen; and I hope they two are upon very good terms, though Mr. Lewis seems positive of the contrary. I never heard of any pique the duke had to him, but that he was to be chief minister: and that being at an end, why may not they be reconciled? The Dragon was thought to show more joy upon proclaiming the king, than was consistent with the obligations he had received

* Joseph Dawson, Esq. secretary to the lords justices of Ireland. He built a very fine house in a street called by his own name, which is now the mansion house of the lord mayor of Dublin. S.

from ——. He was hissed all the way by the mob, and some of them threw halters into his coach. This was not the effect of party; for the Duke of Ormond was huzzaed throughout the whole city, and was followed by a vast crowd to his own house, though he used all possible endeavours to prevent it. There was an attempt to affront the captain in the cavalcade, but it did not succeed; and though a few hissed, the acclamations immediately drowned the noise. Not a single man showed the least respect to the colonel; and last night my Lord Bingley* was beaten by mistake, coming out of his house. I doubt he has disobliged both sides so much, that neither will ever own him; and his enemies tell stories of him, that I shall not believe till I find you allow them.

The lords justices made a speech to the parliament to day. If it comes out time enough, I will send it you; but I hear it only contains their proceedings upon the queen's death; that they have yet received no directions from the king, and to desire the commons to continue the funds, which are expired. I am told our regents are already divided into four parties. The greatest use they have made yet of their power, is to appoint my Lord Berkeley to command the fleet which is to bring over the king, and to make the Duke of Bolton lord lieutenant of Hampshire.

I send you a Gazette,† though I am ashamed to have it seen. I had writ a great deal more of the queen's illness, an account of her birth, &c. but I could not find out Mr. Lewis, and had nobody to consult with, and therefore chose rather to say too little, than any thing I doubted might be improper. Yesterday the Duke of

* Who had been appointed ambassador extraordinary to the court of Spain, in the room of Lord Lexington, in December, 1713. N.

† He was gazetteer. H.

Marlborough made his public entry through the city: first, came about two hundred horsemen, three in a row, then a company of trainbands, with drums, &c. his own chariot with himself and his duchess. Then my duchess followed by sixteen coaches with six horses, and between thirty and forty with two horses. There was no great mob when he passed through the Pallmall, but there was in the city: and he was hissed by more than huzzaed. At Templebar, I am assured, the noise of hissing was loudest, though they had prepared their friends to receive him, and the gathering of others was only accidental. You may guess how great a favourite he is, by some old stories of his behaviour at the camp, when ——— was there, and afterward at Hanover; and by the share he and his family have in the regency. But to be sure, this discreet action will endear him more than any subject in England. We had bonfires, &c. at night. From the list of lords justices, and some other things, we imagine to ourselves there will not be many changes; but that the vacancies for some time will be filled up with whigs.

What I blotted out in my last, was something that passed between the Captain* and Barber, relating to you. After I had writ, they told me all letters would be opened, which made me blot out that passage. Barber says, he gave you some account of it, though not a full one. I really believe Lord Bolingbroke was very sincere in the professions he made to you, and he could have done any thing. No minister was ever in that height of favour; and Lady Masham was at least in as much credit, as she had been in any time of her life. But these are melancholy reflections. Pray send me

* Lord Bolingbroke. N.

your poem.* *Hoc erat, &c.* or bring it up yourself. Barber told me, he had been several hours with the captain, upon a thing that should have come out, but was now at an end.† He did not tell what it was; and I would not ask many questions, for fear of giving him suspicion.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

SIR, *Whitehall, August* 7, 1714.

IT is true you have nothing to do here; but what have you to do any where else till you go to Ireland, where you must indeed be before three months end, in order to qualify yourself? The law requires it, as much as if your deanery was but now conferred upon you.

Arbuthnot is removed to Chelsea, and will settle there. The town fills every moment. We are as full in the house of commons as at any time. We are gaping and staring to see who is to rule us. The whigs think they shall engross all. We think we shall have our share. In the mean time we have no division at council, or in parliament. I sent twice to Kensington to inquire after Lady Masham's health. Next week I will go to see her, and will keep up my acquaintance, in all events, if she thinks fit. I doubt she and her sister are not perfectly easy in their affairs; but you forgot one who is worse than either, that is Mrs. Hill, who

* Swift's imitation of part of the sixth satire of the second book of Horace.

I often wish'd, that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year, &c. H.

† "Free Thoughts." See the note in a former letter. N.

has not a sous. I will stay here till our commission is either renewed to us, or given to another. I am yours, &c.

TO LADY MASHAM.

MADAM, *August* 7, 1714.

I HAD the honour of a letter from your ladyship a week ago; and, the day after came the unfortunate news of the queen's death, which made it altogether unseasonable, as perhaps it may be still, to give your ladyship this kind of trouble. Although my concern be as great as that of any other good subject, for the loss of so excellent a princess; yet I can assure you, madam, it is little to what I suffer upon your ladyship's particular account. As you excel in the several duties of a tender mother, a true friend, and a loving wife; so you have been the best and most faithful servant to your mistress, that ever any sovereign had. And although you have not been rewarded suitably to your merits, I doubt not but God will make it up to you in another life, and to your children and posterity in this. I cannot go about to comfort your ladyship in your great affliction, otherwise than by begging you to make use of your own piety, and your own wisdom, of both which you have so great a share. You are no longer a servant; but you are still a wife, a mother, and a friend; and you are bound in conscience to take care of your health, in order to acquit yourself of these duties, as well as you did of the other, which is now at an end.

I pray God to support your ladyship, under so great

a share of load, in this general calamity: and remain, with the greatest respect and truth, madam,

Your ladyship's most obedient,
and most obliged servant.

I most heartily thank your ladyship for the favourable expressions and intentions in your letter, written at a time when you were at the height of favour and power.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

MY LORD, *August* 7, 1714.

I HAD yours of the third; and our country post is so ordered, that I could acknowledge it no sooner. It is true, my lord, the events of five days last week might furnish morals for another volume of Seneca. As to my Lord Oxford, I told him freely my opinion before I left the town, that he ought to resign at the end of the session. I said the same thing often to your Lordship and my Lady Masham, although you seemed to think otherwise, for some reasons; and said so to him one afternoon, when I met you there with my lord chancellor. But, I remember, one of the last nights I saw him (it was at Lady Masham's lodgings) I said to him, "that, upon the foot your lordship and he then were, it was impossible you could serve together two months:" and, I think, I was just a week out in my calculation. I am only sorry, that it was not a resignation, rather than a removal; because the personal kindness and distinction I always received from his lordship and you, gave me such a love for you both (if you great men will allow that expression in a little one) that I resolved to preserve it entire,

however you differed between yourselves; and in this I did, for some time, follow your commands and example. I impute it more to the candour of each of you, than to my own conduct, that having been, for two years, almost the only man who went between you, I never observed the least alteration in either of your countenances toward me. I will swear for no man's sincerity, much less for that of a minister of state: but thus much I have said, wherever it was proper, that your lordship's proposals were always the fairest in the world, and I faithfully delivered them as I was empowered: and although I am no very skilful man at intrigue, yet I durst forfeit my head, that if the case were mine, I could have either agreed with you, or put you *dans votre tort*. When I saw all reconciliation impracticable, I thought fit to retire; and was resolved, for some reasons (not to be mentioned at this distance) to have nothing to do with whomever was to be last in. For either I should not be needed, or not be made use of. And let the case be what it would, I had rather be out of the way. All I pretended was, to speak my thoughts freely, to represent persons and things without any mingle of my own interest or passions, and sometimes to make use of an evil instrument, which was likely to cost me dear, even from those for whose service it was employed. I did believe there would be no farther occasion for me, upon any of those accounts. Besides, I had so ill an opinion of the queen's health, that I was confident you had not a quarter of time left for the work you had to do; having let slip the opportunity of cultivating those dispositions she had got after her sickness at Windsor. I never left pressing my Lord Oxford with the utmost earnestness (and perhaps more than became me) that we might be put in such a condition, as not to lie at mercy on this great event: and I am your

lordship's witness, that you have nothing to answer for in that matter. I will, for once, talk in my trade, and tell you, that I never saw any thing more resemble our proceedings, than a man of fourscore, or in a deep consumption, going on in his sins, although his physician assured him he could not live a week. Those wonderful refinements, of keeping men in expectation, and not letting your friends be too strong, might be proper in their season—*Sed nunc non erat his locus.* Besides, you kept your bread and butter till it was too stale for any body to care for it. Thus your machine of four years modelling is dashed to pieces in a moment: and, as well by the choice of the regents as by their proceedings, I do not find there is any intention of managing you in the least. The whole nineteen* consist either of the highest partymen, or (which mightily mends the matter) of such who left us upon the subject of the peace, and affected jealousies about the succession. It might reasonably be expected, that this quiet possession might convince the successor of the good dispositions of the church party toward him; and I ever thought there was a mighty failure somewhere or other, that this could not have been done in the queen's life. But this is too

* On the demise of the queen, the following were lords of the regency, until the arrival of George I. from Hanover; Archbishop Tenison; Lord Harcourt, lord chancellor; the Duke of Buckingham, president of the council; the Duke of Shrewsbury, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Lord High Treasurer of England; the Earl of Dartmouth, lord privy seal; the Earl of Strafford, first lord commissioner of the admiralty; and Sir Thomas Parker, lord chief justice of the king's bench; who were appointed by act of parliament. To which the Elector of Hanover was pleased to add the following: the Archbishop of York, the Dukes of Somerset, Bolton, Devonshire, Kent, Argyll, Montrose, and Roxburgh; the Earls of Pembroke, Anglesea, Carlisle, Nottingham, Abingdon, Scarborough, and Orford; Lord Viscount Townshend, Lord Halifax, and Lord Cowper. N.

much for what is past; and yet, whoever observed and disliked the causes, has some title to quarrel with the effects. As to what is to come, your lordship is in the prime of your years, *plein des esprits qui fournissent les espérances;* and you are now again to act that part (though in another assembly) which you formerly discharged so much to your own honour and the advantage of your cause. You set out with the wind and tide against you; yet, at last, arrived at your port, from whence you are now driven back into open sea again. But, not to involve myself in an allegory, I doubt whether, after this disappointment, you can go on with the same vigour you did in your more early youth. Experience, which has added to your wisdom, has lessened your resolution. You are now a general, who, after many victories, have lost a battle, and have not the same confidence in yourself or your troops. Your fellow labourers have either made their fortunes, or are past them, or will go over to seek them on the other side. Yet, after all, and to resume a little courage; to be at the head of the church interest is no mean station; and that, as I take it, is now in your lordship's power. In order to which, I could heartily wish for that union you mention; because, I need not tell you, that some are more dexterous at pulling down their enemies than, &c. We have certainly more heads and hands than our adversaries; but, it must be confessed, that they have stronger shoulders and better hearts. I only doubt my friends, the rabble, are at least grown trimmers; and that, setting up the cry of "trade and wool," against "Sacheverell and the church," has cooled their zeal. I take it for granted, there will be a new parliament against winter; and if they will retain me on the other side as their counsellor, I will engage them a majority. But, since it is possible I may not be so far in their good

graces, if your lordship thinks my service may be of any use in this new world, I will be ready to attend you by the beginning of winter. For the misfortune is, that I must go to Ireland to take the oaths:* which I never reflected on till I had notice from some friends in London: and the sooner I go the better, to prevent accidents; for I would not willingly want a favour at present. I think to set out in a few days, but not before your lordship's commands and instructions may reach me. I cannot conclude without offering my humblest thanks and acknowledgments, for your lordship's kind intentions toward me (if this accident had not happened) of which I received some general hints. I pray God direct your lordship: and I desire you will believe me to be what I am, with the utmost truth and respect,

Your lordship's most obedient, &c.

TO ARCHDEACON WALLS.

Letcombe, Aug. 8, 1714.

If I had but fixed a week sooner for my journey to Ireland, I should have avoided twenty inconveniencies that have since happened to me, and been with you the time I am now writing. Upon the Earl of Oxford's removal, he desired I would go with him into Herefordshire, which I consented to, and wrote you word of it, desiring you would renew my license of absence at the end of this month, for I think it then expires. Two days after, I had earnest invitation from those in power, to go up to town, and assist them in their new ministry; which I resolved to excuse; but, before I could write,

* See hereafter, p. 103. N.

news came of the queen's death, and all our schemes broke to shatters. I am told I must take the oaths in Ireland in three months; and I think it is better travelling now than later; and although I am earnestly pressed by our broken leaders to come up to town, I shall not do it; but hope to set out on the sixteenth instant toward Ireland, and if it please God, be with you in nine or ten days after this comes to your hands. However, let my license be renewed before it expires. I think I answered yours in my last. I leave all things entirely to you and Mr. Forbes. My service to gossip Doll, goody Stoyte and Martha, and Mr. Manley and lady. Mr. Manley is, I believe, now secure in his post; and it will be my turn to solicit favours from him. I have taken up Mr. Fetherston's money, to pay some debts in London. I desire you will pay him fifty pounds, with the usual exchange, at twenty days sight; or later, if it be inconvenient.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

Whitehall, Aug. 10, 1714.

I NEVER differed from you in opinion in any point so much, as in your proposal to accommodate matters between the Dragon and his *quondam* friends. I will venture to go so far with you, as to say he contributed to his own disgrace, by his petitesses, more than they did, or ever had it in their power to do. But since they would admit of no terms of accommodation, when he offered to serve them in their own way, I had rather see his dead carcass, than that he should now tamely submit to those, who have loaded him with all the obloquy malice

could suggest, and tongues utter. Have not Chartres,* Brinsden,† and all the runners, been employed to call him dog, villain, sot, and worthless? And shall he, after this, join them? To what end? I have great tenderness for lady ——,‡ and think her best way is to retire and enjoy the comforts of a domestic life. But sure the earth has not produced such monsters as Mercurialis,§ and his companion,‖ and the prelate.** The last openly avows he never had obligation to the dragon, and loads him with ten thousand crimes; though his greatest, in reality, was preferring him. But to come out of this rant; What should they be friends for? *Cui bono?* Are we in a dream? Is the queen alive again? Can the lady†† hereafter make any figure, but a *persona muta* in a drama? If the dragon declares against the man of mercury, he may strike in with the *tertium quid*, that will probably arise; but with him he can never be otherwise than spurned and hated. The natural result of this is, that however I may, for my private satisfaction, desire to see you here, I cannot but think you should go to Ireland to qualify yourself, and then return hither, when the chaos will be jumbled into some kind of order. If the king keeps some tories in employment, the notion of whig and tory will be lost; but that of court and

* The infamous Colonel Chartres. H.

† He is said, by Mr. Boyer, in Political State, vol. III. for Jan. 1711-12, p. 52, to have been an oculist, and a private agent of Lord Bolingbroke; and to have been employed by the government, in Jan. 1711-12, to attend on Prince Eugene, when his highness arrived in England, in the beginning of that month. B.

‡ Masham. H.

§ Lord Bolingbroke. H.

‖ Probably the Lord Chancellor Harcourt. B.

** The Bishop of Rochester. H.

†† Lady Masham. H.

country will arise.* The regency has declared in favour of the whigs in Ireland. I believe Mr. Thomas will stand his ground. We shall be dissolved as soon as we have settled the civil list. We have no appearance that any attempt will be formed by the pretender.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Aug. 11, 1714.

I SWEAR I did not imagine, that you could have held out through two pages, even of small paper, in so grave a style. Your state of late passages is right enough. I reflect upon them with indignation, and shall never forgive myself for having trusted so long to so much real pride, and awkward humility; to an air of such familiar friendship, and a heart so void of all tenderness; to such a temper of engrossing business and power, and so perfect an incapacity to manage one, with such a tyrannical disposition to abuse the other, &c.†

But enough of this, I cannot load him as knave, without fixing fool on myself.

For you I have a most sincere and warm affection, and in every part of my life will show it. Go into Ireland, since it must be so, to swear,‡ and come back into Britain to bless: to bless me, and those few friends who will enjoy you.

Johannes Tonsor§ brings you this. From him you

* This is a remarkable prediction, which we have seen fulfilled. H.

† He means Lord Oxford. H.

‡ That is, to take the oaths to the government on King George's accession to the throne. See p. 94. B.

§ John Barber. H.

will hear what is doing. Adieu; love me, and love me the better, because after a greater blow than most men ever felt, I keep up my spirit; am neither dejected at what has passed, nor apprehensive at what is to come. *Meâ virtute me involvo.*

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

London, Aug. 12, 1714.

Our justices sit several hours every day, without affording us the least news. I do not hear any thing they have done worth mentioning, except some orders they have given about the dispute in the city of Dublin. You may be sure they are not such as will please our friends; but I think you and I agreed in condemning those proceedings in our own people. My Lord Derby is made Lord Lieutenant of Lancashire. That and Hampshire are the only vacant employments they have filled up; I suppose, under pretence of their being maritime counties. If the whigs had directed the list of regents, Marlborough, Sunderland and Wharton had not been left out. There are five tories too, that would not have been in. Though they were a little whimsical for three or four days about the succession, they seemed to recant, and own themselves in an error by the later votes. Every one of them approved the peace, and were for the address at the end of the last session, that it was safe, honourable, and advantageous. Considering what ministers were employed here by the court of Hanover, and that the king himself had little information but what he received from them, I think his list shows no ill disposition to the tories: and they say he is not apt to be hasty in removing the persons he finds in

employment. The bill is brought in for granting him the old duties for the civil list. One Wykes,* of Northampton, moved to tack the place bill to it; but nobody seconded him, and he was extremely laughed at. He happens unluckily to be a tory.

Did you receive your papers last post? The first copy† is not yet left at St. Dunstan's.‡ Should I send to Barber for it in Bolingbroke's name? I have writ to him to bring in his bill, and as soon as he comes I will pay him. I suppose I shall see him to-morrow. I wish you a good journey to Ireland. But if I hear Saturday's post comes into Wantage on Sunday, I may trouble you again. Pray let me know when you land in Ireland, that I may write to you, if any thing happens worth while. I shall be very impatient for what you promise me from thence. I should be very glad to hear from you while you are on the road.

Lord Anglesey came to town last Tuesday. They are all here now, except Pembroke and Strafford.

Charles Eversfield§ is making his court to the Dukes of Somerset and Argyll: he declares he will keep his place, if he can, and that he will not stir for Campion's election in the county of Sussex. Campion and he have had some high words upon that account. Lord Orford told the commissioners of the admiralty, they were ignorant, negligent of their duty, and wanted zeal for the king's service.

* William Wykes, M. P. for Northampton in two parliaments, 1713 and 1714. N.

† The first draught of the "Free Thoughts." See the notes on some preceding letters. N.

‡ The coffee-house so called. N.

§ Member for Horsham. N.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Aug.* 12, 1714.

I THANK you for your kind letter, which is very comfortable upon such a melancholy occasion. My dear mistress's days were numbered even in my imagination, and could not exceed such certain limits; but of that small number a great deal was cut off by the last troublesome scene of this contention among her servants. I believe sleep was never more welcome to a weary traveller, than death was to her; only it surprised her too suddenly before she had signed her will; which, no doubt, being involved in so much business, hindered her from finishing. It was unfortunate, that she had been persuaded, as is supposed by Lowndes, that it was necessary to have it under the great seal. I have figured to myself all this melancholy scene; and even, if it be possible, worse than it has happened, twenty times; so that I was prepared for it. My case is not half so deplorable as poor Lady Masham's, and several of the queen's servants; some of whom have no chance for their bread but the generosity of his present majesty, which several people, that know him, very much commend. So far is plain from what is happened in public affairs, that what one party affirmed of the settlement has proved true, and that it was firm: that it was in some measure an advantage to the successor not to have been here, and so obliged to declare himself in several things, in which he is now at liberty. And indeed never any prince in this respect came to the crown with greater advantage. I can assure you the peaceable scene that now appears, is a disappointment to more than one set of people.

I have an opportunity calmly and philosophically to

consider that treasure of vileness and baseness, that I always believed to be in the heart of man; and to behold them exert their insolence and baseness; every new instance, instead of surprising and grieving me, as it does some of my friends, really diverts me, and in a manner improves my theory. Though I think I have not met with it in my own case, except from one man. And he was very far mistaken, for to him I would not abate one grain of my proud spirit. Dear friend, the last sentence of your letter quite kills me. Never repeat that melancholy tender word, that you will endeavour to forget me. I am sure I never can forget you, till I meet with (what is impossible) another, whose conversation I can delight so much in as Dr. Swift's; and yet that is the smallest thing I ought to value you for. That hearty sincere friendship, that plain and open ingenuity in all your commerce, is what I am sure I never can find in another. Alas: I shall want often a faithful monitor, one that would vindicate me behind my back, and tell me my faults to my face. God knows I write this with tears in my eyes. Yet do not be obstinate, but come up for a little time to London; and if you must needs go, we may concert a manner of correspondence wherever we are. I have a letter from Gay just before the queen's death. Is he not a true poet, who had not one of his own books to give to the princess, that asked for one?

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

Aug. 12, 1714.

I HAD your letter last post, and before you can send me another, I shall set out for Ireland. I must go and take the oaths; and the sooner the better. If you are

in Ireland when I am there, I shall see you very seldom. It is not a place for any freedom; but it is where every thing is known in a week, and magnified a hundred degrees. These are rigorous laws that must be passed through: but it is probable we may meet in London in winter: or if not, leave all to fate, that seldom comes to humour our inclinations. I say all this out of the perfect esteem and friendship I have for you. These public misfortunes have altered all my measures, and broke my spirits. God Almighty bless you. I shall, I hope, be on horseback in a day after this comes to your hand. I would not answer your questions for a million: nor can I think of them with any ease of mind. Adieu.

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

Aug. 14, 1714.*

I HOPE you did not pay the two shillings for postage. If you did, pray send me the cover, that I may inquire into the meaning of it.

I suppose you expect news upon Cragg's return from Hanover; but I do not hear a word more than what you have in the lords justices speech. Yesterday morning after he came, the whigs looked dejected, and our friends very much pleased; though I do not know any reason for either, unless it was expected by both sides, that he would have brought orders for alterations. It seems the Dragon's entertainment was on a family account, upon

* On the back of this letter is the following note of the Dean. "Memorandum, I left Letcombe, Aug. 16, 1714, in order to Ireland." H.

the agreement between Lord Harley and Lord Pelham; and only those, who were concerned in their affairs, were invited. But slighter grounds would have served to raise a story at this time; and it was sufficient, that my Lord Townshend and Lord Cowper dined at his house. However, we look upon him as lost to our side; and he has certainly made advances of civility to the whigs, which they have returned with the utmost contempt. I am told Dismal* begins to declare for his old friends, and protests he was really afraid for the protestant succession, which made him act in the manner he did. The foreign peers are certainly deprived of their right of voting by the express words of the act of succession; and it appears it was the intention of the legislature at that time, for Prince George of Denmark was excepted by name; but it is thought the lords will interpret it otherwise, when it comes to be tried. They do not lose the other privileges of peerage, and their posterity born here may sit in the house. The same clause extends to the house of commons; and no foreigner can enjoy any employment, civil or military. They may be favourable to the lords, who are all whigs; but I doubt poor Duke Disney will lose his regiment. I suppose Barber has given you an account of Lord Bolingbroke's pamphlet. If you and he are not come to an éclaircissement upon it, shall I send to him for it? I long for the other. Yesterday the commons voted *ne mine con.* to pay the Hanover troops, that deserted us in 1712. To day Sir William Wyndham, Campion, and two or three more, gave some opposition to it; for which they are extremely blamed. I think they had acted right, if they had spoke against it yesterday; but

* The Earl of Nottingham. H.

it seems they were not then in the house. They had not strength enough to day to come to a division.

Once more I wish you a good journey, and a quick return; and I hope you will find things go better than you expect.

FROM MR. GAY TO DR. ARBUTHNOT, OR THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

Hanover, Aug. 16, 1714.

You remember, I suppose, that I was to write you abundance of letters from Hanover; but as one of the most distinguishing qualities of a politician is secrecy, you must not expect from me any arcanas of state. There is another thing, that is necessary to establish the character of a politician; which is, to seem always to be full of affairs of state; to know the consultations of the cabinet council, when at the same time all his politics are collected from newspapers. Which of these two causes my secresy is owing to, I leave you to determine. There is yet one thing more, that is extremely necessary for a foreign minister, which he can no more be without, than an artizan without his tools; I mean the terms of his art. I call it an art or a science, because I think the king of France has established an academy to instruct the young Machiavelians of his country in the deep and profound science of politics. To the end that I might be qualified for an employment of this nature, and not only be qualified myself, but (to speak in the style of Sir John Falstaff) be the cause of qualifications in others, I have made it my business to read memoirs, treaties, &c. And as a dictionary of law terms is thought necessary for young beginners; so I thought a diction-

ary of terms of state would be no less useful for young politicians. The terms of politics being not so numerous as to swell into a volume, especially in time of peace, (for in time of war all the terms of fortification are included) I thought fit to extract them in the same manner, for the benefit of young practitioners, as a famous author has compiled his learned treatise of the law, called the Doctor and Student. I have not made any great progress in this piece; but, however, I will just give you a specimen of it, which will make you in the same manner a judge of the design and nature of this treatise.

Politician. What are the necessary tools for a prince to work with?

Student. Ministers of state.

Politician. What are the two great qualities of a minister of state.

Student. Secrecy and despatch.

Politician. Into how many parts are the ministers of state divided?

Student. Into two. First, ministers of state at home; secondly, ministers of state abroad, who are called foreign ministers.

Politician. Very right. Now as I design you for the latter of these employments, I shall wave saying any thing of the first of these. What are the different degrees of foreign ministers?

Student. The different degrees of foreign ministers are as follow: first, plenipotentiaries; second, embassadors extraordinary; third, embassadors in ordinary; fourth, envoys extraordinary; fifth, envoys in ordinary; sixth, residents; seventh, consuls; and eighth, secretaries.

Politician. How is a foreign minister to be known?

Student. By his credentials.

Politician. When are a foreign minister's credentials to be delivered?

Student. Upon his first admission into the presence of the prince, to whom he is sent, otherwise called his first audience.

Politician. How many kind of audiences are there?

Student. Two, which are called a public audience, and a private audience.

Politician. What should a foreign minister's behaviour be when he has his first audience?

Student. He should bow profoundly, speak deliberately, and wear both sides of his long periwig before, &c.

By these few questions and answers you may be able to make some judgment of the usefulness of this politic treatise. Wicquefort, it is true, can never be sufficiently admired for his elaborate treatise of the conduct of an embassador in all his negotiations: but I design this only as a compendium, or the embassador's manual, or *vade mecum*.

I have writ so far of this letter, and do not know who to send it to; but I have now determined to send it, either to Dr. Arbuthnot, the Dean of St. Patrick's, or to both. My Lord Clarendon is very much approved of at court, and I believe is not dissatisfied with his reception. We have not much variety of diversions: what we did yesterday and to day we shall do to-morrow: which is, to go to court, and walk in the gardens at Herenhausen. If I write any more, my letter will be just like my diversions, the same thing over and over again. So, sirs,

Your most obliged humble servant,

J. GAY.

I would have writ this letter over again, but I had not time. Correct all my errata.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT TO MR. POPE.

London, Sept. 7, 1714.

I AM extremely obliged to you for taking notice of a poor old distressed courtier, commonly the most despisable thing in the world. This blow has so roused *Scriblerus* that he has recovered his senses, and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolicksome and gay, he is turned grave and morose. His lucubrations lie neglected among old news-papers, cases, petitions, and abundance of unanswerable letters. I wish to God they had been among the papers of a noble lord sealed up; then might Scriblerus have passed for pretender, and it would have been a most excellent and laborious work for the Flying Post, or some such author, to have allegorized all his adventures into a plot, and found out mysteries somewhat like the Key to the Lock. Martin's office is now the second door to the left hand in Dover-street, where he will be glad to see Dr. Parnell, Mr. Pope, and his old friends; to whom he can still afford a half pint of claret. It is with some pleasure that he contemplates the world still busy, and all mankind at work for him. I have seen a letter from Dean Swift; he keeps up his noble spirit; and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries. I will add no more, being in haste; only, that I will never forgive you, if you cannot use my aforesaid house in Dover-street, with the same freedom you did that in St. James's; for as our friendship was not begun upon the relation of

a courtier, so I hope it will not end with it. I will always be proud to be reckoned amongst the number of your friends and humble servants.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

MY LORD, *Dublin, Sept.* 14, 1714.

I HOPE your lordship, who were always so kind to me while you were a servant, will not forget me now in your greatness. I give you this caution, because I really believe you will be apt to be exalted in your new station of retirement, which was the only honourable post that those who gave it you were capable of conferring. And as, in other employments, the circumstances with which they are given, are sometimes said to be equally valuable with the gift itself, so it was in your case. The sealing up your office, and especially without any directions from the king, discovered such sentiments of you in such persons, as would make any honest man proud to share them.

I must be so free as to tell you, that this new office of retirement will be harder for you to keep, than that of secretary: and you lie under one great disadvantage, beside your being too young; that whereas none but knaves and fools desire to deprive you of your former post, all the honest men in England will be for putting you out of this.

I go on in writing, though I know not how to send you my letter. If I were sure it would be opened by the sealers of your office, I would fill it with some terms of art, that they would better deserve than relish.

It is a point of wisdom too hard for me, not to look back with vexation upon past management. Divines tell us often from their pulpits, "that half the pains which some men take to be damned, would have compassed their salvation:" this, I am sure, was extremely our case. I know not what motions your lordship intends: but, if I see the old whig measures taken in the next elections; and that the Court, the Bank, East India, and South Sea, act strenuously, and procure a majority; I shall lie down, and beg of Jupiter to heave the cart out of the dirt.

I would give all I am worth, for the sake of my country, that you had left your mantle with somebody in the house of commons, or that a dozen honest men among them had only so many shreds of it. And so, having despatched all our friends in England, off flies a splinter, and knocks two governors of Ireland dead. I remember, we never had leisure to think of that kingdom. The poor dead queen is used like the giant Longaron in Rabelais. Pantagruel took Longaron by the heels, and made him his weapon to kill twenty other giants; then flung him over a river in the town, and killed two ducks and an old cat. I could talk very wisely to you, but you would regard me not. I could bid you, *non desperare de republicâ;* and say, that *res nolunt diu malè administrari.* But I will cut all short, and assure you, that, if you do not save us, I will not be at the pains of racking my invention to guess how we shall be saved; and yet I have read Polybius.

They tell me you have a very good crop of wheat, but the barley is bad. Hay will certainly be dear, unless we have an open winter. I hope you found your hounds in good condition, and that Bright has not made a stirrup-leather of your jockey-belt.

I imagine you now smoking with your humdrum

squire (I forget his name) who can go home at midnight, and open a dozen gates when he is drunk.

I beg your lordship not to ask me to lend you any money. If you will come and live at the deanery, and furnish up an apartment, I will find you in victuals and drink, which is more than ever you got by the court: and as proud as you are, I hope to see you accept a part of this offer before I die.

The —— take this country; it has, in three weeks, spoiled two as good sixpenny pamphlets, as ever a proclamation was issued against. And since we talk of that, will there not be * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * ?† I shall be cured of loving England, as the fellow was of his ague, by getting himself whipped through the town.

I would retire too, if I could; but my country seat, where I have an acre of ground, is gone to ruin. The wall of my own apartment is fallen down, and I want mud to rebuild it, and straw to thatch it. Besides, a spiteful neighbour has seized on six feet of ground, carried off my trees, and spoiled my grove. All this is literally true, and I have not fortitude enough to go and see those devastations.

But, in return, I live a country life in town, see nobody, and go every day once to prayers; and hope, in a few months, to grow as stupid as the present situation of affairs will require.

Well, after all, parsons are not such bad company, especially when they are under subjection; and I let none but such come near me.

However, pray God forgive them, by whose indolence, neglect, or want of friendship, I am reduced to live with twenty leagues of salt water between your lordship and me. &c.

† Here are two or three words in the manuscript totally erased and illegible. D. S

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR BROTHER, *Oct.* 19, 1714.

EVEN in affliction, your letter made me melancholy, and communicated some of the spleen which you had when you wrote it, and made me forfeit some of my reputation of cheerfulness and temper under afflictions. However, I have so many subjects amongst my friends and fellow servants to be grieved for, that I can easily turn it off myself with credit. The queen's poor servants are like so many poor orphans exposed in the very streets: and those, whose past obligations of gratitude and honour ought to have engaged them to have represented their case, pass by them like so many abandoned creatures, without the possibility of ever being able to make the least return for a favour; which has added to my theory of human virtue.

I wish I did not only haunt you in the obliging and affectionate sense you are pleased to express it, but were personally present with you; and I think it were hardly in the power of fortune not to make some minutes pleasant. I dine with my Lord and Lady Masham to day, where we will, as usually, remember you.

You have read, ere this time, the History of the White Staff,* which is either contrived by an enemy, or by himself, to bring down vengeance; and I have

* A pamphlet written by Mr. Daniel de Foe, and published in 1714, in 8vo. in two parts, under the title of "The Secret History of the White Staff;" being an account of affairs under the conduct of some late ministers, and of what might probably have happened if her majesty had not died. Soon after the publication of it, came out, in 8vo. "A detection of the sophistry and falsities of the pamphlet, intitled, The Secret History of the White Staff, containing an inquiry into the Staff's conduc in the late management, particularly with respect to the Protestant succession." B.

told some of his nearest friends so. All the dragon can say will not give him one single friend amongst the whole party; and therefore I even wonder at him, which you will say is a strange thing. The very great person of all* can hardly speak of him with patience. The Conde acts like a man of spirit, makes up to the king, and talks to him, and would have acted with more sense than any of them, could he have had any body to have acted along with him: *nos numerus sumus, &c.* The man you speak of is just as you describe, so I beg pardon. Shadwell says, he will have my place of Chelsea. Garth told me, his merit was giving intelligence about his mistress's health. I desired he would do me the favour to say, that I valued myself upon quite the contrary; and I hoped to live to see the day, when his majesty would value me the more for it too. I have not seen any thing as yet to make me recant a certain inconvenient opinion I have, that one cannot pay too dear for peace of mind.

Poor philosopher Berkeley has now the idea† of health, which was very hard to produce in him; for he had an idea of a strange fever upon him so strong, that it was very hard to destroy it by introducing a contrary one. Poor Gay is much where he was, only out of the duchess's‡ family and service. He has some confidence in the Princess and Countess of Peiborough; I wish it may be significant to him. I advised him to make a poem upon the princess before she came over, describing her to the English ladies; for it seems the princess does not dislike that. (She is really a person that I believe will

* Probably King George I. B.

† This alludes to his book, in which he attempts to prove, that all things supposed to depend upon a material world, subsist only in idea. H.

‡ The Duchess of Monmouth. H.

give great content to every body.) But Gay was in such a grovelling condition, as to the affairs of the world, that his muse would not stoop to visit him. I can say no more of news, than that you will find the proceedings hitherto have been comparatively gentle. Adieu.

DR. ARBUTHNOT TO MR. FORD.*

DEAR SIR, *Oct.* 19, 1714.

I THANK you kindly for yours, with the enclosed from our friend. I would have obeyed your commands as to the History of the White Staff; but that there really is no answer to it, more than a thing that rises just out of what is said in the history; none writ on purpose by any one that knows matters of fact, or can contradict what he says; or indeed write by concert of the persons that are attacked. And I reckon any other is not worth your while to read. The Dragon denies it; but as I told the governor, it is necessary for him to do that in a very solemn and strong manner, else there will be a ripping answer, as you say. All things go on at the usual rate. I am at uncertainty still as to my little office. I leave them to do just as they please. George Fielding and Brigadier Briton are grooms of the bedchamber, which does not seem altogether the doing of a certain great man. The groom of the stole is still uncertain, lying between two that you know. I am told that the great person of all has spoke more contemptibly of the Dragon than of any body, and in very hard terms. Has not he managed finely at last? The princess gives great

* Written on the same paper with the last. H.

content to every body. I will add no more, being to write on the other side to the Dean; which pray forward.

TO SIR ARTHUR LANGFORD.

SIR, *Trim, Oct.* 30, 1714.

I WAS to wait on you the other day, and was told by your servant that you are not to be seen till toward evening, which at the distance I am at this time of the year, cannot easily be compassed. My principal business was to let you know, that since my last return from England, many persons have complained to me, that I suffered a conventicle to be kept in my parish, and in a place where there never was any before. I mentioned this to your nephew Rowley in Dublin, when he came to me with this message from you; but I could not prevail with him to write to you about it. I have always looked upon you as an honest gentleman, of great clarity and piety in your way; and I hope you will remember at the same time, that it becomes you to be a legal man, and that you will not promote nor encourage, much less give a beginning to a thing directly contrary to the law. You know the dissenters in Ireland are suffered to have their conventicles only by connivance, and that only in places where they formerly used to meet. Whereas this conventicle of yours is a new thing, in a new place entirely of your own erection, and perverted to this ill use from the design you outwardly seemed to have intended it for. It has been the weakness of the dissenters to be too sanguine and assuming upon events in the state, which appeared to give them the least encouragement; and this, in other turns of af-

fairs, has proved very much to their disadvantage. The most moderate churchmen may be apt to resent, when they see a sect, without toleration by law, insulting the established religion. Whenever the legislature shall think fit to give them leave to build new conventicles, all good churchmen will submit; but till then we can hardly see it without betraying our church. I hope therefore you will not think it hard, if I take those methods which my duty obliges me, to prevent this growing evil as far as it lies in my power, unless you shall think fit, from your own prudence, or the advice of some understanding friends, to shut up the doors of that conventicle for the future. I am, with true friendship and esteem, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

B.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

SIR, *Nov.* 4, 1714.

I HAVE one letter from you to acknowledge, which I will do very soon. In the mean time I send this to acquaint you, that if you have not already hid your papers in some private place in the hands of a trusty friend, I fear they will fall into the hands of our enemies. Sure you have already taken care in this matter, by what the public prints told you of the proceedings of the great men toward the Earl of Strafford and Mr. Prior. However, for greater caution, this is sent you by ———

I am, &c.

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.

Dublin, 1714.

You once had a maxim, which was to act what was right, and not mind what the world would say. I wish you would keep to it now. Pray what can be wrong in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman? I cannot imagine. You cannot but know that your frowns make my life unsupportable. You have taught me to distinguish, and then to leave me miserable. Now, all I beg is, that you will for once counterfeit (since you cannot otherwise) that indulgent friend you once were, till I get the better of these difficulties.

FROM THE SAME.

Dublin, 1714.

You bid me be easy, and you would see me as often as you could. You had better have said, as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much; or, as often as you remembered there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last. I am sure I could have borne the rack much better than those killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long. For, there is something in human nature, that prompts one so to find relief in this world, I must give way to it: and beg you would see me and speak kindly to me, for I am sure. you would not condemn any one to suffer what I have

done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it to you should I see you. For, when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is something in your looks so awful, that it strikes me dumb. Oh! that you may have but so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can; did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to forgive me, and believe, I cannot help telling you this and live.*

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT TO MR. FORD.†

DEAR FRIEND, *Nov.* 1714.

I HOPE this will find you in good health; and I hope in greater tranquillity of mind than when we used to lament together at your office for the eternal faults of our friends. I have seen the Dragon thrice since I wrote to you. He is without shadow of change; the greatest example of an unshaken tranquillity of mind, that ever I yet saw, seemingly perfectly well satisfied with his own conduct in every particular. You know we have often said, that there is but one dragon *in rerum naturâ*. I do not know what he thinks, but I am perfectly well satisfied, that there will not be that one Dragon left, if some people have their will. Haly Bassa, they say, struggles

* A letter from Dr. Swift, dated Philipstown, Nov. 5, 1714, says, that he was going to a friend upon a promise, being then a mile from Trim, when Miss Vanhomrigh's servant overtook him with a letter. She was then at Kilrhohid, and would go to town on the Monday following, to her lodging in Turnstile alley. He concludes thus; "I have rode a tedious journey to day, and can say no more. Nor shall you know where I am till I come, and then I will see you. A your letters and messages. Adieu." H.

† Endorsed, "Received Dec. 2, 1714." H.

for his son-in-law. It is generous and grateful. There is a prodigious quarrel between him and the president about it.* I have given you the trouble of the adjoined for the Dean, as also a scrap of a letter for him which we had begun at our club, but did not finish; Dr. Parnell not going, as he said.

I am not yet out, but expect to be soon. Adieu.

I had almost forgot to tell you of the pretender's declaration, in which there are words to this purpose; "That he had no reason to doubt of the good intention of his sister, which was the reason that he sat quiet in her time; but now was disappointed by the deplorable accident of her sudden death."

FROM THE SAME.†

DEAR BROTHER, *Nov.* 1714.

I SEND you the scrap of a letter begun to you by the whole society, because I suppose you even value the fragments of your friends. The honest gentleman,‡ at whose lodgings we wrote, is gone for France. I really value your judgment extremely in chusing your friends. I think worthy Mr. Ford is an instance of it, being an honest, sensible, firm, friendly man, *et qualis ab incepto processerat*, &c. Though, by the way, praising your judgment is a little compliment to myself, which I am apt to fall into of late, nobody now being at the trouble of doing it for me. The Parnellian, who was to have carried this letter, seems to have changed his mind by some sudden turn in his affairs; but I wish his hopes

* Daniel Earl of Nottingham. B.

† Written on the same paper with the la t. N.

‡ The Duke of Ormond. N.

may not be the effect of some accidental thing working upon his spirits, rather than any well-grounded project.

If it be any pleasure to you, I can assure you that you are remembered kindly by your friends, and I believe not altogether forgot by your enemies. I think both is for your reputation. I am told, that I am to lose my little preferment: however, I hope to be able to keep a little habitation warm in town. I cannot but say, I think there is one thing in your circumstance, that must make any man happy; which is, a liberty to preach. Such a prodigious privilege, that if it did not border upon simony, I could really purchase it for a sum of money. For my part, I never imagine any man can be uneasy, that has the opportunity of venting himself to a whole congregation once a week. And you may pretend what you will, I am sure you think so too, or you do not judge right. As for news, I never inquire about any. *Fuimus Troes*, &c. *Sed nunc ferox Jupiter transtulit omnia ad Argos.*

My present politics is to give no disturbance to the present folks in the due exercise of their power, for fear of forcing them to do very strange things, rather than part with what they love so well. Untoward reports in the country will make elections dearer, which I am sorry for. The dragon, I am afraid, will be struck at. Adieu, in haste.

I must not forget to tell you a passage of the pretender's declaration, to this purpose, "That he had, &c."*

* Here the words in p. 124, are repeated. N.

TO MONSIEUR GIRALDI.*

De Dublin en Yrlande,
Fevrier 25, 1714-15.

MONSIEUR,

Je prens la liberté de vous présenter le porteur de celui-ci, Monsieur Howard, gentilhomme savant et de condition de ce pays-ci; qui prétend de faire le tour d'Italie; et qui étant chanoine en mon doyenné et professeur de college ici, veut en voyageant parmi les catholiques s'opiniatrer plus dans son hérésie. Et après tout, monsieur, il n'est que juste, puisque vous avez dérobé notre franchise Angloise pour l'ajouter à votre politesse Italienne, que quelques-uns de nous-autres tramontanes devoient en voyageant chez vous faire des représailles. Vous me souffrirez aussi de vous prier de présenter mes très humble devoires à son altesse royale le Grand Duc.

Pour mon particulier, monsieur, je prens la liberté de vous dire, que deux mois devant la mort de la reine, voyant, qu'il étoit tout-à-fait impossible de raccommoder mes amis du ministère, je me retirai à la campagne en Berkshire, d'où après ce triste événement je suis venu en Irlande, où je demuere en mon doyenné, et attens avec la résignation d'un bon chrétien la ruine de notre cause et de mes amis, menacés tous les jours par la faction dominante. Car ces messieurs sont tout-à-fait résolu de trancher une demi-douzaine de têtes des meilleures d'Angleterre, et que vous avez fort bien connues et estimées. Dieu sait quel en sera l'événement. Pour moi j'ai quitté pour jamais la politique, et avec la permission des bons gens qui sont maintenant en vogue, je demeurerai la reste de ma vie en mon hermitage pour songer à mon salut.

* Secretary to the Duke of Tuscany. H

Adieu, monsieur, et me faites la justice de croire, que je suis, avec beaucoup de respect, monsieur, votre, &c.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

MY LORD, *Dublin, July* 19, 1715.

It may look like an idle or officious thing in me, to give your lordship any interruption under your present circumstances: yet I could never forgive myself, if, after being treated for several years with the greatest kindness and distinction, by a person of your lordship's virtue, I should omit making you at this time the humblest offers of my poor service and attendance. It is the first time I ever solicited you in my own behalf; and if I am refused, it will be the first request you ever refused me. I do not think myself obliged to regulate my opinions by the proceedings of a house of lords or commons; and therefore, however they may acquit themselves in your lordship's case, I shall take the liberty of thinking and calling your lordship the ablest and faithfullest minister, and truest lover of your country, that this age has produced: and I have already taken care that you shall be so represented to posterity, in spite of all the rage and malice of your enemies. And this I know will not be wholly indifferent to your lordship; who next to a good conscience, always esteemed reputation your best possession. Your intrepid behaviour under this prosecution astonishes every one but me, who know you so well, and how little it is in the power of human actions or events to discompose you. I have seen your lordship labouring under greater difficulties, and exposed to greater dangers, and overcoming both, by the providence of God, and your own wisdom and courage.—

Your life has been already attempted by private malice; it is now pursued by public resentment. Nothing else remained. You were destined to both trials; and the same power, which delivered you out of the paws of the lion and the bear, will, I trust, deliver you out of the hands of the uncircumcised.

I can write no more. You suffer for a good cause; for having preserved your country, and for having been the great instrument, under God, of his present majesty's peaceable accession to the throne. This I know, and this your enemies know; and this I will take care that all the world shall know, and future ages be convinced of. God Almighty protect you, and continue to you that fortitude and magnanimity he has endowed you with! Farewell.

JON. SWIFT.

FROM DR. FREIND.*

MR. DEAN, *Westm. Sept.* 20, 1715.

I AM much obliged to Lady Kerry for giving you an occasion of writing, and shall always be pleased in receiving any commands from you. Mr. Fitzmaurice† is very promising, and a favourite of mine already. I had never seen or heard from any one that was concerned for him, till I had the favour of yours; but as I had taken a particular notice of him on his own account, I shall now do it much more upon yours. This will be brought to you by your kinsman, Mr. Rolt. I am glad I can tell you, that he has behaved himself very well here.

* Robert Freind, D. D. master of Westminster school. P.

† He had been placed at the school by Swift. N.

He is not of the highest sort, but is very sober and industrious, and will work out his way, and, I believe, deserve any encouragement you are pleased to give him. Things are in an odd posture with us at present; and the state of banishment you are in, may be endured without much regret: however, I shall hope in a little time to see you here, when more of your friends are in town.

The bishop* and my brother† are much yours, and very desirous of a happy meeting with you. Before this can be with you, you will be able to guess how soon that may happen. And may it be as soon as is wished by, sir,

Your most obedient and faithful humble servant,

R. FREIND.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

SIR, *Oct.* 17, 1715.

I was extremely pleased to find you had not forgot your friends, when it is so hard for them to write you, and by their concern for you, put you in mind of them. But I find no misfortunes can lessen your friendship, which is so great, as to blind you of the side of their faults, and make you believe you see virtues in them, it were happy for them they enjoyed in any degree; for, I am sure, some of those you named are much wanted at this time. I was, as you heard, very well pleased, that my friend‡ was safe as to his person, but

* Dr. Francis Atterbury, bishop of Rochester. B.

† John Freind, M. D. B.

‡ The duke, who being suspected of treasonable practices, or designs, went abroad. H.

very uneasy at seeing his reputation so treated. As to his fortune, it is yet in dispute. However, as long as he is well, I am satisfied. It is with difficulty I do hear; but now and then a straggling body brings me an account of him: for there has been no encouragement to write by the post, all letters miscarrying, that either he or I have wrote that way, that we have given it over now, and trust to accident for the news of each other. I hope I shall hear from you oftener than I have done for some months past: for no friend you have has more respect for you, than your most humble servant.

Your niece Betty* is your humble servant.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, Jan. 28, 1715—16.

My Lord Bishop of Clogher† gave me your kind letter full of reproaches for my not writing. I am naturally no very exact correspondent, and when I leave a country without probability of returning, I think as seldom as I can of what I loved or esteemed in it, to avoid the *desiderium* which of all things makes life most uneasy. But you must give me leave to add one thing, that you talk at your ease, being wholly unconcerned in public events: for, if your friends the whigs continue, you may hope for some favour; if the tories return,‡ you

* Her grace's daughter. H.

† Dr. St. George Ashe, formerly a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, (to whom the Dean was a pupil) afterward Bishop of Clogher, 1697; and translated to the see of Derry in 1716-17. It was he who married Swift to Mrs. Johnson, 1716-17; and performed the ceremony in a garden. Dr. Warton.

‡ In a manuscript letter of Lord Bolingbroke it is said, "that George I. set out from Hanover with a resolution of oppressing no set

are at least sure of quiet. You know how well I loved both Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke, and how dear the Duke of Ormond is to me: do you imagine I can be easy while their enemies are endeavouring to take off their heads; *I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canorus*—— Do you imagine I can be easy, when I think of the probable consequences of these proceedings perhaps upon the very peace of the nation, but certainly of the minds of so many hundred thousand good subjects? Upon the whole, you may truly attribute my silence to the eclipse, but it was that eclipse which happened on the first of August.*

I borrowed your Homer from the bishop (mine is not yet landed) and read it out in two evenings. If it pleases others as well as me, you have got your end in profit and reputation; yet I am angry at some bad rhymes and triplets, and pray in your next do not let me have so many unjustifiable rhymes† to war and gods. I tell you all the faults I know, only in one or two places you are a little obscure; but I expected you to be so in one or two-and-twenty. I have heard no foul talk of it here, for indeed it is not come over; nor do we very much abound in judges, at least I have not the honour to be acquainted with them. Your notes are perfectly good,

of men that would be quiet subjects. But as soon as he came into Holland a contrary resolution was taken at the earnest importunity of the allies, and particularly of Heinsius, and some of the whigs. Lord Townshend came triumphing to acquaint Lord Somers with all the measures of proscription and of persecution which they intended, and to which the king had at last consented. The old peer asked what he meant, and shed tears on the foresight of measures like those of the Roman Triumvirate" Dr. Warton.

* The day of Queen Anne's demise, 1714. Dr. Warton.

† He was frequently carping at Pope for many rhymes in many other parts of his works. His own were remarkably exact. Dr. Warton.

and so are your preface and essay.* You were pretty bold in mentioning Lord Bolingbroke in that preface. I saw the Key to the Lock but yesterday: I think you have changed it a good deal, to adapt it to the present times.†

God be thanked I have yet no parliamentary business, and if they have none with me, I shall never seek their acquaintance. I have not been very fond of them for some years past, not when I thought them tolerably good; and therefore if I can get leave to be absent, I shall be much inclined to be on that side when there is a parliament on this: but truly I must be a little easy in my mind‡ before I can think of Scriblerus.

You are to understand, that I live in the corner of a vast unfurnished house: my family consists of a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board wages, and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment, (which last is very rare) I eat a mutton pie, and drink half a pint of wine: my amusements are defending my small dominions

* Given to him by Parnell; and with which Pope told Mr. Spence, he was very well satisfied, though he corrected it again and again. Dr. WARTON.

† Put these last two observations together, and it will appear, that Mr. Pope was never wanting to his friends for fear of party, nor would he insult a ministry to humour them. He said of himself, and I believe he said truly, that "he never wrote a line to gratify the animosity of any one party at the expense of another." See the "Letter to a Noble Lord." WARBURTON.

‡ Never was exhibited so strong and lamentable a picture of disappointed ambition as in this and some other letters of the Dean. When we consider the fidelity and ability with which he served the queen's last ministry, we are surprised that they gave him no higher preferment, but banished him, as it were, to Ireland. The fact is, his friends, though ministers, had it not in their power to do more for him than they did; but, as is the constant practice of all ministers, carefully concealed from him their inability to serve him, to keep him steady in his dependence on them. Dr. WARTON.

against the archbishop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious choir. *Perditur hæc inter misereo lux.* I desire you will present my humble service to Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, and Mr. Rowe, and Gay. I am, and will be always, extremely yours, &c.

TO BISHOP ATTERBURY.

MY LORD, *Dublin, March* 24, 1715-16.

As much as your lordship's thoughts and time are employed at present, you must give me leave to interrupt them, and, which is worse, for a trifle; though, by the accidents of time and party, of some consequence and great vexation to me. I am here at the head of three-and-twenty dignitaries and prebendaries, whereof the major part, differing from me in principles, have taken a fancy to oppose me upon all occasions in the chapterhouse;* and a ringleader among them has presumed to debate my power of proposing, or my negative, though it is what the deans of this cathedral have possessed for time immemorial, and what has never been once disputed. Our constitution was taken from that of Sarum; and the knowledge of what is practised there in the like case would be of great use to me. I have written this post to Dr. Younger,† to desire he would

* After some time of his settlement in Dublin, his former and most intimate correspondent, Archbishop King, with some of his old friends, but chiefly Mr. Dougat, the chaunter, and nephew to the archbishop, set themselves against his jurisdiction with all their force, &c. See a spirited letter of Swift's to Archbishop King (whose prejudices appear to have continued long after,) dated May 18, 1727. N.

† D. D. of Magdalen college, Oxford. He obtained the deanery

inform me in this matter; but, having only a slender acquaintance with him, I would beg your lordship to second my request, that the dean would please to let me know the practice of his cathedral, and his power in this point. I would likewise desire your lordship to let me know how it is at Westminster, and the two other cathedrals, with whose customs you may be acquainted.

Pray, my lord, pardon this idle request from one that loves and esteems you, as you know I do. I once thought it would never be my misfortune to entertain you at so scurvy a rate, at least not at so great a distance, or with so much constraint:

"Sis felix, nostrumque leves [I do not like *quicunque**] laborem;
"Et quo sub cœlo tandem, quibus orbis in oris
"Jactemur, doceas."†

The greatest felicity I now have is, that I am utterly ignorant of the most public events that happen in the world:

"Multa gemens‡ ignominiam plagasque," &c.

I am, with the greatest respect and truth, my lord, your lordship's most dutiful and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

of Salisbury in 1705; died Feb. 27, 1727-8; and was buried under the south isle of St. Paul's cathedral, without any monument N.

* The *quæcunque* of Virgil was more favourable to the zealous admirers of the memory of Queen Anne. N.

† "But tell a stranger, long in tempests toss'd,
"What earth we tread, or who commands the coast."
Dryden, Æn. i, 457. N.

‡ This phrase seems to have been deeply impressed on the Dean's mind. He uses it again, in a letter to Mr. Pope, Oct. 30, 1727; "I forgave Sir Robert a thousand pounds, *multa gemens*." The line above is from Virg. Georg. iii, 226. N.

FROM BISHOP ATTERBURY.

GOOD MR. DEAN, *Bromley,* April* 6, 1716.

My gout kept me so long a prisoner at Westminster this winter, that I have fixed at Bromley this spring much sooner than ever I yet did, for which reason my meeting with Dr. Younger will be more difficult that it would be, had I been still at the deanery.†

The best (or rather the worst) is, that I believe he can say nothing to you upon the matter about which you write, which will please you. His deanery‡ is of the old foundation, and in all such foundations the deans have no extraordinary power or privilege, and are nothing more than residentiaries, with a peculiar corps belonging to them as deans; the first of the chapter, but such, whose presence is not necessary toward the despatch of any one capitular act, the senior residentiary supplying their absence, in every case, with full authority. Thus, I say, the case generally is in the old deaneries, unless where the local statutes may have expressly reserved some peculiar power or privilege to the deans of those churches. But none of them, I dare say, have a negative, either by common law, custom, or local statute. Thus much to show you, that a nice search into the peculiar rights of the Dean of Sarum will be needless, if not mischievous to you. The three deaneries which I have had, are all of the new foundation, by Henry VIII. or Queen Elizabeth. In the charters of

* Bromley in Kent, where the bishops of Rochester have an episcopal palace. H.

† Of Westminster, which has long been connected with the Bishopric of Rochester. H.

‡ Of Salisbury. N.

all there is a clause, empowering the dean to make, punish, and unmake all the officers. In the statutes of one of them (Carlisle) the dean's consent, in all the *graviores causæ*, is made expressly necessary, and in the other two nothing from the foundation of those churches ever passed the seal without the dean's *sigilletur* first written on the lease, patent, presentation, &c. which is a manifest and uncontested proof of his negative. As to the power of proposing, that I apprehend not to be exclusive to the other members of chapters. It is a point chiefly of decency and convenience; the dean being the principal person, and supposed best to be acquainted with the affairs of the church, and in what order they are fittest to be transacted. But if any one else of the body will propose any thing, and the rest of the chapter will debate it, I see not how the dean can hinder them, unless it be by leaving the chapter; and that itself will be of no moment in churches, where his absence does not break up and dissolve the chapter; as it does, where his consent to any thing there treated of is expressly required before it can pass into an act. Where, indeed, he is allowed such a negative, he is generally allowed to make all proposals; because it would be to no purpose for any one to make a proposition which he can quash by a dissent: but this is not, I say, a matter of right, but prudence.

Upon the whole, the best advice I can give you, is, whatever your powers are by statute or usage, not to insist on them too strictly in either of the cases mentioned by you, unless you are very sure of the favour and countenance of your visitor. The lawyers, you will find, whenever such points come before them for a decision, are very apt to disregard statutes and custom in such cases; and to say that their books make the act of the majority of the corporation the legal act of the body,

without considering whether the dean be among the minority or not. And therefore your utmost dexterity and address will be necessary, in order to prevent such a trial of your right at common law; which, it is ten to one (especially as things now stand) will go against you. If the refractory part of your chapter are stout, and men of any sense, or supported underhand, (the last of these is highly probable) you had better make use of expedients to decline the difficulty, than bring it at present to a decision. These are the best lights, and this the best advice I can give you, after a long experience of the natural consequence of such struggles, and a careful search into the foundation of the powers and privileges claimed and disputed on the one side and the other. I wish I could say any thing more to your satisfaction, but I cannot; and I think, in all such cases, the best instance I can give you of my friendship, is not to deceive you.

There is a statute in the latter end of King Henry the eighth's reign worthy of your perusal. The title of it relates to the leases of hospitals, &c. and the tenour of it did, in my apprehension, seem always to imply, that, without the dean, master, &c. nothing could be legally done by the corporation. But the lawyers will not allow this to be good doctrine, and say, that statute (notwithstanding a constant phrase of it) determines nothing of this kind, and, at the most, implies it only as to such deaneries, &c. where the dean, master, &c. have the right of a negative, by statute or usage. And few lawyers there are, who will allow even thus much. I cannot explain myself farther on that head; but, when you peruse the statute, you will see what I mean; though, after all, it does not, I believe, include Ireland. However, I look upon it as a declaration of the common law here in England.

I am sorry, you have any occasion to write to me on these heads, and much sorrier that I am not able to give you any tolerable account of them. God forgive those who have furnished me with this knowledge, by involving me designedly into those squabbles. I thank God, I have forgiven them.

I will enter into nothing but the inquiries of your letter, and therefore add not a word more, either in English or Latin, but that I am, with great esteem, good Mr. Dean,

Your very affectionate humble servant,

FR. ROFFEN.

TO BISHOP ATTERBURY.

MY LORD, *April* 18, 1716.

I AM extremely obliged to your lordship for the trouble you have given yourself in answering at length a very insignificant letter. I shall entirely follow your lordship's advice to the best of my skill. Your conjectures from whence my difficulties take their rise are perfectly true. It is all party. But the right is certainly on my side, if there be any thing in constant immemorial custom. Besides, though the first scheme of this cathedral was brought from Sarum, yet, by several subsequent grants, from popes, kings, archbishops, and acts of parliament, the dean has great prerogatives. He visits the chapter as ordinary, and the archbishop only visits by the dean. The dean can suspend and sequester any member, and punishes all crimes except heresy, and one or two more reserved for the archbishop. No lease can be let without him. He holds a court leet in his district, and is exempt from the lord mayor, &c.

No chapter can be called but by him, and he dissolves them at pleasure. He disposes absolutely of the petty canons and vicars choral places. All the dignitaries, &c. swear canonical obedience to him. These circumstances put together, I presume, may alter the case in your lordship's judgment. However, I shall, as your lordship directs me, do my utmost to divert this controversy as much as I can. I must add one thing, that no dignitary can preside without a power from the dean, who, in his absence, makes a subdean, and limits him as he pleases. And so much for deaneries, which I hope I shall never trouble your lordship with again.

I send this enclosed, and without superscription, to be sent or delivered to you by a famous friend of mine, and devoted servant of your lordship's.

I congratulate with England for joining with us here in the fellowship of slavery. It is not so terrible a thing as you imagine; we have long lived under it; and whenever you are disposed to know how you ought to behave yourselves in your new condition, you need go no farther than me for a director. But, because we are resolved to go beyond you, we have transmitted a bill to England, to be returned here, giving the government and six of the council power for three years to imprison whom they please for three months, without any trial or examination; and I expect to be among the first of those upon whom this law will be executed. We have also outdone you in the business of Ben Hoadly; and have recommended to a bishoprick one* whom you would not allow a curate in the smallest of your parishes. Does your lordship know that, as much as I have been used to lies in England, I am under a thousand uneasinesses about some reports relating to a person† that you and I

* Dr. Charles Carr, bishop of Killaloe. N.

† From the following note the person alluded to appears to be Lord Bolingbroke. N.

love very well? I have writ to a lady* upon that subject, and am impatient for an answer. I am gathering up a thousand pounds, and intend to finish my life upon the interest of it in Wales.

God Almighty preserve your lordship *miseris succurrere rebus*, whether you understand or relish Latin or no. But it is a great deal your fault if you suffer us all to be undone; for God never gave such talents without expecting they should be used to preserve a nation. There is a doctor† in your neighbourhood to whom I am a very humble servant. I am, with great respect, your lordship's most dutiful, &c.

J. SWIFT.

Some persons go this summer for England; and if Dr. Younger be talked with, I hope you will so order it that it may not be to my disadvantage.‡

FROM LADY BOLINGBROKE.§

MR. DEAN, *London, May* 5, 1716.

YOUR latter came in very good time to me, when I was full of vexation and trouble, which all vanishes, finding that you were so good to remember me under my afflictions, which have been not greater than you can think, but much greater than I can express. I am now in town; business called me hither; and when that is

* Lady Bolingbroke. See her answer, dated Aug. 4, 1716. N.

† Dr. R. Freind. N.

‡ This seems to imply a wish in Swift to exchange his deanery of St. Patricks for that of Sarum. N.

§ Daughter and coheiress of Sir Henry Winchcomb, of Buckleberry, Berks, Bart. Mr. St. John married this lady in 1700. N.

finished I shall retire with more comfort than I came. Do not forsake an old friend, nor believe reports which are scandalous and false. You are pleased to inquire after my health; I can give you no good account of it at present; but that country, whither I shall go next week, will, I hope, set me up. As to my temper, if it is possible, I am more insipid and dull than ever, except in some places, and there I am a little fury, especially if they dare mention my dear lord without respect, which sometimes happens; for good manners and relationship are laid aside in this town; it is not hard for you to guess whom I mean. I have not yet seen her grace,* but design it in a day or two: we have kept a constant correspondence ever since our misfortunes, and her grace is pleased to call me sister. There is nobody in the world has a truer respect and value for her than myself. I send this to my friend John, and beg you, when you do me the favour of an answer, to send it to him, who will take care to convey it to me in the country; for your letter lay a long while before it came to my hands. I beg you to look with a friendly eye upon all my faults and blots in this letter, and that you will believe me what I really am, your most faithful humble servant,

F. B.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

MY LORD, *Gallstown, June* 17, 1716.

I HAVE an account by this post that your grace intends in two or three days to go for England. I heartily

* The Duchess of Ormond. S.

wish you a good voyage, and a speedy return, with a perfect recovery of your health, and success in all your undertakings for the service of the church. I lately applied myself to some persons who I thought had credit with your grace, that they would prevail on you to consent that Mr. Dopping should have St. Nicholas, and that Mr. Chamberlain, upon surrendering a sinecure (fallen by the late promotion) to Mr. Wall, might succeed to St. Luke's; and having heard your grace was not disinclined to this scheme, I thought you had authority enough to make it go down with Mr. Chamberlain, who would be a gainer by the exchange, and, having already a plentiful fortune, would have as good an opportunity of showing his abilities in one parish as in the other. I should add my humble entreaties to your grace to consent to this proposal, if I had not so many reasons to apprehend that it would succeed just so much the worse for my solicitation. I confess, every friend I have, discovered long before myself, that I had wholly lost your grace's favour, and this to a degree that all whom I was disposed to serve were sure to thrive the worse for my friendship to them; particularly, I have been assured that Mr. Wall would not have failed of the prebend of Malahiddart, if he had not been thought too much attached to me; for it is alleged, that according to your grace's own scheme of uniting the prebends to the vicarages, it would almost have fallen to him of course; and I remember the poor gentleman had always a remote hope of that prebend whenever Dr. Moor should quit it. Mr. Wall came lately down to me to Trim upon that disappointment, and I was so free as to ask him, whether he thought my friendship had done him hurt; but he was either so meek, or so fearful of offending, that he would by no means impute his misfortune to any thing beside his want of merit, and

some misrepresentations; which latter I must confess to have found with grief, to have more than once influenced you against some, who by their conduct to your grace have deserved a quite different treatment. With respect to myself, I can assure your grace, that those who are most in your confidence, make it no manner of secret, that several clergymen have lost your grace's favour by their civilities to me. I do not say any thing of this by way of complaint, which I look upon to be an office too mean for any man of spirit and integrity, but merely to know whether it be possible for me to be upon any better terms with your grace, without which I shall be able to do very little good in the small station I am placed. The friendship I had with the late ministry, and the trust they were pleased to repose in me, were chiefly applied to do all the service to the church that I was able. I had no ill designs, nor ever knew any in them. I was the continual advocate for all men of merit without regard of party; for which it is known enough that I was sufficiently censured by some warm men, and in a more particular manner for vindicating your grace in an affair where I thought you were misrepresented, and you seemed desirous to be set right. And upon the whole, this I can faithfully assure your grace, that I was looked upon as a trimmer, and one that was providing against a change, for no other reason but defending your grace's principles in church and state; which I think might pass for some kind of merit in one who never either had or expected any mark of your favour. And I cannot but think it hard, that I must upon all occasions be made uneasy in my station, have dormant prebends revived on purpose to oppose me, and this openly acknowledged by those who say they act under your grace's direction. That instead of being able to do a good office to a deserving friend, as

all my predecessors have been, it is thought a matter of accusation for any one to cultivate my acquaintance. This I must think to be hard treatment; and though I regard not the consequences as far as they are intended to affect myself, yet your grace may live to lament those which from thence may happen to the church.

When I was first made dean, your grace was pleased, in a very condescending manner, to write to me that you desired my friendship: I was then in the service of the ministry, and the peace was made; and if I had any share in their ill designs I was then guilty, but I do not know that I have ever done any thing since to forfeit your good opinion: I confess I lost many friends by the queen's death, but I will never imagine your grace to be of the number.

I have given your grace too long a trouble. I humbly beg your blessing, and shall remain ever, with the greatest truth and respect, my lord,

Your grace's most dutiful
and most humble servant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

FROM MR. POPE.

June 20, 1716.

I CANNOT suffer a friend to cross the Irish seas, without bearing a testimony from me of the constant esteem and affection I am both obliged and inclined to have for you. It is better he should tell you than I, how often you are in our thoughts and in our cups, and how I learn to sleep less,* and drink more, whenever you are

* Alluding to his constant custom of sleeping after dinner. Dr. WARTON.

named among us. I look upon a friend in Ireland as upon a friend in the other world, whom (popishly speaking) I believe constantly well-disposed toward me, and ready to do me all the good he can, in that state of separation, though I hear nothing from him, and make addresses to him but very rarely. A protestant divine cannot take it amiss that I treat him in the same manner with my patron saint.

I can tell you no news, but what you will not sufficiently wonder at, that I suffer many things as an author militant: whereof in your days of probation, you have been a sharer, or you had not arrived to that triumphant state you now deservedly enjoy in the church. As for me, I have not the least hopes of the cardinalate, though I suffer for my religion in almost every weekly paper. I have begun to take a pique at the psalms of David, if the wicked may be credited, who have printed a scandalous one* in my name†. This report I dare not discourage too much, in a prospect I have at present of a post under the Marquis de Langallere,‡ wherein if I can but do some signal service against the pope, I may be considerably advanced by the Turks, the only religious people I dare confide in. If it should happen hereafter that I should write for the holy law of Mahomet, I hope it may make no breach between you and me; every one must live, and I beg you will not be the man to manage the controversy against me. The church of Rome I judge (from many modern symptoms, as well as ancient prophecies) to be in a declining condition;§ that of Eng-

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land will in a short time be scarce able to maintain her own family; so churches sink as generally as banks in Europe, and for the same reason: that religion and trade, which at first were open and free, have been reduced into the management of companies, and the roguery of directors.

I do not know why I tell you all this, but that I always loved to talk to you; but this is not the time for any man to talk to the purpose. Truth is a kind of contraband commodity which I would not venture to export, and therefore the only thing tending that dangerous way which I shall say, is, that I am and always will be, with the utmost sincerity,

Yours, &c.

FROM LADY BOLINGBROKE.

DEAR SIR, *London, Aug.* 4, 1716.

I WISH your last had found me in the country, but, to my misfortune, I am still kept in town, soliciting my unfortunate business. I have found great favour from his majesty. But form is a tedious thing to wait upon. Since it is my fate, I must bear it with patience, and perfect it, if I can; for there is nothing like following business one's self. I am unwilling to stir without the seals, which I hope to have soon. I have been very ill; this place never agreeing with me, and less now than ever, it being prodigious hot weather.

I know not what to say as to one part of yours; only

happen, by the diffusion of learning and science, in all the other catholic countries of Europe? such events are stupendous; *Non hæc sine numine Divûm eveniunt.* DR. WARTON.

this, that you will forgive the fears of a woman, if she says she is glad it is as it is, though it has almost ruined her. I hope, one time or other, his majesty will find my lord has been misrepresented; and, by that means, he may be restored to his country once more with honour; or else, however harsh it may sound out of my mouth, I had rather wear black. These are my real sentiments. I never thought myself, nor my health, of any consequence till lately; and since you tell me it is so to the unworthy, as you please to term it, I shall take care of it: for the worthy, which I once thought so, they are good for nothing, but to neglect distressed friends. Those few friends I meet with now, are worth a thousand relations: that I found long ago. We have the happiness of odd, half-witted relations, and silly, obstinate, opiniatre friends, that are a severe plague to me. I never could have the pleasure of talking one moment to the Duchess of Ormond. She had always company, and some that I wish she had not. She is now out of town, and we do not correspond at present. I wish her all happiness, and in better hands as to her business. You have a much better opinion of me than I deserve; but I will study all I can to merit that favour, which you are kind to assure me of.

I wish it were possible for us two to meet, that I might assure you, in person, that I am yours most faithfully.

P. S. Yours came safe. I hope this will to you. There is a lady who never forgets you, and a particular friend to me, and has been a great comfort to me in my trouble; I mean my tenant: she is now in the country, to my grief.

TO MR. POPE.

August 30, 1716.

I HAD the favour of yours by Mr. Ford, of whom, before any other question relating to your health, or fortune, or success as a poet, I inquired your principles in the common form, "is he a whig or a tory?" I am sorry to find they are not so well tallied to the present juncture as I could wish. I always thought the terms of *facto* and *jure* had been introduced by the poets, and that possession of any sort in kings was held an unexceptionable title in the court of Parnassus. If you do not grow a perfect good subject in all its present latitudes, I shall conclude you are become rich, and able to live without dedications to men in power, whereby one great inconvenience will follow, that you and the world and posterity will be utterly ignorant of their virtues. For, either your brethren have miserably deceived us these hundred years past: or power confers virtue, as naturally as five of your popish sacraments do grace. You sleep less, and drink more. But your master Horace was *vini somnique benignus*:* and, as I take it, both are proper for your trade. As to wine, there are a thousand poetical texts to confirm the one; and as to the other, I know it was anciently the custom to sleep in temples for those who would consult the oracles, "who dictates to me slumbering,"† &c.

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You are an ill catholic, or a worse geographer, for I can assure you, Ireland is not Paradise, and I appeal even to any Spanish divine, whether addresses were ever made to a friend in Hell or Purgatory. And who are all those enemies you hint at? I can only think of Curll, Gildon, 'Squire Burnet, Blackmore, and a few others, whose fame I have forgot: tools, in my opinion, as necessary for a good writer, as pen, ink, and paper. And besides, I would fain know whether every draper does not show you three or four damned pieces of stuff to set off his good one? However, I will grant that one thorough bookselling rogue is better qualified to vex an author, than all his contemporary scribblers in critic or satire, not only by stolen copies of what was incorrect or unfit for the public, but by downright laying other men's dulness at your door. I had a long design upon the ears of that Curll, when I was in credit; but the

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wish you a good voyage, and a speedy return, with a perfect recovery of your health, and success in all your undertakings for the service of the church. I lately applied myself to some persons who I thought had credit with your grace, that they would prevail on you to consent that Mr. Dopping should have St. Nicholas, and that Mr. Chamberlain, upon surrendering a sinecure (fallen by the late promotion) to Mr. Wall, might succeed to St. Luke's; and having heard your grace was not disinclined to this scheme, I thought you had authority enough to make it go down with Mr. Chamberlain, who would be a gainer by the exchange, and, having already a plentiful fortune, would have as good an opportunity of showing his abilities in one parish as in the other. I should add my humble entreaties to your grace to consent to this proposal, if I had not so many reasons to apprehend that it would succeed just so much the worse for my solicitation. I confess, every friend I have, discovered long before myself, that I had wholly lost your grace's favour, and this to a degree that all whom I was disposed to serve were sure to thrive the worse for my friendship to them; particularly, I have been assured that Mr. Wall would not have failed of the prebend of Malahiddart, if he had not been thought too much attached to me; for it is alleged, that according to your grace's own scheme of uniting the prebends to the vicarages, it would almost have fallen to him of course; and I remember the poor gentleman had always a remote hope of that prebend whenever Dr. Moor should quit it. Mr. Wall came lately down to me to Trim upon that disappointment, and I was so free as to ask him, whether he thought my friendship had done him hurt; but he was either so meek, or so fearful of offending, that he would by no means impute his misfortune to any thing beside his want of merit, and

some misrepresentations; which latter I must confess to have found with grief, to have more than once influenced you against some, who by their conduct to your grace have deserved a quite different treatment. With respect to myself, I can assure your grace, that those who are most in your confidence, make it no manner of secret, that several clergymen have lost your grace's favour by their civilities to me. I do not say any thing of this by way of complaint, which I look upon to be an office too mean for any man of spirit and integrity, but merely to know whether it be possible for me to be upon any better terms with your grace, without which I shall be able to do very little good in the small station I am placed. The friendship I had with the late ministry, and the trust they were pleased to repose in me, were chiefly applied to do all the service to the church that I was able. I had no ill designs, nor ever knew any in them. I was the continual advocate for all men of merit without regard of party; for which it is known enough that I was sufficiently censured by some warm men, and in a more particular manner for vindicating your grace in an affair where I thought you were misrepresented, and you seemed desirous to be set right. And upon the whole, this I can faithfully assure your grace, that I was looked upon as a trimmer, and one that was providing against a change, for no other reason but defending your grace's principles in church and state; which I think might pass for some kind of merit in one who never either had or expected any mark of your favour. And I cannot but think it hard, that I must upon all occasions be made uneasy in my station, have dormant prebends revived on purpose to oppose me, and this openly acknowledged by those who say they act under your grace's direction. That instead of being able to do a good office to a deserving friend, as

all my predecessors have been, it is thought a matter of accusation for any one to cultivate my acquaintance. This I must think to be hard treatment, and though I regard not the consequences as far as they are intended to affect myself, yet your grace may live to lament those which from thence may happen to the church.

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rogue would never allow me a fair stroke at them, although my penknife was ready drawn and sharp. I can hardly believe the relation of his being poisoned, although the historian pretends to have been an eyewitness: but I beg pardon, sack might do it, although ratsbane would not. I never saw the thing you mention as falsely imputed to you; but I think the frolicks of merry hours, even when we are guilty, should not be left to the mercy of our best friends, until Curll and his resemblers are hanged.

With submission to the better judgment of you and your friends, I take your project of an employment under the Turks to be idle and unnecessary. Have a little patience, and you will find more merit and encouragement at home, by the same methods. You are ungrateful to your country; quit but your own religion, and ridicule ours, and that will allow you a free choice for any other, or for none at all, and pay you well into the bargain. Therefore, pray do not run and disgrace us among the Turks, by telling them you were forced to leave your native home, because we would oblige you to be a christian; whereas we will make it appear to all the world, that we only compelled you to be a whig.

There is a young ingenious quaker in this town who writes verses to his mistress, not very correct, but in a strain purely what a poetical quaker should do, commending her look and habit, &c. It gave me a hint that a set of quaker pastorals might succeed, if our friend Gay* could fancy it, and I think it a fruitful subject; pray hear what he says. I believe farther, the pastoral ridicule is not exhausted; and that a porter, footman, or chairman's pastoral might do well. Or what

* Gay did write a pastoral of this kind, which is published in his works. WARBURTON.

think you of a Newgate pastoral, among the whores and thieves there ?*

Lastly, to conclude, I love you never the worse for seldom writing to you. I am in an obscure scene, where you know neither thing nor person. I can only answer yours, which I promise to do after a sort whenever you think fit to employ me. But I can assure you, the scene and the times have depressed me wonderfully, for I will impute no defect to those two paltry years which have slipped by since I had the happiness to see you. I am, with the truest esteem,

Yours, &c.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

SIR, *September* 14, 1716.

I HAD the ill fortune to miss of that letter you upbraid me with. I had deserved any reproaches you could make me, if it had come to my hands, and I not made due acknowledgments for your inquiries after me. I will make you wish you had not been so angry with me; for I will scrawl out myself, what you would rather Betty or my maid had, for they would have made shorter work of it; but I will answer every part of yours, that you obliged me with by Mr. Ford.

First, as to the lady you mention, the reason I had not seen her in a great while was, my being in the country. To tell you the truth, I believe her husband has been a better courtier, than either she, or any of her sex could be; because men have it in their power to serve, and I believe hers has effectually done what lay in him.

* Swift himself wrote one of this kind, "Dermot and Sheelah." WARBURTON.

You kindly ask how my affairs go. There is yet no end of them, and God only knows when there will be. For when every thing was thought done, a sudden blast has blown all hopes away, and then they give me fresh expectations. In the mean time I am forced to live upon the borrow; my goods all taken away; that I shall not have so much as a bed to lie upon, but what I must buy; and no money of my own to do that with; so that you may imagine me in a cheerful way. I pray God support me.

The gentleman you inquired after is very well now. The illness you heard he had, he has been subject to a good while. What you desire, I wish were in the power of either his brother or me; but all will go from both of us of every kind. Only they say, that the clothes upon my back I may perhaps call my own, and that's all. I was obliged to leave the country. I was so ill there, that if I had not come to the physicians, I cannot tell what might have happened. My daughter is your most humble servant, and is pretty well in health.

Am not I one of my word, and troubled you twice as long as you would have wished? But you will find by this, that a woman's pen should no more be set at work than her tongue; for she never knows when to let either of them rest. But my paper puts me in mind, that I have but just room to tell you, I wish much to see you here, if it could be with your satisfaction; and that I am, with great sincerity, sir,

Your faithful humble servant,

M. ORMOND.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.*

October 23, 1716.

It is a very great truth, that, among all the losses which I have sustained, none affected me more sensibly than that of your company and correspondence: and yet, even now, I should not venture to write to you, did not you provoke me to it. A commerce of letters between two men, who are out of the world, and who do not care one farthing to return into it again, must be of little moment to the state; and yet I remember enough of that world, to know, that the most innocent things become criminal in some men, as the most criminal pass applauded in others.

Your letter breathes the same spirit as your conversation at all times inspired, even when the occasions of practising the severest rules of virtuous fortitude seemed most remote; if such occasions could ever seem remote to men, who are under the direction of your able and honest friend Sir Roger.†

To write about myself is no agreeable task, but your commands are sufficient at once to determine and excuse me. Know therefore, that my health is far better than it has been a great while; that the money which I brought over with me will hold out some time longer; and that I have secured a small fund, which will yield in any part of the world a revenue sufficient for one, *qui peut se retrancher même avec plaisir dans la médiocrité.* I use a French expression, because I have not one, that pleases me, ready in English. During several months

* Endorsed, "The Squire.—Received Nov. 7, 1716." N.

† Sir Roger is the name given to Lord Treasurer Oxford, in the history of John Bull. As Bolingbroke is known to have hated and despised the treasurer, the words *able* and *honest* must be taken ironically H.

after my leaving that obscure retreat, into which I had thrown myself last year, I went through all the mortifying circumstances imaginable. At present I enjoy, as far as I consider myself, great complacency of mind; but this inward satisfaction is embittered, when I consider the condition of my friends. They are got into a dark hole, where they grope about after blind guides; stumble from mistake to mistake; jostle against one another, and dash their heads against the wall; and all this to no purpose. For assure yourself that there is no returning to light; no going out, but by going back. My style is mystick, but it is your trade to deal in mysteries, and therefore I add neither comment nor excuse. You will understand me; and I conjure you to be persuaded, that if I could have half an hour's conversation with you, for which I would barter whole hours of life, you would stare, haul your wig, and bite paper, more than ever you did in your life.* Adieu, dear friend, may the kindest influence of Heaven be shed upon you. Whether we may ever meet again, that Heaven only knows; if we do, what millions of things shall we have to talk over! In the mean while believe that nothing sits so near my heart as my country and my friends; and that among these you ever had, and ever shall have, a principal place.

If you write to me, direct "*à Monsieur* Charlot, *chez Monsieur* Cantillon, *banquier, rue de l'Arbre sec.*"† Once more adieu.

* This is a strong picture of Swift's manner. H.

† In Paris. H.

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

SIR, *Paris, Oct.* 28, 1716.

If I was to see you again, you would give twice as much as you offered six weeks ago, not to have seen me. By the same rule, you might afford something not to hear from me; but the inclosed* came this morning to me, and I could not send it away, without adding a few lines in the cover. They are not to put you again into the spleen, but only to ask how you do, and how you employ yourself? Do the great designs go on at Laracor? Or have the rains put a stop to your improvements, as well as to my journey? It will cost you but a penny, and a few minutes to answer these questions; and in return you shall know any thing you desire to know of me in my travels. I shall go on as soon as we have five or six days sunshine to dry the roads, and make the finest country in the world supportable. I am laughed at here, when I talk of travelling, and yet of waiting for fair weather; but to me the journey is the greatest part of the pleasure. And whereas my companion is continually wishing himself at Rome, I wish Rome was a thousand leagues farther, that I might have more way to pass in France and Italy.

If you will do me the favour to write to me, direct to be left with Mr. Cantillon, banker in Paris.

I am, &c.

* The preceding letter of Lord Bolingbroke. N.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

MR LORD, *Dublin, Nov.* 13, 1716.

THE reason I never gave your grace the trouble of a letter, was, because it could only be a trouble, without either entertainment or use, for I am so much out, even of this little world, that I know not the commonest occurrences in it; neither do I now write to your grace upon any sort of business, for I have nothing to ask but your blessing and favourable thoughts; only I conceived it ought not to be said, that your grace was several months absent in England, without one letter from the dean to pay his respects. My schemes are all circumscribed by the cathedral, and the liberties about it; where nothing of moment happened since your grace left it, except the election of Mr. Chamberlain to St. Nicholas, which passed quietly while I was absent in the country. I am purchasing a glebe, by the help of the trustees, for the vicarage of Laracor; and I have vanity enough to desire it might be expressed by a clause in the deeds, as one consideration, that I had been instrumental in procuring the first-fruits; which was accordingly inserted; but hints were given it would not pass. Then the Bishops of Ossory and Killaloe had, as I am told, a sum of money for their labour in that affair; who, upon my arrival at London to negotiate it, were one of them gone to Bath, and the other to Ireland: but it seems more reasonable to give bishops money for doing nothing, than a private gentleman thanks for succeeding where bishops have failed. I am only sorry I was not a bishop, that I might at least have got money. The tory clergy here seem ready for conversion, provoked by a parcel of obscure zealots in London, who, as we hear, are setting up a new church of England by them-

selves. By our intelligence, it seems to be a complication of as much folly, madness, hypocrisy, and mistake, as ever was offered to the world. If it be understood so on your side, I cannot but think there would be a great opportunity of regaining the body of the clergy to the interest of the court; who, if they were persuaded by a few good words to throw off their fears, could never think of the pretender without horror; under whom it is obvious that those refiners would have the greatest credit, and consequently every thing be null since the time of the revolution, and more havock made in a few months, than the most desponding among the tories can justly apprehend from the present management in as many years. These at least are, as I am told, the thoughts and reasonings of the high church people among us: but whether a court, in the midst of strength and security, will conceive it worth their while to cultivate the dispositions of people in the dust, is out of my reach.

The bishop of Dromore has never been in town since he went to his diocese, nor does he say any thing of coming up. He is in good health.

I was told a week or two ago a confused story of the anatomy lecturer at the college turned out by the provost,* and another put in his place. I know not the particulars; but am assured he is blamed for it both by the prince and your grace. I take the provost to be a very honest gentleman, perfectly good natured, and the least inclined to speak ill of others of almost any person I have known. He has very good intentions; but the defect seems to be, that his views are short, various, and sudden; and I have reason to think, he hardly ever makes use of any other counsellor than himself. I talked to him of this matter since it was done, and I think

* Dr. Pratt, afterward dean of Down. F.

his answers satisfied me; but I am an ill retainer of facts wherein I have no concern: my humble opinion is, that it would be much to his own ease, and of theirs who dislike him, if he were put into another station; and if you will not afford him a bishopric, that you will let him succeed some rich country dean. I dare be confident that the provost had no other end in changing that lecturer, than a design of improving anatomy as far as he could; for he would never have made such a step as choosing the prince chancellor, but from a resolution of keeping as fair as he possibly could with the present powers, in regard both to his ease and his interest; and in hopes of changing a post, wherein, to say the truth, he has been used by judges and governors like any dog, and has suffered more by it in his health and honour, than I, with his patrimonial estate, would think it were worth. Here has been one Whittingham, in an ordination sermon, calling the clergy a thousand dumb dogs, and treating episcopacy as bad as Boyse;* yet no notice at all shall be taken of this, unless to his advantage upon the next vacant bishoprick; and wagers are laid already, whether he or one Monk will be the man. But I forget myself; and therefore shall only add, that I am, with the greatest respect and truth, my lord,

Your grace's most dutiful
and most humble servant, &c.

* An eminent dissenting teacher, minister of Wood-street meeting-house in Dublin, who wrote several tracts in favour of the dissenters. F.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

SIR, *London, Suffolk-street, Nov.* 22, 1716.

I READ yours of the thirteenth instant with great satisfaction. It is not only an advantage to you and me, that there should be a good correspondence between us, but also to the public; and I assure you I had much ado to persuade people here, that we kept any tolerable measures with one another; much less, that there was any thing of a good intelligence: and therefore you judged right, that it ought not to be said, that in so many months I had not received any letter from you.

I do a little admire, that those that should be your fastest friends, should be so opposite to acknowledge the service you did in procuring the twentieth parts and first fruits: I know no reason for it, except the zeal I showed to do you justice in that particular from the beginning. But since I only did it, as obliged to bear testimony to the truth, in a matter which I certainly knew, and would have done the same for the worst enemy I had in the world, I see no reason why you should suffer, because I among others was your witness. But be not concerned, ingratitude is warranted by modern and ancient custom: and it is more honour for a man to have it asked, why he had not a suitable return to his merits, than why he was overpaid. *Benefacere et male audire* is the lot of the best men. If calumny or ingratitude could have put me out of my way, God knows where I should have wandered by this time.

I am glad the business of St. Nicholas* is over any way: my inclination was Mr. Wall; that I might have

* The dean and chapter of St. Patrick's are the appropriators of that church, and have the right of bestowing the cure on whom they please. H.

joined the vicarage of Castle-knock to the prebend of Malahidart; which would have made a good provision for one man, served the cures better, and yielded more then to the incumbent, than it can do now, when in different hands. But I could not compass it without using more power over my clergy, than I am willing to exert. But as I am thankful to you for your condescension in that affair, so I will expect that those, with whom you have complied, should show their sense of it by a mutual return of the like compliance, when there shall be occasion. Such reciprocal kind offices are the ground of mutual confidence and friendship, and the fuel that keeps them alive: and I think nothing can contribute more to our common ease, and the public good, than maintaining these between you and me, and with the clergy.

We have a strong report, that my Lord Bolingbroke will return here, and be pardoned; certainly it must not be for nothing. I hope, he can tell no ill story of you. I add only my prayers for you, and am, sir,

Your most humble servant, and brother,

WILL. DUBLIN.

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

MY LORD, *Trim, Dec.* 16, 1716.

I SHOULD be sorry to see my Lord Bolingbroke following the trade of an informer: because he is a person for whom I always had, and still continue, a very great love and esteem. For I think, as the rest of mankind do, that informers are a detestable race of people, although they may be sometimes necessary. Besides, I do not see, whom his lordship can inform against, except himself: he was three or four days at the court of

France, while he was secretary; and it is barely possible, he might then have entered into some deep negotiation with the pretender: although I would not believe him, if he should swear it; because he protested to me, that he never saw him but once: and that was at a great distance, in public, at an opera. As to any others of the ministry at that time, I am confident he cannot accuse them: and that they will appear as innocent with relation to the pretender, as any who are now at the helm. And as to myself, if I were of any importance, I should be very easy under such an accusation; much easier, than I am to think your grace imagines me in any danger, or that Lord Bolingbroke should have any ill story to tell of me. He knows, and loves, and thinks too well of me, to be capable of such an action. But I am surprised to think your grace could talk, or act, or correspond with me for some years past: while you must needs believe me a most false and vile man; declaring to you on all occasions my abhorrence of the pretender, and yet privately engaged with a ministry to bring him in; and therefore warning me to look to myself, and prepare my defence against a false brother, coming over to discover such secrets as would hang me. Had there been ever the least overture or intent of bringing in the pretender, during my acquaintance with the ministry, I think I must have been very stupid not to have picked out some discoveries or suspicions. And although I am not sure I should have turned informer, yet I am certain I should have dropped some general cautions, and immediately have retired. When people say, things were not ripe at the queen's death; they say, they know not what. Things were rotten: and had the ministers any such thoughts, they should have begun three years before; and they, who say otherwise, understand nothing of the state of the kingdom at that time.

But whether I am mistaken or not in other men, I beg your grace to believe, that I am not mistaken in myself. I always professed to be against the pretender; and am so still. And this is not to make my court (which I know is vain) for I own myself full of doubts, fears, and dissatisfactions; which I think on as seldom as I can: yet if I were of any value, the public may safely rely on my loyalty: because I look upon the coming of the pretender as a greater evil, than any we are likely to suffer under the worst whig ministry that can be found.

I have not spoke or thought so much of party these two years, nor could any thing have tempted me to it, but the grief I have in standing so ill in your grace's opinion. I beg your grace's blessing,

And am, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

TO THE SAME.

MY LORD, *Trim, Dec.* 22, 1716.

I HAVE been here some days, to finish the purchase of a glebe for my country parish. I prevailed on a gentleman to alienate twenty acres for 200*l.* to be had from the trustees of the first fruits. He then sets me twenty-three acres more for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. Upon these last twenty-three acres, I am, by agreement, to lay out the said 200*l.* in building, and to give the gentleman immediately 50*l.* out of my own pocket, and to pay him 14*l.* *per annum*, for ever, which is near the value of the whole forty acres; these last twenty-three acres, after I have built and improved, I design to leave my successors,* who will then have

* See the dean's will, in vol. II. N.

forty-three acres of good glebe, with house, gardens, &c. for 14*l. per annum*. I reckon to lay out of my own money about 250*l.* and so to be an humble imitator of your grace, *longo intervallo*. This expedient was a project of Dr. Raymond, minister of this town, to deal with a jew, who would not lessen his rent-roll to save all the churches in Christendom. Dr. Coghill, and every body else, approves the thing; since it is a good bargain to the church, a better to the gentleman, and only a bad one to myself; and I hope your grace will have the same thoughts.

Since I came down here, I received the honour of a large, and therefore an agreeable letter, from your grace, of November 22. I have reason to think myself hardly dealt with by those of the side in power, who will not think I deserve any place in your good thoughts; when they cannot but know, that, while I was near the late ministry, I was a common advocate for those they call the whigs, to a degree, that a certain great minister told me, I had always a whig in my sleeve; neither did I ever fail to interpose in any case of merit or compassion, by which means several persons in England, and some in this kingdom, kept their employments, for I cannot remember my Lord Oxford ever refused me a request of that kind. And for the rest, your grace may very well remember, that I had the honour of corresponding with you, during the whole period, with some degree of confidence: because I know your grace had wished the same thing, but differed only in opinion about the hands that should effect them. It was on account of this conduct, that certain warm creatures of this kingdom, then in London, and not unknown to your grace, had the assurance to give me broad hints that I was providing against a change; and I observe those very men are

now the most careful of all others, to creep as far as they can out of harm's way.

The system of new zealots, which your grace extracted, must be very suitable to my principles, who was always a whig in politics. I have been told, that upon the death of the last nonjuring bishop, Dodwell and his followers thought the schism at an end. My notion was, that these people began to set up again, upon despair of their cause by the rebellion* being brought to an end; else their politics are, if possible, worse than their divinity. Upon the whole, it is clear, that the game is entirely in the hands of the king and his ministers; and I am extremely glad of your grace's opinion, that it will be played as it ought: or, if we must suffer for a name, however, I had rather be devoured by a lion than a rat.

That maxim of the injuring person never forgiving the person injured, is, I believe, true in particulars, but not of communities. I cannot but suppose that the clergy thought there were some hardships and grounds for fears, otherwise they must be very wicked, or very mad; to say more, would be to enter into dispute upon a party subject; a dog or a horse knows when he is kindly treated: and besides, a wise administration will endeavour to remove the vain, as well as the real fears of those they govern.

I saw the provost yesterday in this neighbourhood, and had some little talk with him upon the occasion of the bishop of Killaloe's death: I believe he would accept of the deanery of Derry, if Dr. Bolton, the dean, should be promoted; but I said nothing of it to him; I believe he has written to Mr. Molyneux.† I find, since

* In Scotland, in the year 1715. F.

† Samuel Molyneux, Esq. a gentleman of great abilities and large property in Ireland, secretary to the Prince of Wales, chancellor of the university of Dublin. F.

he cannot be trusted with a bishopric, that he desires to leave his station with as good a grace as he can; and that it may not be thought that what he shall get is only to get rid of him. I said in general, that such a circumstance, as things stood, was hardly worth the quiet of a man's whole life; and so we parted, only with telling him I intended to write to your grace, in answer to a letter I had from you.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

SIR, *London, Jan.* 12, 1716-17.

ABOUT two months ago I sent you a very long epistle, and was in hopes you would either have made us a visit, or have let us hear from you. Since you have done neither, we must flatter ourselves that you will be better the new year than the former.

Our friend Prior, not having had the vicissitude of human things before his eyes, is likely to end his days in as forlorn a state as any other poet has done before him, if his friends do not take more care of him than he did of himself. Therefore, to prevent the evil, which we see is coming on very fast, we have a project of printing his Solomon, and other poetical works, by subscription; one guinea to be paid in hand, and the other on delivery of the book. He, Arbuthnot, Pope, and Gay, are now with me, and remember you. It is our joint request, that you will endeavour to procure some subscriptions: you will give your receipts for the money you receive, and when you return it hither, you shall have others in lieu. There are no papers printed here, nor any advertisement to be published; for the whole matter is to be managed by friends in such a manner as

shall be least shocking to the dignity of a plenipotentiary.

I am told the Archbishop of Dublin shows a letter of yours, reflecting on the high flying clergy. I fancy you have writ to him in an ironical style, and that he would have it otherwise understood. This will bring to your mind what I have formerly said to you on that figure. Pray condescend to explain this matter to me. The removal of my Lord Townshend has given a litte spirit; but that will soon flag, if the king, at his return, does not make farther changes. What measures his majesty will take is uncertain; but this we are very sure of, that the division of the whigs is so great, that, morally speaking, nothing but another rebellion can ever unite them. Sunderland, Stanhope, and Cadogan are of one side; Townshend, Walpole, Orford, Devonshire, and the chancellor,* on the other. The latter seem at present to be strongest; but when the former appear with a German reinforcement, they will undoubtedly turn the balance. They are both making their court to the tories, who, I hope, will be a body by themselves, and not serve as recruits to either of the other two. Lord Townshend's friends give out, that his disgrace is owing to refusing four things, viz. to keep up the army; repeal the limitations of the succession act; to send money to Germany for carrying on a war against Sweden; and to attaint Lord Oxford. When Lord Sunderland† comes over, he will probably cry 'whore again,' and endeavour to saddle Lord Townshend in his turn. For these reproaches now are like that of Jacobitism in former reigns. We are told, that Lord Bolingbroke has per-

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mission to stay in France, notwithstanding the late treaty, provided he retires from Paris.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

MY LORD, *London, March* 9, 1716-17.

I HAD yesterday the honour of a letter from your grace, wherein you first mention Mr. Duncan's accident, who, as it falls out, is quite recovered, and they say is since better of his asthma: I believe, whenever he dies, I shall be in some difficulties, although I am wholly indifferent who may succeed him, provided he may be a deserving person; unless I might say, that my inclinations are a little turned to oblige Mr. Dopping,* on account of his brother, for whom I have always had a very great esteem. It will be impossible for me to carry any point against that great majority of the chapter, who are sure to oppose me whenever party interferes: and in those cases I shall be very ready to change my nomination, only choosing those I least dislike among such as they will consent to: wherein, I hope, I shall have your grace's approbation.

About a week ago, I wrote to your grace in relation to the provost. My Lord Bishop of Dromore, Dr. Coghill, and I, were yesterday using our rhetorick to no purpose. The topic he perpetually adheres to is, that the court offers him a deanery, because they look upon him as a man they cannot trust; which, he says, affects his reputation: that he professes to be as true to the present king, as any person in employment: that he has

* Dr. Dopping was made Bishop of Ossory in 1741, and died the year following. He was uncle to Miss Hamilton, afterward Countess of Ossory. N.

always shown himself so: that he was sacrificed by the tories in the late reign, on account of the dispute in the college, and other matters: that he publicly argues and appears against the same party now, upon all occasions; and expects as little favour from them, if ever they should come into power, as any man now in employment. As to any hints dropped to him of any danger or uneasiness from parliament or visitation, he declares himself perfectly safe and easy: and if it might not affect the society, he should be glad of such inquiries, in order to vindicate himself: that he should like the Deanery of Down full as well, and perhaps better, than the Bishopric of Dromore, provided the deanery was given him in such a manner, and with some mark of favour and approbation, that the world would not think he was driven into it as a man whom the king could not trust; and if any such method could be thought on, he would readily accept it: that he is very sensible he should be much happier in the other station, and much richer, and which weighs with him more, that it would be much for the present interest of the college to be under another head: but that the sense of his own loss of credit prevails with him above all considerations; and that he hopes in some time to convince the world, and the court too, that he has been altogether misrepresented.

This is the sum of his reasoning, by all I could gather after several conversations with him, both alone and with some of his best friends; who all differ from him, as he allows most of his acquaintance do. I am no judge of what consequence his removal may be to the service of the college, or of any favours to be shown it. But, I believe, it would be no difficult matter to find a temper in this affair: for instance (I speak purely my own thoughts) if the prince would graciously please to send a favourable message by his secretary, to offer him the deanery, in such a manner as might answer the pro-

vost's difficulty. I cannot but think your grace might bring such a thing about; but that I humbly leave to your grace.

My lord bishop of Dromore received letters yesterday from your grace, and the bishop of Derry, with an account of his succeeding to Clogher, of which I am sure all parties will be exceeding glad.

I wish your grace a good journey to the Bath, and a firm establishment of your health there. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord.

Your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

Not knowing but your grace might be gone to the Bath, I have mentioned something of the provost's affair, in a letter this post, to my lord bishop of Derry.

TO THE SAME.

MY LORD, *Dublin, March* 22, 1716-17.

YOUR grace's letter was a long time before it reached me; for I was several weeks in the country, despatching the affair of the glebe, which, however, is not yet quite finished. Your grace does rightly conceive the nature of my purchase, and that I am likely to be 200*l.* poorer for it; only I shall endeavour to lose by degrees, which is all I have for it. I shall endeavour, as much as I can, to prevent the evil you foresee of my successors neglecting my improvements, and letting them all go to ruin; I shall take the best advice I can, and leave them to be fools, as well as knaves, if they do so; for I shall make so many plantations and hedges, that the land

will let for double the value; and after all, I must leave something to fortune.

As to what your grace mentions of a practice in the late reign, of engaging people to come into the queen's measures, I have a great deal to say on that subject, not worth troubling you with at present; farther than that I am confident those who pretend to say most of it, are conscious their accusation is wrong: but I never love myself so little as when I differ from your grace; nor do I believe I ever shall do it, but where I am master of the fact, and your grace has it only by report.

I have been speaking much to the provost about the deanery of Derry, or whatever other employment, under a bishoprick, may be designed him upon these promotions. I find Dr. Coghill* has been upon the subject with him, but he is absolutely positive to take nothing less at present; and his argument is, that whatever shall be given him now, beneath the station his predecessors were called to, will be a mark of his lying under the displeasure of the court, and that he is not to be trusted; whereas he looks upon himself to have acted with principles as loyal to the present government, as any the king employs. He does not seem to dislike either the deaneries of Derry or Down, but is persuaded it will reflect upon his reputation; and unless it could be contrived that he might have some mark of favour and approbation along with such a preferment, I believe your grace may be assured he will not accept it. I only repeat what he says to me, and what I believe he will adhere to.

For my own part, who am not so refined, I gave my opinion that he should take what was given him; but

* Marmaduke Coghill, M. D. judge of the prerogative court; afterwards a privy counsellor, chancellor of the exchequer, and a commissioner of the revenue. F.

his other friends differ from me, and for aught I know, they may be in the right; and if the court thinks it of consequence that the present provost should be removed, I am not sure but a way may be found out of saving his credit, which is all he seems to require; although I am confident, that if he were a bishop, the government might be very secure of him, since he seems wholly fallen out with the tories, and the tories with him; and I do not know any man, who, in common conversation, talks with more zeal for the present establishment, and against all opposers of it, than he. The only thing he desires at present in his discourse with me, is, that no proposal of a deanery should be at all made to him, but that he may go on as he is, until farther judgment shall be made of him by his future conduct.

I thought it proper to say thus much to your grace, because I did not know whether you and he perfectly understood each other.

I hear your grace intends this spring for the Bath. I shall pray for the good of the church, that you may then establish your health. I am, with the greatest respect,

Your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

Among other things, the provost argued, that Dr. Foster was promoted to a bishoprick from being a fellow; and therefore he must conclude, that offering him a less preferment, is a mark of displeasure; with which circumstance he is determined not to leave his present station.

now the most careful of all others, to creep as far as they can out of harm's way.

The system of new zealots, which your grace extracted, must be very suitable to my principles, who was always a whig in politics. I have been told, that upon the death of the last nonjuring bishop, Dodwell and his followers thought the schism at an end. My notion was, that these people began to set up again, upon despair of their cause by the rebellion* being brought to an end; else their politics are, if possible, worse than their divinity. Upon the whole, it is clear, that the game is entirely in the hands of the king and his ministers; and I am extremely glad of your grace's opinion, that it will be played as it ought: or, if we must suffer for a name, however, I had rather be devoured by a lion than a rat.

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FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

SIR, *London, Jan.* 12, 1716-17.

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mission to stay in France, notwithstanding the late treaty, provided he retires from Paris.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

MY LORD, *London, March* 9, 1716-17.

I HAD yesterday the honour of a letter from your grace, wherein you first mention Mr. Duncan's accident, who, as it falls out, is quite recovered, and they say is since better of his asthma: I believe, whenever he dies, I shall be in some difficulties, although I am wholly indifferent who may succeed him, provided he may be a deserving person; unless I might say, that my inclinations are a little turned to oblige Mr. Dopping,* on account of his brother, for whom I have always had a very great esteem. It will be impossible for me to carry any point against that great majority of the chapter, who are sure to oppose me whenever party interferes: and in those cases I shall be very ready to change my nomination, only choosing those I least dislike among such as they will consent to: wherein, I hope, I shall have your grace's approbation.

About a week ago, I wrote to your grace in relation to the provost. My Lord Bishop of Dromore, Dr. Coghill, and I, were yesterday using our rhetorick to no purpose. The topic he perpetually adheres to is, that the court offers him a deanery, because they look upon him as a man they cannot trust; which, he says, affects his reputation: that he professes to be as true to the present king, as any person in employment: that he has

* Dr. Dopping was made Bishop of Ossory in 1741, and died the year following. He was uncle to Miss Hamilton, afterward Countess of Ossory. N.

always shown himself so: that he was sacrificed by the tories in the late reign, on account of the dispute in the college, and other matters: that he publicly argues and appears against the same party now, upon all occasions; and expects as little favour from them, if ever they should come into power, as any man now in employment. As to any hints dropped to him of any danger or uneasiness from parliament or visitation, he declares himself perfectly safe and easy: and if it might not affect the society, he should be glad of such inquiries, in order to vindicate himself: that he should like the Deanery of Down full as well, and perhaps better, than the Bishopric of Dromore, provided the deanery was given him in such a manner, and with some mark of favour and approbation, that the world would not think he was driven into it as a man whom the king could not trust; and if any such method could be thought on, he would readily accept it: that he is very sensible he should be much happier in the other station, and much richer, and which weighs with him more, that it would be much for the present interest of the college to be under another head: but that the sense of his own loss of credit prevails with him above all considerations; and that he hopes in some time to convince the world, and the court too, that he has been altogether misrepresented.

This is the sum of his reasoning, by all I could gather after several conversations with him, both alone and with some of his best friends; who all differ from him, as he allows most of his acquaintance do. I am no judge of what consequence his removal may be to the service of the college, or of any favours to be shown it. But, I believe, it would be no difficult matter to find a temper in this affair: for instance (I speak purely my own thoughts) if the prince would graciously please to send a favourable message by his secretary, to offer him the deanery, in such a manner as might answer the pro-

vost's difficulty. I cannot but think your grace might bring such a thing about; but that I humbly leave to your grace.

My lord bishop of Dromore received letters yesterday from your grace, and the bishop of Derry, with an account of his succeeding to Clogher, of which I am sure all parties will be exceeding glad.

I wish your grace a good journey to the Bath, and a firm establishment of your health there. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

Not knowing but your grace might be gone to the Bath, I have mentioned something of the provost's affair, in a letter this post, to my lord bishop of Derry.

TO THE SAME.

MY LORD, *Dublin, March* 22, 1716-17.

YOUR grace's letter was a long time before it reached me; for I was several weeks in the country, despatching the affair of the glebe, which, however, is not yet quite finished. Your grace does rightly conceive the nature of my purchase, and that I am likely to be 200*l.* poorer for it; only I shall endeavour to lose by degrees, which is all I have for it. I shall endeavour, as much as I can, to prevent the evil you foresee of my successors neglecting my improvements, and letting them all go to ruin; I shall take the best advice I can, and leave them to be fools, as well as knaves, if they do so; for I shall make so many plantations and hedges, that the land

will let for double the value; and after all, I must leave something to fortune.

As to what your grace mentions of a practice in the late reign, of engaging people to come into the queen's measures, I have a great deal to say on that subject, not worth troubling you with at present; farther than that I am confident those who pretend to say most of it, are conscious their accusation is wrong: but I never love myself so little as when I differ from your grace; nor do I believe I ever shall do it, but where I am master of the fact, and your grace has it only by report.

I have been speaking much to the provost about the deanery of Derry, or whatever other employment, under a bishoprick, may be designed him upon these promotions. I find Dr. Coghill* has been upon the subject with him, but he is absolutely positive to take nothing less at present; and his argument is, that whatever shall be given him now, beneath the station his predecessors were called to, will be a mark of his lying under the displeasure of the court, and that he is not to be trusted; whereas he looks upon himself to have acted with principles as loyal to the present government, as any the king employs. He does not seem to dislike either the deaneries of Derry or Down, but is persuaded it will reflect upon his reputation; and unless it could be contrived that he might have some mark of favour and approbation along with such a preferment, I believe your grace may be assured he will not accept it. I only repeat what he says to me, and what I believe he will adhere to.

For my own part, who am not so refined, I gave my opinion that he should take what was given him; but

* Marmaduke Coghill, M. D. judge of the prerogative court; afterwards a privy counsellor, chancellor of the exchequer, and a commissioner of the revenue. F.

his other friends differ from me, and for aught I know, they may be in the right; and if the court thinks it of consequence that the present provost should be removed, I am not sure but a way may be found out of saving his credit, which is all he seems to require; although I am confident, that if he were a bishop, the government might be very secure of him, since he seems wholly fallen out with the tories, and the tories with him; and I do not know any man, who, in common conversation, talks with more zeal for the present establishment, and against all opposers of it, than he. The only thing he desires at present in his discourse with me, is, that no proposal of a deanery should be at all made to him, but that he may go on as he is, until farther judgment shall be made of him by his future conduct.

I thought it proper to say thus much to your grace, because I did not know whether you and he perfectly understood each other.

I hear your grace intends this spring for the Bath. I shall pray for the good of the church, that you may then establish your health. I am, with the greatest respect,

Your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

Among other things, the provost argued, that Dr. Foster was promoted to a bishoprick from being a fellow; and therefore he must conclude, that offering him a less preferment, is a mark of displeasure; with which circumstance he is determined not to leave his present station.

TO THE SAME.

MY LORD, *Magherlyn, May* 23, 1717.

YOUR grace's letter of March 23d was brought to me at Trim, where I went a month ago to finish my lease and purchase for my country parish. In some days after, I met my lord bishop of Clogher at Drogheda, by appointment; we went together to Clogher, where he was enthroned, and after three days came to this place, where his lordship is settling every thing against the coming of the new bishop, who is expected here next week. My great business at Clogher was to seduce his lordship to lay out 2000l. in a new house, and for that end we rode about to find a situation. I know not whether I shall prevail: for he has a hankering after making additions to the old one, which I will never consent to, and would rather he should leave all to the generosity of a successor. My notion is, that when a bishop, with good dispositions, happens to arise, it should be every man's business to cultivate them. It is no ill age that produces two such; and therefore, if I had credit with your grace and his lordship, it should be all employed in pushing you both upon works of public good, without the least mercy to your pains or your purses. An expert tradesman makes a few of his best customers answer, not only for those whom he gets little or nothing by, but for all who die in his debt.

I will suppose your grace has heard of Mr. Duncan's death. I am sure I have heard enough of it, by a great increase of disinterested correspondents ever since. It is well I am at free cost for board and lodging, else postage would have undone me. I have returned no answer to any; and shall be glad to proceed with your grace's approbation, which is less a compliment, because

I believe my chapter are of opinion I can hardly proceed without it. I only desire two things; first, that those who call themselves my friends may have no reason to reproach me; and the second, that in the course of this matter, I may have something to dispose of to some one I wish well to.

Some weeks before Mr. Duncan's death, his brother-in-law Mr. Lawson, minister of Galtrim, went for England, by Mr. Duncan's consent, to apply for an adjoining living, called Kilmore, in Mr. Duncan's possession, and now in the crown by his death. I know not his success; but heartily wish, if it be intended for him, that the matter might take another turn: that Mr. Warren, who is landlord of Galtrim, might have that living, and Kilmore adjoining, both not 150*l.* and Mr. Lawson to go down to Mr. Warren's living, in Clogher diocese, worth above 200*l.* But this is all at random, because I know not whether Kilmore may not be already disposed of, for I hear it is in your grace's turn.

I heard lately from the provost, who talked of being in the North in a month; but our Dublin account is, that they know not when the deanery is to be given him. I do not find any great joy in either party, on account of the person, who, it is supposed, will succeed him.* The wrong custom of making that post the next step to a bishoprick, has been, as your grace says, of ill consequence; and although, as you add, it gives them no rank, yet they think fit to take it, and make no scruple of preceding, on all occasions, the best private clergyman in the kingdom; which is a trifle of great consequence when a man's head is possessed with it.

I pray God preserve your grace, for the good of the church and the learned world; and for the happiness of

* Dr. Richard Baldwin. He died in December, 1759.

those whom you are pleased to honour with your friendship, favour, or protection. I beg your grace's blessing; and remain, with the greatest truth and respect, my lord,

Your grace's most dutiful
and most humble servant,
J. SWIFT.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

SIR, *London, June* 15, 1717.

LAST night I received yours of the 5th instant; and since you tell me I am your only correspondent, I think I ought to be the more punctual in my returns, and the more full in what relates to our friends here. You will see by the public prints that Monday next come se'nnight is appointed for the trial of my Lord Oxford, and that no less than six-and-twenty doughty members are appointed to manage it. The lords have likewise settled the whole forms of the proceedings. My lord has asked, that two lawyers more might be added to his counsel: yet is all this but a farce; for there is not a creature living who thinks he will ever be tried; for they publicly own, that they neither have, nor ever had, any evidence; and laugh at impeachments, and attainders, and party gambols; and say, that all people deserve to be so punished, who presume to dispossess the whigs of their indefeasible right to the administration. But since he is not to be tried, the next question is, in what manner he is to be brought off, so as to save the honour of his prosecutors? I think it will be by an act of grace. Others say, it will be by the commons asking more time, and the lords of their party agreeing to refuse it. But as

we are wholly ignorant of their intentions, it is possible neither of these guesses may be right, and that they may keep him yet another year in prison; which my Lord Marlborough seems passionately to desire.

We labour here under all the disadvantages in the world in every respect; for the tide of party runs still very strong every where, but in no place more than in Westminster-hall. Those on this side, whose honour and interest both require that all people, who pay obedience, should be protected, seem to want a capacity to govern; and the similitude of circumstances between the king and the regent, render the latter a firm ally contrary to the natural interest of France. Thus we are secure from any foreign enemy.

I agree with you, that Snape's letter* is really but a letter, and that it is much too short and too slight for such a subject. However, his merit was great, in being the first to give the alarm to his brethren, and setting himself in the front of the battle against his adversaries. In those respects, his letter has had its full effect.

I desire you will be as quick as you can in the assistance you intend Prior; for those who subscribed here are impatient to have their books; and we cannot keep it off much longer, without passing for common cheats. Dr. Arbuthnot, and Mr. Charleton, and I, remember you often. Lady Masham always asks for you very affectionately. By the way, I am perfectly restored to grace there, and am invited to their house in the country. As soon as Lord Oxford's affair is over, I intend to go amongst my friends in the country, not to return hither till about Michaelmas. But if you will direct to me at

* To the Bishop of Bangor, Dr. Hoadley, occasioned by his lordship's sermon preached before the king on March 31, 1717, 'concerning the nature of the kingdom and church of Christ.' B.

my house in town; your letters will be conveyed to me wherever I am. Mr. Rochfort* seems to have a great many good qualities, and I am heartily glad he has met with success. Adieu.

FROM THE SAME.

London, June 18, 1717.

HAVING acquainted you in my letter of last post, that it was the universal opinion the commons would not proceed to the trial of my Lord Oxford, I think myself obliged to tell you, that we begin now to be something doubtful; for the managers, who are twenty-seven in number, strenuously give out, that they shall be ready to proceed on Monday next. Therefore, if you have any thoughts of coming over, let not any thing, which I have said in my last, have any weight with you to alter that resolution. I am wholly taken up with the men of the law, and therefore have nothing to say to you at present upon any public matters. I shall only just trouble you with one word relating to a private affair. My brother is chaplain to Sir Charles Hotham's regiment, which is now ordered to Ireland. If you could find any young fellow, who would buy that commission, my brother thinks his patron (my Lord Carlisle) will easily prevail with my Lord Duke of Bolton for leave to dispose of it. I should be very glad you could find him a chapman.

* Lord chief baron of the exchequer in Queen Anne's reign. See in one of the poetical volumes, "The Country Life," written by the Dean while he was spending part of a summer at the house of George Rochfort, Esq. son of the lord chief baron. N.

FROM THE SAME.

London, July 2, 1717.

I HAVE the pleasure to inform you, that Lord Oxford's impeachment was discharged last night, by the unanimous consent of all the lords present; and, as nearly as I could count, their number was one hundred and six, the Duke of Marlborough, my Lord Cadogan, Lord Coningsby, and a few others of the most violent, having withdrawn themselves before the lords came into Westminster-hall. The acclamations were as great as upon any occasion; and our friend, who seems more formed for adversity than prosperity, has at present many more friends than ever he had before, in any part of his life. I believe he will not have the fewer, from a message he received this morning from the king, by my lord chamberlain, to forbid him the court. You know the prosecution was at first the resentment of a party; but it became at last a ridiculous business, weakly carried on by the impotent rage of a woman, (I mean of my Lady Marlborough) who is almost distracted that she could not obtain her revenge.

I am now going out of town, with an intention to roll about from place to place, till about Michaelmas next. If you write to me, direct to me hither as usual, and your letter will be conveyed to me, wherever I am.

Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Charleton, and Mr. Curry, have dined with me to day, and you have not been forgot. I was in hopes we should have seen you ere this. The doctor says, you wait for the act of grace. Is it so? I hope to see you by next winter.

TO ROBERT COPE, ESQ.*

SIR, *London, July* 9, 1717.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter before I came to town; for I stayed three weeks at Trim after I left you, out of perfect hatred to this place, where at length business dragged me against my will. The archdeacon, who delivers you this, will let you know I am but an ill solicitor for him. The thing is indeed a little difficult and perplexed, yet a willing mind would make it easy; but that is wanted, and I cannot work it up. However, it shall not be my fault, if something be not made of it one time or other; but some people give their best friends reason to complain. I have at a venture put you down among poor Mr. Prior's† benefactors; and I wonder what exemption you pretend to as appears by your letter to Mr. Stewart. It seems you took the thousand pounds a year in a literal sense, and even at that rate I hope you would not be excused. I hope your sheep shearing in the county of Louth hath established your health; and that Dr. Tisdell, your brother of the spleen, comes sometimes and makes you laugh at a pun or a blunder. I made a good many advances to your friend Bolton‡ since I came to town, and talked of you; but all signified nothing; for he has taken every opportunity of opposing me, in the most unkind and unnecessary manner, and I have done with him. I could with great satisfaction pass a month or two among you, if things would permit. The archdeacon carries you all the news, and I need say nothing. We grow mighty sanguine, but my

* A gentleman of learning, good family, and fortune, and a great admirer of Dr. Swift. F.

† Whose poems were then printing by subscription. See p. 175. N.

‡ Dr. Theophilus Bolton. F.

temper has not fire enough in it. They assure me that Lord Bolingbroke will be included in the act of grace; which, if it be true, is a mystery to me.

You must learn to winter in town, or you will turn a monk, and Mrs. Cope a nun; I am extremely her humble servant.

I have ventured to subscribe a guinea for Mr. Brownlowe, because I would think it a shame not to have his name in the list. Pray tell him so.

I doubt whether Mrs. Cope will be pleased with the taste of snuff I sent her.

Present my humble service to your mother and brother: and believe me to be, with great truth and esteem, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

TO BISHOP ATTERBURY.

MY LORD, *Dublin, July* 18, 1717.

SOME persons of distinction, lately come from England, and not unknown to your lordship, have made me extremely pleased and proud, by telling me that your lordship was so generous as to defend me against an idle story that passed in relation to a letter of mine to the archbishop of Dublin. I have corresponded for many years with his grace, though we generally differed in politics, and therefore our letters had often a good mixture of controversy. I confess likewise that I have been his grace's advocate, where he had not many others. About nine months ago I writ a letter to him in London (for in my little station it is convenient there should be some commerce between us;) and in a short time after I

had notice from several friends, that a passage in my letter* was shown to several persons, and a consequence drawn from thence, that I was wholly gone over to other principles more in fashion, and wherein I might better find my account. I neglected this report, as thinking it might soon die; but found it gathered strength, and spread to Oxford and this kingdom; and some gentlemen, who lately arrived here, assured me they had met it a hundred times, with all the circumstances of disadvantage that are usually tacked to such stories by the great candour of mankind. It should seem as if I were somebody of importance; and if so, I should think the wishes not only of my friends, but of my party, might dispose them rather to believe me innocent, than condemn me unheard. Upon the first intelligence I had of this affair, I made shift to recollect the only passage in that letter which could be any way liable to misinterpretation.

I told the archbishop—"we had an account of a set of people in London, who were erecting a new church, upon the maxim that every thing was void since the revolution, in the church as well as the state—that all priests must be reordained, bishops again consecrated, and in like manner of the rest—that I knew not what there was in it of truth—that it was impossible such a scheme should ever pass—and that I believed if the court, upon this occasion, would show some good will to the church, discourage those who ill treated the clergy, &c. it would be the most popular thing they could think of."

I keep no copies of letters, but this, I am confident, was the substance of what I wrote; and that every other line in the letter which mentioned public affairs would

* See Mr. Lewis's letter of Jan. 12, 1716-17. N.

have atoned for this, if it had been a crime, as I think it was not in that juncture, whatever may be my opinion at present; for, I confess, my thoughts change every week, like those of a man in an incurable consumption, who daily finds himself more and more decay.

The trouble I now give your lordship is an ill return to your goodness in defending me; but it is the usual reward of goodness, and therefore you must be content. In the mean time, I am in a hopeful situation, torn to pieces by pamphleteers and libellers on that side the water, and by the whole body of the ruling party on this; against which all the obscurity I live in will not defend me. Since I came first to this kingdom, it has been the constant advice of all my church friends, that I should be more cautious. To oppose me in every thing relating to my station, is made a merit in my chapter; and I shall probably live to make some bishops as poor, as Luther made many rich.

I profess to your lordship, that what I have been writing is only with regard to the good opinion of your lordship, and of a very few others with whom you will think it of any consequence to an honest man that he should be set right. I am sorry that those who call themselves churchmen should be industrious to have it thought that their number is lessened, even by so inconsiderable a one as myself. But I am sufficiently recompensed, that your lordship knows me best, to whom I am so ambitious to be best known. God be thanked, I have but a few to satisfy. The bulk of my censurers are strangers, or ill judges, or worse than either; and if they will not obey your orders to correct their sentiments of me, they will meet their punishment in your lordship's disapprobation; which I would not incur for

all their good words put together, and printed in twelve volumes folio.

I am, with great respect, my lord,
your lordship's most dutiful
and most humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

FROM MR. PRIOR.*

Duke-street, Westminster,
July 30, 1717.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE the favour of four letters from you, of the ninth, thirteenth, sixteenth, and twentieth instant. They all came safe to me, however variously directed; but the last to me at my house in Duke-street, is the rightest. I find myself equally comforted by your philosophy, and assisted by your friendship. You will easily imagine, that I have a hundred things to say to you, which, for as many reasons, I omit, and only touch upon that business, to which, in the pride of your heart, you give the epithet of *sorry*.† I return you the names of those who have been kind enough to subscribe, that you may see if they are rightly spelt, and the just titles put to them, as likewise if it has happened that any has subscribed for more than one volume. You will please to look over the catalogue. You see that our calculation comes even, the gentleman's name that desired it being omitted. I am sensible that this has given you too much trouble; but it is too late now to make an apology. Let Mr.

* Endorsed, "Received Aug. 6, 1717. Answered the same day." N.

† Subscriptions for Mr. Prior's poems, procured by the Dean. The subscription was two guineas. H.

Lewis, who is now with me, do it for me, at what time, and in what manner, he pleases. I take it for granted, that whatever I write, as whatever is writ to me, will be broke open; so you will expect nothing from me, but what you may have as particularly from the postboy. We are all pretty well in health. I have my old whoreson cough, and I think I may call it mine for life. The earl* is *semper idem*. Lord Harley is in the country. Our brotherhood is extremely dispersed; but so as that we have been three or four times able to get as many of the society together, and drink to our absent friends. I have been made to believe, that we may see your reverend person this summer in England: if so, I shall be glad to meet you at any place; but, when you come to London, do not go to the Cocoa-tree (as you sent your letter) but come immediately to Duke-street, where you shall find a bed, a book, and a candle: so pray think of sojourning no where else. Pray give my service to all friends in general. I think, as you have ordered the matter, you have made the greater part of Ireland list themselves of that number. I do not know how you can recompense them, but by coming over to help me to correct the book which I promise them.

You will pardon my having used another hand, since it is so much better than my own; and, believe me ever, with the greatest truth, dear sir, yours,

M. PRIOR.

* Of Oxford

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Aug. 6, 1717.

Two years' retreat has made me taste the conversation of my dearest friend with a greater relish, than even at the time of my being charmed with it in our frequent journies to Windsor. Three of your letters have come safe to my hands. The first about two years since: that my son keeps as a family monument. The other two arrived since the first of July. My heart is often with you, but I delayed writing in expectation of giving a perfect answer about my going to Brampton; but the truth is, the warmth of rejoicing in those parts is so far from abating, that I am persuaded by my friends to go into Cambridgeshire, where you are too just not to believe you will be welcome before any one in the world. The longing your friends have to see you must be submitted to the judgment yourself makes of all circumstances. At present this seems to be a cooler climate than your island is likely to be, when they assemble, &c. Our impatience to see you should not draw you into uneasiness. We long to embrace you, if you find it may be of no inconvenience to yourself.

FROM MR. PRIOR.

Heathrop, Aug. 24, 1717.

Yours, my good friend, of the sixth, finds me in Oxfordshire with the Duke of Shrewsbury, which would sooner have been acknowledged, had I stayed in London. Before I left that pious city, I made due inquiry into the methods and regularity of your correspondence

with the earl.* He has received your letters; he will answer them—but not to day, *sicut olim*. Nothing can change him. I can get no positive answer from him, nor can any man else; so trouble yourself no more on that head than he does. He is still in London, and possibly has answered you, while I am a little arraigning his neglect; but in all cases *liberam animam meam*.

I wish you were in England, that you might a little look over the strange stuff, that I am to give our friends for their money. I shall be angry if you are near and not with me; but when I see you, that weighty question may easily be decided. In the mean time I am taking your good counsel, and will be in the country as much as I can.

You have found two mistakes in the list, but have not corrected them. I presume we shall have it of the best edition, when you send the list back again; of which, I say, no haste is required.

Give my service and thanks to all friends; reserve only to yourself the assurance of my being, beyond expression, friend, yours, &c.

FROM MR. ADDISON.

DEAR SIR, *March* 20, 1717-18.

MULTIPLICITY of business, and a long dangerous fit of sickness, have prevented me from answering the obliging letter you honoured me with some time since: but, God be thanked, I cannot make use of either of these excuses at present, being entirely free both of

* Of Oxford. It

my office* and my asthma. I dare not however venture myself abroad yet, but have sent the contents of your last to a friend of mine (for he is very much so, though he is my successor†) who I hope will turn it to the advantage of the gentlemen whom you mention. I know you have so much zeal and pleasure in doing kind offices for those you wish well to, that I hope you represent the hardship of the case in the strongest colours, that it can possibly bear. However, as I always honoured you for your good nature, which is a very odd quality to celebrate in a man who has talents so much more shining in the eyes of the world, I should be glad if I could any way concur with you, in putting a stop to what you say is now in agitation.

I must here condole with you upon the loss of that excellent man, the Bishop of Derry,‡ who has scarce left behind him his equal in humanity, agreeable conversation, and all kinds of learning. We have often talked of you with great pleasure; and, upon this occasion, I cannot but reflect upon myself, who at the same time that I omit no opportunity of expressing my esteem for you to others, have been so negligent in doing it to yourself. I have several times taken up my pen to write to you, but have been always interrupted by some impertinence or other; and to tell you unreservedly, I have been unwilling to answer so agreeable a letter as that I received from you, with one written in form only; but I must still have continued silent, had I deferred writing, till I could have made a suitable return. Shall we never again talk together in laconic?

* Of secretary of state, which post Mr. Addison resigned on the fourteenth of March, 1717-18, and had a pension granted him of one thousand five hundred pounds a year. H.

† James Craggs, Esq. B.

‡ Dr. St. George Ashe. See Jan. 28, 1715.

Whenever you see England, your company will be the most acceptable in the world at Holland house,* where you are highly esteemed by Lady Warwick, and the young lord; though by none any where more than by, sir, your most faithful and most obedient humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

FROM LORD HARLEY.

April 12, 1718.

His lordship writes to the Dean, "that he hopes to see him at Wimple this year; that Lord Oxford was well, and talked of going into Herefordshire." He adds, "Your sister† is obliged to go to Bath, presents her humble service, and desires you to accept of a little etui. I beg you will not deny me the favour to take the snuff box, which comes along with it, to supply the place of that which was broke by accident some time ago. I am, with true respect,

Your most humble servant and brother,

HARLEY."

* The Dean had lodgings at Kensington in the summer of 1712; and Mr. Addison lived there at the same time, being some years before his marriage with the Countess of Warwick. The famous speaking doctor at Kensington, ridiculed by Swift in the Tatler, was James Ford, who professed the art of curing stammering, and removing other impediments in the speech, and taught foreigners the pronunciation of the English language.

† Lady Harley; so called from her husband being a member with Swift of the club which called themselves brothers. N.

FROM MR. PRIOR.

DEAR SIR, *May* 1, 1718.

A PRETTY kind of amusement I have been engaged in: commas, semicolons, italics, and capitals, to make nonsense more pompous, and furbelow bad poetry with good printing. My friends' letters, in the mean time, have lain unanswered: and the obligations I have to them, on account of the very book itself, are unacknowledged. This is not all; I must beg you once more to transfer to us an entire list of my subscribers, with their distinct titles, that they may, for my honour, be printed at the beginning of my book. This will easily be done by revising the list, which we sent to you. I must pray of you, that it may be exact. The money I receive of Mitford as mentioned in your last.

The Earl of Oxford has not at all disappointed my expectations. He is *semper idem*, and has as much business to do now, as when he was governing England, or impeached for treason. He is still in town, but going in a week or ten days into Herefordshire. Lord and Lady Harley are at the Bath, and as soon as I shall have settled my affairs of the printing press, (sad business! as you very well call it) I shall go into the country to them.

My health, I thank you, is pretty good. My courage better. I drink very often to your health, with some of our friends here; and am always, with the greatest truth and affection, dear sir,

Your obliged and most obedient servant,

M. PRIOR.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, *May* 29, 1718.

I HAVE received yours of the 6th, with the list corrected. I have two colon and comma men. We correct, and design to publish, as fast as the nature of this great or sorry work, as you call it, will bear; but we shall not be out before Christmas, so that our friends abroad may complete their collection till Michaelmas, and be returned soon enough to have their names printed and their books got ready for them. I thank you most heartily for what you have been pleased to do in this kind. Give yourself no farther trouble: but if any gentleman, between this and Michaelmas, desires to subscribe, do not refuse it. I have received the money of Mr. Mitford.

I am going to-morrow morning to the Bath, to meet Lord Harley there. I shall be back in a month.

The Earl of Oxford is still here. He will go into Herefordshire some time in June. He says he will write to you himself. Am I particular enough? Is this prose? And do I distinguish tenses? I have nothing more to tell you, but that you are the happiest man in the world: and if you are once got into *la bagatelle*, you may despise the world. Beside contriving emblems, such as cupids, torches, and hearts for great letters, I am now unbinding two volumes of printed heads, to have them bound together in better order than they were before. Do not you envy me? For the rest, matters continue *sicut olim*. I will not tell you how much I want you, and I cannot tell you how well I love you. Write to me, my dear dean, and give my service to all our friends. Your's ever,

M. PRIOR.

FROM PETER LUDLOW, ESQ.*

September 10, 1718.

I SEND you the enclosed pamphlet by a private hand, not daring to venture it by the common post; for it is a melancholy circumstance we are now in, that friends are afraid to carry on even a bare correspondence, much more to write news, or send papers of consequence (as I take the enclosed to be) that way. But I suppose I need make no apology for not sending it by post, for you must know, and own too, that my fears are by no means groundless. For, your friend Mr. Manley† has been guilty of opening letters that were not directed to him, nor his wife, nor really to one of his acquaintance. Indeed, I own, it so happened, that they were of no consequence, but secrets of state, secrets of families, and other secrets (that one would by no means let Mr. Manley know) might have been discovered; beside a thousand, nay, for aught I know, more than a thousand calamities might have ensued; I need not (I believe) enumerate them to you; but, to be plain with you, no man nor woman would (with their eyes open) be obliged to show all they had to Mr. Manley. These I think sufficient reasons for sending it in the manner I do; but submit them and myself to your candour and censure.

The paper, I believe, you'll find very artfully written, and a great deal couched under the appearance (I own at first) of blunders, and a silly tale. For who, with half an eye, may not perceive, that by the old woman's being drowned at Ratcliff-highway, and not dead

* Of Arsulagh, in the county of Meath, Esq. grandson of the famous Ludlow, who wrote the Memoirs of his own times. F.

† Postmaster general of Ireland, whom Dr. Swift had greatly befriended in Queen Anne's time. D. S.

yet, is meant the church, which may be sunk or drowned, but in all probability will rise again. Then the man, who was followed, and overtaken, is easily guessed at. He could not tell (the ingenious author says) whether she was dead: true! but may be he will tell soon. But then the author goes on (who must be supposed a high churchman) and inquires of a man riding a horseback upon a mare. That's preposterous, and must allude to a great man who has been guilty (or he is foully belied) of very preposterous actions; when the author comes up to him, the man takes him for a robber, or tory, and ran from him, but you find he pursued him furiously. Mark that: and the horse. This is indeed carrying a figure farther than Homer does: he makes the shield or its device an epithet sometimes to his warrior, but never, as I remember, puts it in place of the person; but there is a figure for this in rhetorick, which I own I do not remember; by which we often say, he is a good fiddle, or rather, as by the gown is often meant particular persons. Well then, you find the horse, seeing himself dead, or undone, ran away as fast as he could, and left the preposterous fellow to go afoot. During this their misfortune, the candid author (whom I cannot mention without a profound respect) calls them friends, and means to do them no harm; only inquires after the welfare of the church. Ah! dear sir, this is the true character of the tories. And here I cannot but compare the generosity and good nature of the one, with the sullen ingratitude of the other; we find the horse gone, and they footing it give a surly answer; while the other (though a conqueror) offers his friendship, and asks the question with a "pray inform me."

I have gone, my dear friend, thus far with the paper, to show you how excellent a piece I take it to be, and must beg the favour of you to give me your opinion of

it, and send me your animadversions upon the whole; which I am confident you will not refuse me, when you consider of how great an advantage they will be to the whole earth, who, may be, to this day, have read over these sheets with too superficial an understanding; and especially since it is the request of, learned, sir,

Your most dutiful and obedient humble servant,
SIR POLITICK WOULD-BE.

I submit it to your better judgment (when you make a more curious inquiry into the arcana of this piece) to consider whether, by Sir John Vangs (who you find lives by the water-side) must not be meant the Dutch; since you find too, that he eats bag pudding freezing hot; this may seem a paradox, but I have been assured by a curious friend of mine of great veracity, who had lived many winters in Holland, that nothing is more common than for hot pudding to freeze in that cold country: but then what convinces me that by Sir John the Dutch must be meant, is, that you find he creeps out of a stopperhole, which alludes to their mean origin. I must observe too, that gammer Vangs had an old woman to her son. That's a bob for Glorious.* But I am under great concern to find so hard a sentence past upon poor Swift, because he's little. I think him better than any of them, and hope to see him greater.

* The common appellation in Ireland for King William III. D. S.

FROM MR. PRIOR*.

MY DEAR DEAN, *London, Sept.* 25, 1718.

I HAVE now made an end of what you, in your haughty manner, have called wretched work. My book is quite printed off; and if you are as much upon the *bagatelle* as you pretend to be, you will find more pleasure in it than you imagine. We are going to print the subscribers' names: if, therefore, you have any by you, which are not yet remitted, pray send them over by the next post. If you have not, pray send me word of that too; that, in all cases, I may at last hear from you. The Earl of Oxford has been in town all this summer, is now going into Herefordshire, and says I shall see you very soon in England. I would tell you with what pleasure this would be, if I knew upon what certainty the hopes of it were founded. Write me word of this too; for upon it I would order my matters so, that I may be as much with you as I can; and this you will find no little favour; for, I assure you, we are all so changed, that there is very little choice of such company as you would like; and except about eighteen hundred that have subscribed to my book, I do not hear of as many more in this nation, that have common sense. My cousin Pennyfeather and Will. Phillips drink your health. I cough, but I am otherwise well; and till I cease to cough, *i. e.* to live, I am, with entire friendship and affection, dear sir,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

M. PRIOR.

* On the back of this letter the Dean has written, "Levanda est enim paupertas eorum hominum, qui diu reipublicæ viventes, pauperes sunt, et nullorum magis." N.

FROM MR. ADDISON.

DEAR SIR, *Bristol, Oct.* 1, 1718.

I HAVE received the honour of your letter at Bristol, where I have just finished a course of water drinking, which I hope has pretty well recovered me from the leavings of my last winter's sickness. As for the subject of your letter, though you know an affair of that nature cannot well nor safely be treated of in writing, I desired a friend of mine to acquaint Sir Ralph Gore,* that I was under a pre-engagement, and not at my own choice to act in it, and have since troubled my Lady Ashe with a letter to the same effect, which I hope has not miscarried. However, upon my return to London, I will farther inquire into that matter, and see if there is any room left for me to negotiate as you propose.

I live still in hopes of seeing you in England, and if you would take my house at Bilton† in your way, (which lies upon the road within a mile of Rugby) I would strain hard to meet you there, provided you would make me happy in your company for some days. The greatest pleasure I have met with for some months, is in the conversation of my old friend Dr. Smalridge;‡ who, since the death of the excellent man you mention, is to me the most candid and agreeable of all bishops; I would say clergymen, were not deans comprehended under that title. We have often talked of you; and when I assure you he has an exquisite taste of writing, I need not tell you how he talks on such a subject. I look

* Some time after speaker of the house of commons, and one of the lords justices of Ireland. N.

† A small village in Warwickshire, where Mr. Addison's only daughter long resided, and died in 1797, at a very advanced age. N.

‡ Who had been promoted to the bishopric of Bristol in 1714. N.

upon it as my good fortune, that I can express my esteem of you, even to those who are not of the bishop's party, without giving offence. When a man has so much compass in his character, he affords his friends topics enough to enlarge upon, that all sides admire. I am sure a sincere and zealous friendly behaviour distinguishes you as much as your many more shining talents; and as I have received particular instances of it, you must have a very bad opinion of me, if you do not think I heartily love and respect you; and that I am ever, dear sir,

Your most obedient,
and most humble servant,
J. ADDISON.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR SIR, *London, Oct.* 14, 1718.

THIS serves for an envelop to the enclosed; for I cannot tell whether you care to hear from any of your friends on this side. In your last, I think, you desired me to let you alone to enjoy your own spleen. Can you purchase your fifty pounds a year in Wales as yet? I can tell you, beforehand, Lewis scorns to live with you there. He keeps company with the greatest, and is principal governor in many families. I have been in France: six weeks at Paris, and as much at Rouen; where, I can assure you, I hardly heard a word of news or politics, except a little clutter about sending some impertinent *presidens du parliament* to prison, that had the impudence to talk for the laws and liberties of their country. I was asked for monsieur Swift by many people, I can assure you; and particularly by the Duke

d'Aumont. I was respectfully and kindly treated by many folks, and even by the great Mr. Law.* Amongst other things, I had the honour to carry an Irish lady† to court, that was admired beyond all the ladies in France for her beauty. She had great honours done her. The hussar himself was ordered to bring her the king's cat to kiss. Her name is Bennet. Among other folks I saw your old friend Lord Bolingbroke, who asked for you. He looks just as he did. Your friends here are in good health: not changed in their sentiments toward you. I left my two girls in France with their uncle, which was my chief business. I do not know that I have any

* The contriver of the Mississippi scheme. H.

† The celebrated beauty, Miss Nelly Bennet, on whom these lines were written:

For when as Nelly came to France,
(Invited by her cousins)
Across the Thuilleries, each glance
Killed Frenchmen by whole dozens.

The King, as he at dinner sat,
Did beckon to his hussar,
And bid him bring his tabby cat,
For charming Nell to buss her.

The ladies were with rage provok'd,
To see her so respected:
The men look'd arch, as Nelly strok'd,
And puss her tail erected.

But not a man did look employ,
Except on pretty Nelly;
Then said the Duke de Villeroi,
Ah! qu'elle est bien jolie!

The courtiers all, with one accord,
Broke out in Nelly's praises;
Admir'd her rose, and *lis sans farde*,
Which are your terms *Francoises*. H.

friends on your side, beside Mr. Ford, to whom give my service, and to Dr. Parnell and Mr. Jervis.*

If it be possible for you, obey the contents of the enclosed; which, I suppose, is a kind invitation. The Dragon† is just as he was, only all his old habits ten times stronger upon him than ever. Let me beg of you not to forget me, for I can never cease to love and esteem you; being ever

Your most affectionate
and obliged humble servant,
JO. ARBUTHNOT.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR BROTHER, *London, Dec.* 11, 1718.

For so I had called you before, were it not for a certain reverence I pay to deans. I find you wish both me and yourself to live to be old and rich. The second goes in course along with the first; but you cannot give seven (that is the tythe of seventy) good reasons for either. Glad at my heart should I be, if Dr. Helsham‡ or I could do you any good. My service to Dr. Helsham; he does not want my advice in the case. I have done good lately to a patient and a friend in that complaint of a vertigo, by cinnabar of antimony and castor, made up into boluses with confect of alkermes. I had no great opinion of the cinnabar; but trying it amongst other things, my friend found good of this prescription.

* The very eminent painter.

† The Earl of Oxford. N.

‡ Senior fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and a most eminent mathematician; author of "Lectures on Natural and Ex erimenta Philosophy," and of whom see some pleasantries, in the poetical part of this collection. N.

I had tried the castor alone before, not with so much success. Small quantities of *tinctura sacra*, now and then will do you good. There are twenty lords, I believe, would send you horses, if they knew how. One or two have offered to me, who, I believe, would be as good as their word. Mr. Rowe, the poet laureat, is dead, and has left a damned jade of a Pegasus. I will answer for it, he will not do as your mare did, having more need of Lucan's present, than Sir Richard Blackmore. I would fain have Pope get a patent for life for the place, with a power of putting in Durfey his deputy.

I sent for the two Rosingraves, and examined the matter of fact. The younger had no concern in the note of 20*l*. The elder says, that he thought the 20*l*. due to him, for the pains and some expense he had been at about the young fellow; and his master Bethel, who had given Mr. Rosingrave the elder ten guineas before, thought the same reasonable. He says, he did not take it by way of bribe, but as his due; and did never intend to make use of it but when the young fellow was in circumstances to pay him. The younger Rosingrave was begged and intreated both by Bethel and the young fellow (who would not go without him) to accompany him to Ireland; and did believe that bearing his expenses, which was done by Bethel, was the least he could take. There is one thing in this fellow's paper that I know to be a lie, his being ill used by Rosingrave at Lord Carnarvon's. He sung there, I believe, once or twice for his own instruction or trial; and Lord Carnarvon gave him a guinea. He went some times to hear the music for his improvement. This is what they tell me. However, I have reprimanded the elder Rosingrave for taking the note. When this fellow came first to town, I thought his voice might do, but found it did

not improve. It is mighty hard to get such a sort of a voice. There is an excellent one in the king's chapel; but he will not go. The top one of the world is in Bristol choir: and I believe might be managed; though your Rosingrave is really much improved; so do not totally exclude the young fellow till you have more maturely considered the matter.

The Dragon* is come to town, and was entering upon the detail of the reasons of state that kept him from appearing at the beginning, &c. when I did believe at the same time, it was only a law of nature, to which the Dragon is most subject, *Remanere in statu in quo est, nisi deturbetur ab extrinseco.* Lord Harley and Lady Harley give you their service. Lewis is in the country with Lord Bathurst, and has writ me a most dreadful story of a mad dog that bit their huntsman; since which accident, I am told, he has shortened his stirrups three bores; they were not long before. Lord Oxford presented him with two horses. He has sold one, and sent the other to grass, *avec beaucoup de sagesse.* I do not believe the story of Lord Bolingbroke's marriage, for I have been consulted about the lady; and, by some defects in her constitution, I should not think her appetite lay much toward matrimony. There is some talk about reversing his attainder; but I wish he may not be disappointed. I am for all precedents of that kind. They say the pretender is likely to have his chief minister impeached too. He has his wife prisoner like a ****. The footmen of the house of commons chose their speaker, and impeach, &c. I think it were proper, that all monarchs should serve their apprenticeships as pretenders, that we might discover their defects. Did you ever expect to live to see the Duke of Ormond fighting

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against the protestant succession, and the Duke of Berwick fighting for it? France, in confederacy with England, to reduce the exorbitant power of Spain? I really think there is no such good reason for living till seventy, as curiosity. You say you are ready to resent it as an affront, if I thought a beautiful lady a curiosity in Ireland; but pray is it an affront to say that a lady hardly known or observed for her beauty in Ireland is a curiosity in France? All deans naturally fall into paralogisms. My wife gives her kind love and service, and, which is the first thing that occurs to all wives, wishes you well married.

I have not clean paper more than to bid you adieu.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

March 17, 1718-19.

I HAVE not these several years tasted so sensible a pleasure, as your letters of the 6th of January and 6th of February gave me; and I know enough of the tenderness of your heart, to be assured, that the letter I am writing will produce much the same effect on you. I feel my own pleasure, and I feel your's. The truest reflection, and at the same time, the bitterest satire which can be made on the present age, is this; that to think as you think, will make a man pass for romantic. Sincerity, constancy, tenderness, are rarely to be found. They are so much out of use, that the man of mode imagines them to be out of nature. We meet with few friends; the greatest part of those who pass for such, are, properly speaking, nothing more than acquaintance; and no wonder, since Tully's maxim is certainly true, that friendship can subsist *non nisi inter bonos*. At that age of

life, when there is balm in the blood, and that confidence in the mind, which the innocency of our own heart inspires, and the experience of other men's destroys, I was apt to confound my acquaintance and my friends together. I never doubted but that I had a numerous cohort of the latter. I expected, if ever I fell into misfortune, to have as many, and as remarkable instances of friendship to produce, as the Scythian in one of Lucian's Dialogues, draws from his nation. Into these misfortunes I have fallen. Thus far my propitious stars have not disappointed my expectations. The rest have almost entirely failed me. The fire of my adversity has purged the mass of my acquaintance; and the separation made, I discover, on one side, a handful of friends; but on the other, a legion of enemies, at least of strangers. Happily, this fiery trial has had an effect on me, which makes me some amends. I have found less resources in other people, and more in myself, than I expected. I make good, at this hour, the motto which I took nine years ago, when I was weak enough to list again under the conduct of a man,* of whom nature meant to make a spy, or, at most, a captain of miners; and whom fortune, in one of her whimsical moods, made a general.

I enjoy, at this hour, with very tolerable health, great tranquillity of mind. You will, I am sure, hear this with satisfaction; and sure it is, that I tell it you without the least affectation. I *live*, my friend, in a narrower circle than ever; but I *think* in a larger. When I look back on what is past, I observe a multitude of errors, but no crimes. I have been far from following the advice which Cælius gave to Cicero: *Id melius statuere quod tutius sit:* and I think, may say to myself what Dolabella says in one of his letters to the same Cicero:

* The Earl of Oxford. B.

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Satisfactum est jam a te, vel officio, vel familiaritati: satisfactum etiam partibus, et ei republicæ, quam tu probas. Reliquum est, ubi nunc est respublica: ibi simus potius, quàm, dum illam veterem sequamur, simus in nullâ. What my memory has furnished on this head (for I have neither books nor papers here concerning home affairs) is writ with great truth, and with as much clearness as I could give it. If ever we meet, you will, perhaps, not think two or three hours absolutely thrown away in reading it. One thing I will venture to assure you of beforehand, which is, that you will think I never deserved more to be commended than while I was the most blamed; and, that you will pronounce the brightest part of my character to be that which has been disguised by the nature of things, misrepresented by the malice of men, and which is still behind a cloud. In what is passed, therefore, I find no great source of uneasiness. As to the present, my fortune is extremely reduced: but my desires are still more so. Nothing is more certain than this truth, that all our wants, beyond those which a very moderate income will supply, are purely imaginary; and that his happiness is greater, and better assured, who brings his mind up to a temper of not feeling them, than his who feels them, and has wherewithal to supply them.

"——Vides quæ maxima credis
"Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,
"Quanto devites, &c."*

Which I paraphrased thus, not long ago, in my post-chaise:

Survey mankind, observe what risks they run,
What fancied ills, thro' real dangers, shun;

* Horace, Book I. Epist. i.

Those fancied ills, so dreadful to the great,
A lost election, or impair'd estate.
Observe the merchant, who, intent on gain,
Affronts the terrors of the Indian main;
Tho' storms arise, and broken rocks appear,
He flies from poverty, knows no other fear.
Vain men! who might arrive, with toil far less,
By smoother paths, at greater happiness.
For 'tis superior bliss not to desire
That trifling good, which fondly you admire.
Possess precarious, and too dear acquire.
What hackney gladiator can you find,
By whom the Olympic crown would be declin'd?
Who, rather than that glorious palm to seize,
With safety combat, and prevail with ease,
Would choose on some inglorious stage to tread,
And, fighting, stroll from wake to wake for bread?

As to what is to happen, I am not anxious about it: on which subject I have twenty fine quotations at the end of my pen: but, I think, it is better to own frankly to you, that upon a principle (which I have long established) we are a great deal more mechanical than our vanity will give us leave to allow; I have familiarized the worst prospects to my sight; and, by staring want, solitude, neglect, and the rest of that train in the face, I have disarmed them of their terrors. I have heard of somebody, who, while he was in the Tower, used every morning, to lie down on the block, and so act over his last scene.

Nothing disturbs me, but the uncertainty of my situation, which the zeal of a few friends, and the inveteracy of a great many enemies, entertain. The more prepared I am to pass the remainder of my life in exile, the more sensibly shall I feel the pleasure of returning to you, if his majesty's unconditional favour (the offers of which

prevented even my wishes) proves at last effectual. I cannot apply to myself, as you bid me do;

Non tibi parvum
Ingenium, non incultum est,

and what follows; and, if ever we live in the same country together, you shall not apply to me,

Quod si
Frigida curarum fomenta relinquere posses.

I have writ to you, before I was aware of it, a long letter. The pleasure of breaking so long a silence transports me; and your sentiment is a sufficient excuse. It is not so easy to find one for talking so much about myself; but I shall want none with you upon this score. Adieu.

This letter will get safe to London; and from thence, I hope, the friend, to whom I recommend it, will find means of conveying it to you. For God's sake, no more apologies for your quotations, unless you mean, by accusing yourself, to correct me.

There never was a better application than your's, of the story of Pierochole. Things are come to that pass, the storks will never come; and they must be porters all their lives. They are something worse; for I had rather be a porter than a tool: I would sooner lend out my back to hire, than my name. They are at this time the instruments of a saucy gardner, who has got a gold cross on his stomach, and a red cap on his head.

A poor gentleman, who puts me often in mind of one of Scandal's pictures in Congreve's play of "Love for Love," where a soldier is represented with his heart where his head should be, and no head at all, is the conductor of this doughty enterprise; which will end in mak-

ing their cause a little more desperate than it is. Again adieu.

Let me hear from you by the same conveyance that brings you this. I am in pain about your health. From the 6th of January to the 16th of February is a long course of illness.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

MY LORD, *May* ———, 1719.

I FORGET whether I formerly mentioned to you what I have observed in Cicero; that in some of his letters, while he was in exile, there is a sort of melancholy pleasure, which is wonderfully affecting. I believe the reason must be, that in those circumstances of life, there is more leisure for friendship to operate, without any mixture of envy, interest, or ambition. But, I am afraid, this was chiefly when Cicero writ to his brethren in exile, or they to him; because common distress is a great promoter both of friendship and speculation: for, I doubt, prosperity and adversity are too much at variance, ever to suffer a near alliance between their owners.

Friendship, we say, is created by a resemblance of humours. You allow that adversity both taught you to think and reason much otherwise than you did; whereas, I can assure you, that those who contrived to stay at home, and keep what they had, are not changed at all: and if they sometimes drink an absent friend's health, they have fully discharged their duty. I have been, for some time, nursing up an observation, which perhaps may be a just one; that no men are used so ill, upon a change of times, as those who acted upon a public view, without regard to themselves. I do not mean from the

circumstance of saving more or less money, but because I take it, that the same grain of caution, which disposes a man to fill his coffers, will teach him how to preserve them upon all events. And I dare hold a wager that the Duke of Marlborough, in all his campaigns, was never known to lose his baggage. I am heartily glad to hear of that unconditional offer you mention, because I have been taught to believe there is little good nature to be had from that quarter; and if the offer were sincere, I know not why it has not succeeded, since every thing is granted that can be asked for, unless there be an exception only for generous and good natured actions. When I think of you with a relation to Sir Roger,* I imagine a youth of sixteen marrying a woman of thirty for love; she decays every year, while he grows up to his prime; and when it is too late, he wonders how he could think of so unequal a match, or what is become of the beauty he was so fond of. I am told, he outdoes himself in every quality for which we used to quarrel with him. I do not think, that leisure of life, and tranquillity of mind, which fortune and your own wisdom has given you, could be better employed than in drawing up very exact memoirs of those affairs, wherein, to my knowledge, you had the most difficult and weighty part: and I have often thought, in comparing periods of time, there never was a more important one in England, than that which made up the four last years of the late queen. Neither do I think any thing could be more entertaining, or useful, than the story of it fully and exactly told, with such observations, in such a spirit, style, and method, as you alone are capable of performing it. One reason why we have so few memoirs written by principal actors, is, because much familiarity with great affairs makes men

* The Earl of Oxford. N.

value them too little; yet such persons will read Tacitus and Commines with wonderful delight. Therefore I must beg two things; first, that you will not omit any passage because you think it of little moment: and secondly, that you will write to an ignorant world, and not suppose your reader to be only of the present age, or to live within ten miles of London. There is nothing more vexes me in old historians, than when they leave me in the dark in some passages which they suppose every one to know. It is this laziness, pride, or incapacity of great men, that has given way to the impertinents of the nation where you are, to pester us with memoirs full of trifling and romance. Let a Frenchman talk twice with a minister of state, he desires no more to furnish out a volume; and I, who am no Frenchman, despairing ever to see any thing of what you tell me, have been some time providing materials for such a work, only upon the strength of having been always among you, and used with more kindness and confidence than it often happens to men of my trade and level. But I am heartily glad of so good a reason to think no farther that way, although I could say many things which you would never allow yourself to write. I have already drawn your character at length in one tract, and a sketch of it in another. But I am sensible that when Cæsar describes one of his own battles, we conceive a greater idea of him from thence, than from all the praises any other writer can give him.

I read your paraphrase* with great pleasure; and the goodness of the poetry convinces me of the truth of your philosophy. I agree, that a great part of our wants is imaginary; yet there is a different proportion, even in real want, between one man and another. A king deprived of his kingdom, would be allowed to live in

* Of Horace, see p. 202. N.

real want, although he had ten thousand a year; and the case is parallel in every degree of life. When I reason thus on the case of some absent friends, it frequently takes away all the quiet of my mind. I think it indecent to be merry, or take satisfaction in any thing, while those who presided in councils or armies, and by whom I had the honour to be beloved, are either in humble solitude, or attending, like Hannibal, in foreign courts, *donec Bithyno libeat vigilare tyranno.* My health (a thing of no moment) is somewhat mended; but, at best, I have an ill head and an aching heart. Pray God send you soon back to your country in peace and honour, that I may once more see him *cum quo morantem sæpe diem fregi, &c.*

FROM MR. PRIOR.

DEAR SIR, *Westminster, May* 5, 1718.

SINCE I love you with all the ties of inclination and friendship, and wish you half the happiness of life, health especially, the chiefest, you will pardon me being a little peevish, when I received your's of the twenty-eighth past, which told me I must not expect to see you here, and that you were not perfectly well at Dublin. I hope there is a little spleen mixed with your distemper; in which case your horse may be your physician, and your physician may have the happiness of being your companion; an honour, which many here would envy him. As to the *sang froid* of fifty, who has it not, that is worth conversing with, except Harley and Bathurst? at least, make no more that sort of complaint to me. *Isthæc commemoratio est quasi exprobratio;* for fifty (as Mr. Locke observes) is equal to fifty; and a

cough is worse than the spleen. My bookseller is a blockhead; so have they all been, or worse, from Chaucer's scrivener, down to John and Jacob,* Mr. Hyde only excepted, to whom my books in quires are consigned, and the greatest care taken that they are rightly put up. Several of the subscribers to you, requiring their books here, have had them. I need not repeat my thanks to you, for the trouble this matter has given you; or intreat your favour for Alma and Solomon. I shall perform your commands to the Earl of Oxford, *semper idem;* and drink your health with our friends, which is all I can do for you at this distance, till your particular order enjoins me any thing, by which I may show you, that I am, and desire always to continue, with the greatest truth and regard, sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

M. PRIOR.

FROM THE SAME.

SIR, *Westminster, Dec.* 8, 1719.

HAVING spent part of my summer very agreeably in Cambridgeshire with dear Lord Harley, I am returned without him to my own palace in Duke-street, whence I endeavour to exclude all the tumult and noise of the neighbouring court of requests, and to live *aut nihil agendo aut aliud agendo*, till he comes to town. But there is worse than this yet. I have treated Lady Harriet† at Cambridge; (good God! a fellow of a col-

* John Barber and Jacob Tonson. N.

† Lady Harriot Harley, only daughter of Edward Lord Harley; afterward Duchess of Portland. B.

lege treat!) and spoke verses to her* in a gown and cap! What! the plenipotentiary so far concerned in the damned peace at Utrecht; the man, that makes up half the volume of terse prose, that makes up the report of the committee, speaking verses! *Sic est, homo sum;* and am not ashamed to send those very verses to one, who can make much better. And now let me ask you, how you do? and what you do? How your Irish country air agrees with you, and when you intend to take any English country air? In the spring I will meet you where you will, and go with you where you will; but I believe the best rendezvous will be Duke-street, and the fairest field for action, Wimple;† the lords of both those seats agreeing, that no man will be more welcome to either than yourself.

It is many months since the complaints of my subscribers are redressed, and that they have ceased to call the bookseller a blockhead, by transferring that title to the author. We have not heard from Mr. Hyde; but expect that at his leisure he will signify to Tonson what may relate to that whole matter, as to the second subscriptions. In the mean time, I hope the books have been delivered without any mistake; and shall only repeat to you, that I am sensible of the trouble my poetry has given you, and return you my thanks in plain prose. Earl of Oxford, *pro more suo*, went late into the country, and continues there still. Our friends are all well; so am I, *nisi cum pituita molesta est;* which is at this present writing, and will continue so all the winter. So,

* They are printed in what is called by the editor, Samuel Humphreys, Esq. the third volume of Prior's Works; and are entitled, "Verses spoken to Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles Harley, in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge, Nov. 9, 1719." B.

† The seat of Lord Harley. H.

with weak lungs, and a very good heart, I remain always, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

M. PRIOR.

Service to Matthew Pennyfeather, and all friends. Adieu.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

May 12, 1719.

Je vous fais des complimens sur votre perfection dans la langue Françoise. Il faut vous connoître long temps avant de connoître toutes vos perfections; toujours en vous voyant et entendant, il en paroît des nouvelles, qui étoient auparavant cachées; il est honteux pour moi de ne sçavoir que le Gascon et le Patois, au prix de vous. Il n'y a rien à redire dans l'ortographie, la propriété, l'élégance, le douceur et l'esprit. Et que je suis sot moi de vous repondre en même langage, vous qui êtes incapable d'aucune sottisse, si ce n'est l'estime qu'il vous plaît d'avoir pour moi; car il n'y a point de mérite, ni aucun preuve de mon bon goût, de trouver en vous tout ce que la nature a donné un mortel, je veux dire l'honneur, la vertu, le bon sens, l'esprit, la douceur, l'agrément, et la fermeté d'ame; mais en vous cachant, comme vous faites, le monde ne vous connoit pas, et vous perdez l'éloge des millions de gens. Depuis que j'ai l'honneur de vous connoître, j'ai toujours remarqué que ni en conversation particulière, ni générale, aucun mot a échappé de votre bouche, qui pouvoit être mieux exprimé. Et je vous jure, qu'en faisant souvent la plus sévère critique, je ne pouvois jamais trouver aucun défaut en vos actions, ni en vos paroles: la coquetterie,

l'affectation, la pruderie sont des imperfections que vous n'avez jamais connues. Et avec tout cela, croyez pas vous, qu'il est possible de ne pas vous estimer au dessus du reste du genre humain? Quelles bêtes en jupes sont les plus excellentes de celles, que je vois semées dans le monde, au prix de vous: en les voyant, en les entendant, je dis cent fois le jour; ne parlez, ne regardez, ne pensez, ne faites rien comme ces misérables. Quelle calamite à faire mépriser autant de gens, qui sans songer de vous seroient assez supportables: mais il est temps de vous delasser, et de vous dire Adieu: avec tout le respecte, la sincérité, et l'estime du monde, je suis, et serai toujours.

TO THE BISHOP OF MEATH.*

May 22, 1719.

I HAD an express sent to me yesterday by some friends, to let me know that you refused to accept my proxy, which I think was in a legal form, and with all the circumstances it ought to have. I was likewise informed of some other particulars, relating to your displeasure for my not appearing. You may remember if you please, that I promised last year never to appear again at your visitations;† and I will most certainly keep my word, if the law will permit me: not from any contempt of your lordship's jurisdictions, but that I would not put you under the temptation of giving me injurious

* "Successit Joannas Evans [Episcopus Bangorensis] consecrationis ritibus initiatus, quarto Januarii, 1701; anno 1715 ad Episcopatum Medensum in Hiberniâ translatus." Godwin, de Præsulibus Angliæ. Cantab. 1742, fol. N

† See a subsequent letter on the same subject, July 5. 1721. N.

treatment, which no wise man, if he can avoid it, will receive above once from the same person.

I had the less apprehension of any hard dealing from your lordship, because I had been more than ordinary officious in my respects to you from your first coming over. I waited on you as soon as I knew of your landing. I attended on you in your first journey to Trim. I lent you a useful book relating to your diocese; and repeated my visits, till I saw you never intended to return them. And I could have no design to serve myself, having nothing to hope or fear from you. I cannot help it, if I am called of a different party from your lordship: but that circumstance is of no consequence with me, who respect good men of all parties alike.

I have already nominated a person to be my curate, and did humbly recommend him to your lordship to be ordained, which must be done by some other bishop, since you were pleased (as I am told) to refuse it: and I am apt to think you will be of opinion, that when I have a lawful curate, I shall not be under the necessity of a personal appearance, from which I hold myself excused by another station. If I shall prove to be mistaken, I declare my appearance will be extremely against my inclinations. However, I hope that in such a case, your lordship will please to remember in the midst of your resentments that you are to speak to a clergyman, and not to a footman.

I am, your lordship's most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

MY LORD, *December* 19, 1719.

I FIRST congratulate with you upon growing rich; for I hope our friend's information is true, *Omne solum diti patria.* Euripides makes the Queen Jocasta ask her exiled son, how he got his victuals? But who ever expected to see you a trader or dealer in stocks? I thought to have seen you where you are, or perhaps nearer: but *diis aliter visum.* It may be with one's country as with a lady: if she be cruel and ill natured, and will not receive us, we ought to consider that we are better without her. But, in this case, we may add, she has neither virtue, honour, nor justice. I have gotten a metzotinto (for want of a better) of Aristippus, in my drawing-room: the motto at the top is, *Omnis Aristippum*, &c. and at the bottom, *Tantâ fœdus cum gente ferire, commissum juveni.* But, since what I heard of Mississippi, I am grown fonder of the former motto. You have heard that Plato followed merchandise three years, to show he knew how to grow rich, as well as to be a philosopher: and I guess Plato was then about forty, the period which the Italians prescribe for being wise, in order to be rich at fifty—*Senes ut in otia tuta recedant.* I have known something of courts and ministers longer than you, who knew them so many thousand times better; but I do not remember to have ever heard of, or seen, one great genius, who had long success in the ministry: and recollecting a great many, in my memory and acquaintance, those who had the smoothest time, were, at best, men of middling degree in understanding. But, if I were to frame a romance of a great minister's life, he should begin it as Aristippus has done; then be sent into exile, and employ his leisure in writing the memoirs of

his own administration; then be recalled, invited to resume his share of power, act as far as was decent; at last retire to the country, and be a pattern of hospitality, politeness, wisdom, and virtue. Have you not observed, that there is a lower kind of discretion and regularity, which seldom fails of raising men to the highest stations, in the court, the church, and the law? It must be so: for, Providence, which designed the world should be governed by many heads, made it a business within the reach of common understandings; while one great genius is hardly found among ten millions. Did you never observe one of your clerks cutting his paper with a blunt ivory knife? did you ever know the knife to fail going the true way? whereas, if he had used a razor, or a penknife, he had odds against him of spoiling a whole sheet. I have twenty times compared the motion of that ivory implement, to those talents that thrive best at court. Think upon Lord Bacon, Williams, Strafford, Laud, Clarendon, Shaftesbury, the last Duke of Buckingham; and of my own acquaintance, the Earl of Oxford and yourself, all great geniuses in their several ways; and if they had not been so great, would have been less unfortunate. I remember but one exception, and that was Lord Somers, whose timorous nature, joined with the trade of a common lawyer, and the consciousness of a mean extraction, had taught him the regularity of an alderman, or a gentleman usher. But, of late years, I have been refining upon this thought: for I plainly see, that fellows of low intellectuals, when they are gotten at the head of affairs, can sally into the highest exorbitances, with much more safety, than a man of great talents can make the least step out of the way. Perhaps it is for the same reason, that men are more afraid of attacking a vicious than a mettlesome horse: but I rather think it owing to that incessant envy, wherewith the common

rate of mankind pursues all superior natures to their own. And I conceive, if it were left to the choice of an ass, he would rather be kicked by one of his own species than a better. If you will recollect that I am toward six years older than when I saw you last, and twenty years duller, you will not wonder to find me abound in empty speculations: I can now express in a hundred words, what would formerly have cost me ten. I can write epigrams of fifty distichs, which might be squeezed into one. I have gone the round of all my stories three or four times with the younger people, and begin them again. I give hints how significant a person I have been, and nobody believes me: I pretend to pity them, but am inwardly angry. I lay traps for people to desire I would show them some things I have written, but cannot succeed; and wreak my spite, condemning the taste of the people and company where I am. But it is with place as it is with time. If I boast of having been valued three hundred miles off, it is of no more use than if I told how handsome I was when I was young. The worst of it is, that lying is of no use; for the people here will not believe one half of what is true. If I can prevail on any one to personate a hearer and admirer, you would wonder what a favourite he grows. He is sure to have the first glass out of the bottle, and the best bit I can carve. Nothing has convinced me so much that I am of a little subaltern spirit, *inopis atque pusilli animi*, as to reflect how I am forced into the most trifling amusements, to divert the vexation of former thoughts, and present objects. Why cannot you lend me a shred of your mantle, or why did not you leave a shred of it with me when you were snatched from me? You see I speak in my trade, although it is growing fast a trade to be ashamed of.

I cannot but wish that you would make it possible for me to see a copy of the papers you are about; and I do protest it necessary that such a thing should be in some person's hands beside your own, and I scorn to say how safe they would be in mine. Neither would you dislike my censures, as far as they might relate to circumstantials. I tax you with two minutes a day, until you have read this letter, although I am sensible you have not half so much from business more useful and entertaining.

My letter which miscarried* was, I believe, much as edifying as this, only thanking and congratulating with you for the delightful verses you sent me. And I ought to have expressed my vexation, at seeing you so much better a philosopher than myself; a trade you were neither born nor bred to: But I think it is observed, that gentlemen often dance better than those who live by the art. You may thank fortune that my paper is no longer, &c.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

SIR, *April* 18, 1720.

You would have great reason to be angry with me, if my long silence had been occasioned by any thing but my care of you: for having no safe hand to send by till now, I would not write, for fear it might be construed a sort of treason (misprision at least) for you to receive a letter from one half of a proscribed man. I inquire of every body I see, that I imagine has either seen you or

* He means the letter in p. 205, and which he has endorsed on the back as having miscarried. D. S.

heard from you, how you have your health; for wealth and happiness I do not suppose you abound in; for it is hard to meet with either in the country you are in, and be honest as you are. I thank God our parliament has taken them to task, and finding how ill a use they made of their judicature when they had it, have thought it not fit to trust them with it any longer.* I hope the next thing will be to tax Ireland from hence, and then no more opportunities for bills of attainder, which is very happy; for else young Hopeful† might have been in danger. They were so good and obedient to the powers above, that whether there were reason or not, or (as Prince Butler said,) crime or no crime, the man was condemned, and a price set upon his head.

I want much to hear what you think of Great Britain; for all our relations here want much to see you, where are strange changes every day. You remember, and so do I, when the South Sea was said to be my Lord Oxford's brat, and must be starved at nurse. Now the king has adopted it, and calls it his beloved child; though, perhaps, you may say, if he loves it no better than his son, it may not be saying much: but he loves it as well as he does the Duchess of Kendal,‡ and that is saying a

* The house of peers in Ireland having transmitted to King George I. a long representation, setting forth their right to the final judicature of causes in that kingdom, the house of lords in England resolved, on the eighth of January, 1719-20, on the contrary, that the barons of the Exchequer in Ireland had acted, in the affair of Annesley and Sherlock, with courage, according to law, in support of his majesty's prerogative, and with fidelity to the crown of Great Britain; and a bill was soon after brought in, for securing the dependency of the kingdom of Ireland upon the crown of Great Britain. B.

† The duchess seems to mean the Prince of Wales, afterward King George II. then upon ill terms with his father, and his father's ministers. B.

‡ Erengard Melesina Schuylenburg, Baroness of Schuylenberg in Germany. She was created Duchess of Kendal by King George I. April 30, 1719. B

good deal. I wish it may thrive, for many of my friends are deep in it: I wish you were so too. I believe, by this time, you are very sorry I have met with an opportunity of troubling you with this scrawl: but the strong must bear with the infirmities of the weak: and therefore, brother, I hope you will pardon the impertinences of your poor sister, whose brain may be reasonably thought turned with all she has met with. But nothing will hinder her from being, as long as she lives, most sincerely,

Your very humble servant, and faithful friend,

M. ORMOND.

FROM MR. PRIOR.

SIR, *Westminster, May* 4, 1720.

FROM my good friend the dean I have two letters before me, of what date I will not say, and I hope you have forgot, that call out for vengeance; or, as other readings have it, for an answer. You told me in one of them, you had been pursued with a giddy head: and I presume you judged by my silence, that I have laboured under the same distemper. I do not know why you have not buried me as you did Partridge, and given the wits of the age, the Steeles and Addisons, a new occasion of living seven years upon one of your thoughts. When you have finished the copy of verses which you began in England, our writers may have another hint, upon which they may dwell seven years longer.

Are you Frenchman enough to know how a Gascon sustains his family for a week ?

Dimanche, une Esclanche;
Lundi, froide et Salade;
Mardi, j'aime la Grillade;
Mercredi, Hachée;
Jeudi, bon pour la Capillotade;
Vendredi, Point de Gras;
Samedi, qu'on me casse les os, et les chiens se creveront des restes de mon Mouton.

We can provide such sort of cookery, if you will but send us the *esclanche;* but rather bring it with you, for it will eat much better, when you are in the company.

Lord Oxford has been a twelvemonth in Herefordshire, as far from us, literally, though not geographically, as if he had been with you in Ireland. He has writ no more to us, than if we were still ministers of state. But, in the balance of account, *per contra*, I have Lord Harley at London; and have either lived with him at Wimple, or upon him here, ever since his father left us. I know no reason why you should not expect his picture, but that he promised it to you so often. I wrote to him six months since, and instead of acknowledging my letter, he took a more compendious way of sending a gentleman to Lady Harriot, in Dover-street; and bid him call in Westminster, to know if I had any thing to say to his lord. He was here to a day, when he was sure the scaffold was ready and the ax whetted; and is in Herefordshire, when the consent of all mankind either justifies his ministry, or follows the plan of it. The South Sea Company have raised their stocks to three hundred and fifty, and he has not sixpence in it. Thou art a stranger in Israel, my good friend; and seemest to

know no more of this lord, than thou didst of the *conde de Peterborow*, when first I construed him to thee at the coffee-house.

I labour under the distemper you complain of, deafness: especially upon the least cold. I did not take care of my ears, till I knew if my head was my own or not; but am now syringing, and I hope to profit by it. My cousin is here, and well, and I see him sometimes; but I find he has had a caution, which depended upon his expecting more from court, and is justifiable in a man, who, like him, has a great family. I have given your compliments to my two favourites. We never forget your health.

I have seen Mr. Butler, and served him to the utmost of my power with my *amici potentiores*: though he had a good cause, and a strong recommendation, he trusted wholly to neither of them, but added the greatest diligence to his solicitations.

Auditor Harley thanks you, for remembering him and his singing man.* As to the affair of subscriptions, do all at your leisure, and in the manner you judge most proper; and so I bid you heartily farewell, assuring you, that I am ever most truly your's,

M. P.

Friend Ford salutes you. Adieu.

Richardson, whom I take to be a better painter than any named in your letter, has made an excellent picture of me; from whence Lord Harley (whose it is) has a stamp taken by Vertue. He has given me some of them for you to give to our friends at or about Dublin. I will send them by Tonson's canal to Hyde at Dublin, in such a manner, as that, I hope, they may come safe to you.

* Probably a person recommended to the Dean's cathedral. H.

TO ROBERT COPE, ESQ.

Dublin, May 26, 1720.

If all the world would not be ready to knock me down for disputing the good nature and generosity of you and Mrs. Cope, I should swear you invited me out of malice: some spiteful people have told you I am grown sickly and splenetic; and having been formerly so yourself, you want to triumph over me with your health and good humour; and she is your accomplice. You have made so particular a muster of my wants and humours, and demands and singularities, and they look so formidable, that I wonder how you have the courage to be such an undertaker. What if I should add, that once in five or six weeks I am deaf for three or four days together; will you and Mrs. Cope undertake to bawl to me, or let me mope in my chamber till I grow better? *Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes.* I hunted four years for horses, gave twenty-six pounds for one of three years and a half old, have been eighteen months training him, and when he grew fit to ride, behold my groom gave him a strain in the shoulder, he is rowelled, and gone to grass. Show me a misfortune greater in its kind. Mr. Charleton has refused Wadman's living; why, God knows; and got the duchess to recommend his brother to it; the most unreasonable thing in the world. The day before I had your letter, I was working with Mr. Nutley and Mr. Whaley, to see what could be done for your lad, in case Caulfeild should get the living which Mr. Whaley (the primate's chaplain) is to leave for Wadman's. Because, to say the truth, I have no concern at all for Charleton's brother, whom I never saw but once. We know not yet whether Whaley's pre-

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FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.

Sellbridge, 1720.

Believe me, it is with the utmost regret that I now complain to you, because I know your good nature such, that you cannot see any human creature miserable without being sensibly touched. Yet what can I do? I must either unload my heart, and tell you all its griefs, or sink under the inexpressible distress I now suffer by your prodigious neglect of me. It is now ten long weeks since I saw you; and in all that time, I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuse. Oh! have you forgot me? You endeavour by severities to force me from you. Nor can I blame you: for with the utmost distress and confusion, I beheld myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you: yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare, that it is not in the power of art, time, or accident, to lessen the inexpressible passion which I have for ——. Put my passion under the utmost restraint; send me as distant from you as the earth

will allow, yet you cannot banish those charming ideas which will ever stick by me, while I have the use of memory: nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul; for there is not a single atom of my frame, that is not blended with it. Therefore, do not flatter yourself that separation will ever change my sentiments: I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For heaven's sake, tell me, what has caused this prodigious change in you, which I have found of late. If you have the least remains of pity for me left, tell it me tenderly. No—do not tell it so, that it may cause my present death. And do not suffer me to live a life like a languishing death, which is the only life I can lead, if you have lost any of your tenderness for me.

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If you knew how many little difficulties there are in sending letters to you, it would remove five parts in six of your quarrel. But since you lay hold of my promises, and are so exact to the day, I shall promise you no more, and rather choose to be better than my word than worse. I am confident you came chiding into the world, and will continue so while you are in it. I wonder what Mobkin* meant by showing you my letter. I will write to her no more, since she can keep secrets no better. It was the first love letter I have writ these dozen years; and since I have so ill success, I will write no more. Never was a belle passion so defeated. But the governor, I hear, is jealous; and, upon your word, you have

* Miss Mary Vanhomrigh. See a letter dated Oct. 15, 1720. N.

a vast deal to say to me about it. Mind your nurse-keeping: do your duty, and leave off your huffing. One would think you were in love, by dating your letter August 29, by which means I received it just a month before it was written. You do not find I answer your questions to your satisfaction: prove to me first that it was even possible to answer any thing to your satisfaction, so as that you would not grumble in half an hour. I am glad my writing puzzles you, for then your time will be employed in finding it out: and I am sure it costs me a great many thoughts to make my letters difficult. Yesterday I was half way toward you where I dined, and returned weary enough. I asked where that road to the left led, and they named the place. I wish your letters were as difficult as mine, for then they would be of no consequence, if they were dropped by careless messengers. A stroke ——signifies every thing that may be said to Cad—— at beginning or conclusion. It is I who ought to be in a huff, that any thing written by Cad—— should be difficult to Skinage.

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Is it possible, that again you will do the very same thing I warned you of so lately? I believe you thought I only rallied, when I told you the other night, I would pester you with letters. Once more I advise you, if you have any regard for your quiet, to alter your behaviour quickly, for I do assure you, I have too much spirit to sit down contented with this treatment. Because I love frankness extremely, I here tell you not that I have determined to try all manner of human arts to reclaim you; and if all those fail, I am resolved to have recourse to the black one, which, it is said,

see what inconveniency you will bring both yourself and me into. Pray think calmly of it; is it not much better to come of yourself than to be brought by force, and that perhaps at a time when you have the most agreeable engagement in the world? for when I undertake any thing, I do not love to do it by halves.

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If you write as you do, I shall come the seldomer, on purpose to be pleased with your letters, which I never look into without wondering how a brat that cannot read, can possibly write so well. You are mistaken: send me a letter without your hand on the outside, and I hold you a crown I shall not read it. But raillery apart, I think it inconvenient, for a hundred reasons, that I should make your house a sort of constant dwelling place. I will certainly come as often as I conveniently can; but my health, and the perpetual run of ill weather, hinder me from going out in the morning; and my afternoons are taken up I know not how, that I am in rebellion with a dozen of people beside yourself, for not seeing them. For the rest, you need make use of no other black art beside your ink. It is a pity your eyes are not black, or I would have said the same: but you are a white witch, and can do no mischief. If you have employed any of your art on the black scarf, I defy it, for one reason—guess. Adieu.

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TO THE SAME.

I RECEIVED your letter when some company was with me on Saturday night, and it put me in such confusion that I could not tell what to do. This morning a woman, who does business for me, told me she heard I was in love with one—naming you, and twenty particulars; that little master —— and I visited you; and that the archbishop did so; and that you had abundance of wit, &c. I ever feared the tattle of this nasty town, and told you so: and that was the reason why I said to you long ago, that I would see you seldom when you were in Ireland; and I must beg you to be easy, if, for some time, I visit you seldomer, and not in so particular a manner. I will see you at the latter end of the week, if possible. These are accidents in life that are necessary, and must be submitted to; and tattle, by the help of discretion, will wear off.

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TELL me sincerely, if you have once wished with earnestness to see me, since I wrote to you: no, so far from that, you have not once pitied me, though I told you how I was distressed. Solitude is insupportable to a mind which is not easy. I have worn out my days in sighing, and my nights with watching, and thinking of — who thinks not of me. How many letters shall I send you before I receive an answer? Can you deny me, in my misery, the only comfort which I can expect at present? O! that I could hope to see you here, or

that I could go to you. I was born with violent passions, which terminate all in one, that unexpressible passion I have for you. Consider the killing emotions which I feel from your neglect of me; and show some tenderness for me, or I shall lose my senses. Sure you cannot possibly be so much taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me, and force your inclinations to so great a charity. I firmly believe, if I could know your thoughts (which no human creature is capable of guessing at, because never any one living thought like you) I should find you had often in a rage, wished me religious, hoping then I should have paid my devotions to Heaven: but that would not spare you; for were I an enthusiast, still you would be the deity I should worship. What marks are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by? You are present every where: your dear image is always before my eyes. Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear: at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul. Is it not more reasonable to adore a radiant form one has seen, than one only described?

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

Oct. 15, 1720.

I SIT down with the first opportunity I have to write to you, and the Lord knows when I can find convenience to send this letter; for all the morning I am plagued with impertinent visits, below any man of sense or honour to endure, if it were any way avoidable. Dinners and afternoons and evenings are spent abroad in walking, to keep and avoid spleen as far as I can; so

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Oct. 15, 1720.

I SIT down with the first opportunity I have to write to you, and the Lord knows when I can find conveniency to send this letter; for all the morning I am plagued with impertinent visits, below any man of sense or honour to endure, if it were any way avoidable. Dinners and afternoons and evenings are spent abroad in walking, to keep and avoid spleen as far as I can; so

that when I am not so good a correspondent as I could wish, you are not to quarrel and be governor; but to impute it to my situation, and to conclude infallibly, that I have the same respect and kindness for you I ever professed to have, and shall ever preserve; because you will always merit the utmost that can be given you, especially if you go on to read and still farther improve your mind, and the talents that nature has given you. I am in much concern for poor Mobkin; and the more, because I am sure you are so too. You ought to be as cheerful as you can, for both our sakes, and read pleasant things that will make you laugh, and not sit moping with your elbows on your knees on a little stool by the fire. It is most infallible that riding would do Mobkin* more good than any other thing, provided fair days and warm clothes be provided: and so it would to you; and if you lose any skin, you know Job says, "skin for skin will a man give for his life." It is either Job or Satan says so, for aught you know. I am getting an ill head in this cursed town, for want of exercise, I wish I were to walk with you fifty times about your garden, and then drink your coffee. I was sitting last night with half a score of both sexes for an hour, and grew as weary as a dog. Every body grows silly and disagreeable, or I grow monkish and splenetic; which is the same thing. Conversation is full of nothing but South Sea, and the ruin of the kingdom, and scarcity of money.

* Miss Mary Vanhomrigh; who is mentioned before under this appellation, in a letter of the year 1717. *N.*

FROM SIR THOMAS HANMER.

SIR, *Mildenhall, Oct.* 22, 1720.

I RECEIVED the favour of a letter from you about ten days since, at which time the Duke of Grafton* was at London; but as he was soon expected in the country, and is now actually returned, I thought it best, rather than write, to wait for an opportunity of speaking to him; and yesterday I went over to his house on purpose to obey your commands. I found he was not a stranger to the subject of my errand; for he had all the particulars of the story very perfect, and told me, my Lord Arran had spoke to him concerning it.† I added my solicitations, backed with the reason with which you had furnished me; and he was so kind to promise, he would by this post write to the chief justice: how explicitly or how pressingly I cannot say, because men in high posts are afraid of being positive in their answers; but I hope it will be in such a manner as will be effectual.

If the thing is done, it will be best that the means should be a secret by which it is brought about; and for this reason you will excuse me, if I avoid putting my name to the outside of my letter, lest it should excite the curiosity of the post-office. If this affair ends to your satisfaction, I am glad it has proved to me a cause of hearing from you, and an occasion of assuring you, that I am, sir,

Your very humble servant,

THO. HANMER.

* Charles, whose mother Isabella, daughter of Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, married for her second husband, Sir Thomas Hanmer. H.

† The prosecution of Waters. See the letter from Sir Constantine Phipps, p. 245. H.

TO MR. POPE.*

Dublin, Jan. 10, 1720-21.

A THOUSAND things† have vexed me of late years, upon which I am determined to lay open my mind to you. I rather choose to appeal to you than to my lord chief justice Whitshed, under the situation I am in. For, I take this cause properly to lie before you: you are a much fitter judge of what concerns the credit of a writer, the injuries that are done him, and the reparations he ought to receive. Besides, I doubt, whether the arguments I could suggest to prove my own innocence, would be of much weight from the gentlemen of the long robe to those in furs; upon whose decision about the difference of style or sentiments, I should be very unwilling to leave the merits of my cause.

Give me leave then to put you in mind, (although you cannot easily forget it) that about ten weeks before the queen's death, I left the town, upon occasion of that incurable breach among the great men at court, and went down to Berkshire, where you may remember that you gave me the favour of a visit. While I was in that retirement, I writ a discourse which I thought might be useful in such a juncture of affairs, and sent it up to London; but upon some difference in opinion between me and a certain great minister now abroad, the publishing of it was deferred so long, that the queen died, and I recalled my copy, which hath been ever since in

* This letter Mr. Pope never received. POPE.—Nor did he believe it was ever sent. WARBURTON.

† No piece of Swift contains more political knowledge, more love of the English constitution, and rational liberty, than appears in this celebrated letter; and it is not a little wonderful that Pope should affirm he never received it. WARBURTON.

safe hands. In a few weeks after the loss of that excellent princess, I came to my station here; where I have continued ever since in the greatest privacy, and utter ignorance of those events which are most commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor number of the royal family which now reigns, farther than the prayer book informs me. I cannot tell who is chancellor, who are secretaries, nor with what nations we are in peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any sort of affectation, but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking party zeal.

I had indeed written some memorials of the four last years of the queen's reign, with some other informations, which I received, as necessary materials to qualify me for doing something in an employment then designed me:* but, as it was at the disposal of a person that had not the smallest share of steadiness or sincerity, I disdained to accept it.

These papers, at my few hours of health and leisure, I have been digesting into order by one sheet at a time,† for I dare not venture any farther, lest the humour of searching and seizing papers should revive; not that I am in pain of any danger to myself, (for they contain nothing of present times or persons, upon which I shall never lose a thought while there is a cat or a spaniel in the house) but to preserve them from being lost among messengers and clerks.

I have written in this kingdom, a discourse to persuade the wretched people to wear their own manufac-

* Historiographer. See his "Memorial" in vol. vi. N.

† The History of the four last Years of the Queen, printed in vol. vii. N.

tures, instead of those from England:* this treatise soon spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole nation, except of those gentlemen who had employments, or were expectants. Upon which a person in great office here, immediately took the alarm; he sent in haste for the chief justice,† and informed him of a seditious, factious, and virulent pamphlet, lately published, with a design of setting the two kingdoms at variance; directing at the same time that the printer should be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of law. The chief justice had so quick an understanding, that he resolved, if possible, to outdo his orders. The grand juries of the county and city were practised effectually with to represent the said pamphlet with all aggravating epithets, for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their presentments published for several weeks in all the newspapers. The printer was seized, and forced to give great bail: after his trial the jury brought him in not guilty, although they had been culled with the utmost industry: the chief justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until, being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge, by what they call a special verdict. During the trial, the chief justice, among other singularities, laid his hand on his breast, and protested solemnly that the author's design was to bring in the pretender: although there was not a single syllable of party in the whole treatise, and although it was known that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles, publicly disallowed his proceedings. But the cause being so very odious and unpopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from one term to another, until

* A Proposal for the universal Use of Irish Manufactures, 1720; printed in vol. xii. N.

† Lord Chief Justice Whitshed. N.

upon the Duke of Grafton, the lord lieutenant's arrival, his grace, after mature advice, and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *noli prosequi*.

This is the more remarkable, because it is said that the man is no ill decider in common cases of property, where party is out of the question: but when that intervenes, with ambition at heels to push it forward, it must needs confound any man of little spirit, and low birth, who has no other endowment than that sort of knowledge, which, however possessed in the highest degree, can possibly give no one good quality to the mind.*

It is true I have been much concerned for several years past, upon account of the public as well as of myself, to see how ill a taste for wit and sense prevails in the world, which politics and South Sea, and party, and operas, and masquerades have introduced. For, beside many insipid papers which the malice of some has entitled me to, there are many persons appearing to

* This is a very strange assertion. To suppose that a consummate knowledge of the laws, by which civilized societies are governed, can "give no one good quality to the mind," is making ethics (of which public laws are so considerable a part) a very unprofitable study. The best division of the sciences is that old one of Plato, into ethics, physics, and logic. The severer philosophers condemn a total application to the two latter, because they have no tendency to mend the heart; and recommended the first as our principal study, for its efficacy in this important service. And sure, if any human speculations have this effect, they must be those which have for man their object, as a reasonable, a social, and a civil being. And these are all included under ethics, whether you call the science morality or law. With regard to the common law of England, we may justly apply to it what Tully says of the Law of the Twelve Tables. "Fremant omnes licet, dicam quod sentio: bibliothecas mehercule omnium Philosophorum unum mihi videtur Pandectarum volumen et authoritatis possdere et utilitatis ubertate superare." But the best evidence of its moral efficacy is the manners of its professors; and these, in every age, have been such as were the first improved, and the last corrupted. WARBURTON.

wish me well, and pretending to be judges of my style and manner, who have yet ascribed some writings to me, of which any man of common sense and literature would be heartily ashamed. I cannot forbear instancing a treatise called a Dedication upon Dedications, which many would have to be mine, although it be as empty, dry, and servile a composition, as I remember at any time to have read. But above all, there is one circumstance which makes it impossible for me to have been author of a treatise, wherein there are several pages containing a panegyric on King George, of whose character and person I am utterly ignorant, nor ever had once the curiosity to inquire into either, living at so great a distance as I do, and having long done with whatever can relate to public matters.

Indeed, I have formerly delivered my thoughts very freely, whether I were asked or not; but never affected to be a counsellor, to which I had no manner of call. I was humbled enough to see myself so far outdone by the Earl of Oxford in my own trade as a scholar, and too good a courtier not to discover his contempt of those who would be men of importance out of their sphere. Besides, to say the truth, although I have known many great ministers ready enough to hear opinions, yet I have hardly seen one that would ever descend to take advice; and this pedantry arises from a maxim themselves do not believe, at the same time they practise by it, that there is something profound in politics, which men of plain honest sense cannot arrive to.

I only wish my endeavours had succeeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the ministers to each other. This might have been done, if others who had more concern, and more influence, would have acted their parts; and if this had succeeded, the public interest, both of church and state,

would not have been the worse, nor the protestant succession endangered.

But, whatever opportunities a constant attendance for four years might have given me, for endeavouring to do good offices to particular persons, I deserve at least to find tolerable quarter from those of the other party: for many of which I was a constant advocate with the Earl of Oxford, and for this I appeal to his lordship. He knows how often I pressed him in favour of Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Steele, although I freely confess that his lordship's kindness to them was altogether owing to his generous notions, and the esteem he had for their wit and parts, of which I could only pretend to be a remembrancer. For, I can never forget the answer he gave to the late Lord Halifax, who, upon the first change of the ministry, interceded with him to spare Mr. Congreve. it was by repeating these two lines of Virgil,

Nec obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pœni,
*Nec tam aversus equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab urbe.**

Pursuant to which, he always treated Mr. Congreve with the greatest personal civilities, assuring him of his constant favour and protection, and adding that he would study to do something better for him.

I remember it was in those times a usual subject of raillery toward me among the ministers, that I never came to them without a whig in my sleeve; which I do not say with any view toward making my court; for, the new principles† fixed to those of that denomination,

* "Our hearts are not so cold, nor flames the fire
Of Sol so distant from the race of Tyre." DRYDEN.

† He means particularly the principle at that time charged upon them by their enemies, of an intention *to proscribe the tories.* WARBURTON.

I did then, and do now from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure, as wholly degenerate from their predecessors. I have conversed in some freedom with more ministers of state of all parties, than usually happens to men of my level, and I confess, in their capacity as ministers, I look upon them as a race of people, whose acquaintance no man would court, otherwise than upon the score of vanity or ambition. The first quickly wears off, (and is the vice of low minds, for a man of spirit is too proud to be vain) and the other was not my case. Besides, having never received more than one small favour, I was under no necessity of being a slave to men in power, but chose my friends by their personal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politics then in vogue. I frequently conversed with Mr. Addison, and the others I named (except Mr. Steele) during all my Lord Oxford's ministry: and Mr. Addison's friendship to me continued inviolable, with as much kindness as when we used to meet at my Lord Somers or Halifax who were leaders of the opposite party.

I would infer from all this, that it is with great injustice I have these many years been pelted by your pamphleteers, merely upon account of some regard which the queen's last ministers were pleased to have for me: and yet in my conscience I think I am a partaker in every ill design they had against the protestant succession, or the liberties and religion of their country; and can say with Cicero, 'that I should be proud to be included with them in all their actions, *tanquam in equo Trojano*' But, if I have never discovered by my words, writings or actions, any party virulence,* or dangerous design against the present powers; if my friendship and con

* The Examiners, I suppose, were not then published among the Dean's Works. WARBURTON.

veration were equally shown among those who liked or disapproved the proceedings then at court, and that I was known to be a common friend of all deserving persons of the latter sort, when they were in distress; I cannot but think it hard, that I am not suffered to run quietly among the common herd of people, whose opinions unfortunately differ from those which lead to favour and preferment.

I ought to let you know, that the thing we call a whig* in England, is a creature altogether different from those of the same denomination here; at least it was so during the reign of her late majesty. Whether those on your side have changed or not, it has not been my business to inquire. I remember my excellent friend Mr. Addison, when he first came over hither secretary to the Earl of Wharton, then lord lieutenant, was extremely offended at the conduct and discourse of the chief managers here: he told me they were a sort of people who seemed to think, that the principles of a whig consisted in nothing else but damning the church, reviling the clergy, abetting the dissenters, and speaking contemptibly of revealed religion.

I was discoursing some years ago with a certain minister about that whiggish or fantastical genius so prevalent among the English of this kingdom; his lordship accounted for it by that number of Cromwell's soldiers, adventurers established here, who were all of the sourest leaven, and the meanest birth, and whose posterity are now in possession of their lands and their principles. However, it must be confessed that of late some people in this country are grown weary of quarrelling, because

* On a moderate computation, how many times have whigs and tories changed their principles, or rather their names! When Swift first set out in life, he was as true a whig as Addison. Dr. Warton.

interest, the great motive of quarrelling, is at an end; for, it is hardly worth contending who shall be an exciseman, a country vicar, a crier in the courts, or an under clerk.

You will perhaps be inclined to think, that a person so ill treated as I have been, must at some time or other have discovered very dangerous opinions in government: in answer to which, I will tell you what my political principles were in the time of her late glorious majesty, which I never contradicted by any action, writing, or discourse.

First, I always declared myself against a popish successor to the crown, whatever title he might have by the proximity of blood: neither did I ever regard the right line, except upon two accounts; first, as it was established by law; and secondly, as it has much weight in the opinions of the people. For, necessity may abolish any law, but cannot alter the sentiments of the vulgar; right of inheritance being perhaps the most popular of all topics; and therefore in great changes, when that is broke, there will remain much heart-burning and discontent among the meaner people; which (under a weak prince and corrupt administration) may have the worst consequences upon the peace of any state.

As to what is called a revolution principle,* my opinion was this; that whenever those evils which usually attend and follow a violent change of government, were not in probability so pernicious as the grievance we suffer under a present power, then the public good will justify such a revolution; and this I took to

* A full, short, but solid defence of the principles on which the revolution was built; as the preceding paragraph contains all that can be sensibly urged in favour of hereditary right. This topic he has enlarged upon, and placed in a perspicuous light, in the admirable "Sentiments of a Church of England Man," printed in vol. iii. Dr. Warton.

have been the case in the Prince of Orange's expedition; although in the consequences it produced some very bad effects, which are likely to stick long enough by us.

I had likewise in those days a mortal antipathy against standing armies in times of peace. Because I always took standing armies to be only servants hired by the master of the family, for keeping his own children in slavery. And because I conceived that a prince who could not think himself secure without mercenary troops, must needs have a separate interest from that of his subjects. Although I am not ignorant of those artificial necessities which a corrupted ministry can create, for keeping up forces to support a faction against the public interest.

As to parliaments, I adored the wisdom of that gothic institution, which made them annual,* and I was confident our liberty could never be placed upon a firm

* When King William hesitated about passing the bill for triennial parliaments (for annual seem impracticable and out of the question) and sent down to Sir William Temple, who had retired from public business, to desire he would give him his free opinion on this important measure, Sir William despatched Swift, then a young man, and who lived in his house, with a letter to his majesty, informing him, that the messenger was fully instructed to give him all possible information on the subject. The king listened to Swift with patience and attention, and gave his assent to the bill. As to extending the duration of parliament, in the reign of George I. Dr. Johnson has expressed himself with great emphasis, by saying, "That the sudden introduction of twelve new peers at once by Queen Anne, was an act of authority violent enough, yet certainly legal, and by no means to be compared with that contempt of national right, with which some time afterwards, by the instigation of whiggism, the commons, chosen by the people for three years, chose themselves for seven." He should have said at the instigation of some who called themselves whigs. It is in allusion to this sentiment of Swift, relating to parliaments, that Dr. Stopford, the learned and amiable bishop of Cloyne, thus expresses himself, in a Latin panegyric on Swift: "Incorruptus inter pessimos mores; magni atque constantis animi; libertatis semper stu-

foundation, until that ancient law were restored among us. For, who sees not, that while such assemblies are permitted to have a longer duration, there grows up a commerce of corruption between the ministry and the deputies, wherein they both find their accounts, to the manifest danger of liberty; which traffick would neither answer the design nor expense, if parliaments met once a year.

I ever abominated that scheme of politics, (now about thirty years old) of setting up a monied interest in opposition to the landed. For I conceived, there could not be a truer maxim in our government than this, that the possessors of the soil are the best judges of what is for the advantage of the kingdom. If others had thought the same way, funds of credit and South sea projects would neither have been felt nor heard of.

I could never discover the necessity of suspending any law upon which the liberty of the most innocent persons depended: neither do I think this practice has made the taste of arbitrary power so agreeable, as that we should desire to see it repeated. Every rebellion subdued, and plot discovered, contribute to the firmer establishment of the prince: In the latter case the knot of conspirators is entirely broken, and they are to begin their work anew under a thousand disadvantages; so that those diligent inquiries into remote and problematical guilt, with a new power of enforcing them by chains and dungeons to every person whose face a minister thinks fit to dislike, are not only opposite to that maxim, which declares it better that ten guilty men should escape, than one innocent suffer; but likewise leave a

diosus, atque nostri reipublicæ status, a Gothis quandam sapienter instituti, laudator perpetuus, propugnator acerrimus. Cujus tamen formam, ambitu et largitione adeo fœdatam, ut vix nunc dignosci possit, sæpius indignabundus ploravit." Dr. Warton.

gate wide open to the whole tribe of informers, the most accursed, and prostitute, and abandoned race, that God ever permitted to plague mankind.

It is true the Romans had a custom of choosing a dictator, during whose administration the power of other magistrates was suspended; but this was done upon the greatest emergencies; a war near their doors, or some civil dissension: for, armies must be governed by arbitrary power. But when the virtue of that commonwealth gave place to luxury and ambition, this very office of dictator became perpetual in the persons of the Cæsars and their successors, the most infamous tyrants that have any where appeared in story.

These are some of the sentiments I had, relating to public affairs, while I was in the world; what they are at present, is of little importance either to that or myself; neither can I truly say I have any at all, or if I had, I dare not venture to publish them: for, however orthodox they may be while I am now writing, they may become criminal enough to bring me into trouble before midsummer. And indeed, I have often wished for some time past, that a political catechism might be published by authority four times a year, in order to instruct us how we are to speak, write, and act during the current quarter. I have by experience felt the want of such an instructor: For, intending to make my court to some people on the prevailing side, by advancing certain old whiggish principles, which it seems had been exploded about a month before, I have passed for a disaffected person. I am not ignorant how idle a thing it is, for a man in obscurity to attempt defending his reputation as a writer, while the spirit of faction has so universally possessed the minds of men, that they are not at leisure to attend to any thing else. They will just give themselves time to libel and accuse me, but cannot

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spare a minute to hear my defence. So, in a plot-discovering age, I have often known an innocent man seized and imprisoned, and forced to lie several months in chains, while the ministers were not at leisure to hear his petition, until they had prosecuted and hanged the number they proposed.

All I can reasonably hope for by this letter, is to convince my friends, and others who are pleased to wish me well, that I have neither been so ill a subject, nor so stupid an author, as I have been represented by the virulence of libellers: whose malice has taken the same train in both, by fathering dangerous principles in government upon me, which I never maintained, and insipid productions which I am not capable of writing. For, however I may have been soured by personal ill treatment, or by melancholy prospects for the public, I am too much a politician to expose my own safety by offensive words.* And if my genius and spirit be sunk by increasing years, I have at least discretion enough left, not to mistake the measure of my own abilities, by attempting subjects where those talents are necessary, which perhaps I may have lost with my youth.

* Swift, in one sentence only of his admirable "Sentiments of a Church of England Man," demolished the slavish and absurd doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance. "Many of the clergy," says he, "and other learned men, mistook the object to which passive obedience was due. By the supreme magistrate is properly understood the legislative power, which in all governments must be absolute and unlimited. But the word magistrate seeming to denote a single person, and to express the executive power, it came to pass, that the obedience due to the legislature was, for want of knowing or considering this easy distinction, misapplied to the administration." Dr. Warton.

FROM SIR CONSTANTINE PHIPPS.

SIR, *Ormond-street, Jan.* 14, 1720-21.

HAVING been a little indisposed, I went at Christmas into the country, which prevented me from sooner acknowledging the favour of your letter. As to Water's* case, I was informed of it; and the last term I spoke to Mr. Attorney General† about it; but he told me, he could not grant a writ of error in a criminal case, without direction from the king; so that Waters is not likely to have much relief from hence, and therefore I am glad you have some hopes it will drop in Ireland. I think the chief justice‡ should have that regard to his own reputation, to let it go off so; for I believe the oldest man alive, or any law-book, cannot give any instance of such a proceeding. I was informed who was aimed at by the prosecution, which made me very zealous in it; which I shall be in every thing, wherein I can be serviceable to that gentleman, for whom nobody has a greater esteem, than

Your most faithful humble servant,

CON. PHIPPS.

* Dr. Swift's printer; who was prosecuted for printing "A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures," written in 1720. The Dean, in his letter to Pope, dated Jan. 10, 1721, says that the jury, which tried him, had been culled with the utmost industry; but that, notwithstanding, they brought him in not guilty: that Whitshed, the judge, sent them out nine times, and kept them eleven hours, till, being tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge by a special verdict. The Duke of Grafton, lord lieutenant, soon after, upon mature advice and permission from England, granted a *noli prosequi*. H.

† Sir Robert Raymond. B.

‡ Whitshed. H.

FROM MR. PRIOR.

DEAR SIR, *Westminster, Feb.* 28, 1720-21.

If I am to chide you for not writing to me, or beg your pardon that I have not writ to you, is a question; for our correspondence has been so long interrupted, that I swear I do not know which of us wrote last. In all cases, I assure you of my continual friendship, and kindest remembrance of you; and with great pleasure, expect the same from you. I have been ill this winter. Age, I find, comes on: and the cough does not diminish.—

Non sum qualis eram bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ——Pass for that.

I am tired with politics, and lost in the South Sea. The roaring of the waves, and the madness of the people, were justly put together. I can send you no sort of news, that holds either connexion or sense. It is all wilder than St. Antony's dream; and the bagatelle is more solid than any thing, that has been endeavoured here this year. Our old friend Oxford is not well, and continues in Herefordshire. John of Bucks* died last night, and Coningsby† was sent last night to the Tower. I frequently drink your health with Lord Harley, who is always the same good man, and grows daily more beloved as more universally known. I do so too with our honest good natured friend Ford, whom I love for many good reasons, and particularly for that he loves you.

As to the subscriptions, in which I have given you a great deal of trouble already, to make the rest of that

* John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire. B.

† Thomas, Earl of Coningsby, so created by King George I. in 1719. B.

trouble less, I desire you to send the enclosed letter to Mr. Hyde, that he may raze out the names of those gentlemen who have taken out their books, and take what convenient care he can of the remaining books. And as to the pecuniary part, I find no better way than that you will remit it, as you did the former sum, by bill of exchange. Mr. Ford likewise judges this the best and securest method.

How do you do as to your health? Are we to see you this summer? Answer me these questions. Give my service to all friends, and believe me to be ever, with great truth and esteem, dear sir,

Your's, M. PRIOR.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, *Westminster, April* 25, 1721.

I KNOW very well, that you can write a good letter, if you have a mind to it; but that is not the question. A letter from you sometimes is what I desire. Reserve your tropes and periods for those you love less; and let me hear how you do, in whatever humour you are; whether lending your money to the butchers, protecting the weavers, treating the women, or construing *propria quæ maribus* to the country curate. You and I are so established authors, that we may write what we will, without fear of censure; and if we have not lived long enough to prefer the *bagatelle* to any thing else, we deserved to have had our brains knocked out ten years ago.

I have received the money punctually of Mr. Dan. Hays, have his receipt, and hereby return you all the thanks, that your friendship in that affair ought to

claim, and your generosity does contemn. There is one turn for you: good.

The man you mentioned in your last has been in the country these two years, very ill in his health, and has not for many months been out of his chamber; yet what you observe of him is so true, that his sickness is all counted for policy, that he will not come up, till the public distractions force somebody or other, (whom, God knows) who will oblige somebody else to send for him in open triumph, and set him in *statu quo prius*. That in the mean time, he has foreseen all that has happened; checkmated all the ministry; and to divert himself at his leisure hours, he has laid all those lime twigs for his neighbour Coningsby,* that keep that precious bird in the cage, out of which himself slipped so cunningly and easily.

Things, and the way of men's judging them vary so much here, that it is impossible to give you any just account of some of our friends' actions. *Roffen*† is more than suspected to have given up his party, as Sancho did his subjects, for so much a head, *l'un portant l'autre*. His cause, therefore, which is something originally like that of Lutrin, is opposed or neglected by his ancient friends, and openly sustained by the ministry. He cannot be lower in the opinion of most men, than he is; and I wish our friend Harcourt were higher than he is.

Our young Harley's vice is no more covetousness, than plainness of speech is that of his cousin Tom. His lordship is really *amabilis*, and lady *Harriette*, *adoranda*.

I tell you no news, but that the whole is a complication of mistakes in policy, and of knavery in the execu-

* See p. 246. N.

† Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. N.

tion of it: of the ministers I speak, for the most part, as well ecclesiastical as civil. This is all the truth I can tell you, except one, which I am sure you receive very kindly, that I am ever

Your friend and your servant,

M. PRIOR.

Friend Shelton, commonly called Dear Dick, is with me. We drink your health. Adieu.

TO [STELLA] MRS. JOHNSON.*

Deanery-house, Sunday morning, April 30, 1721.

JACK GRATTAN said nothing to me of it till last night; it is none of my fault: how did I know but you were to dine abroad? You should have sent your messenger sooner; yes, I think the dinner you provided for yourselves may do well enough here, but pray send it soon. I wish you would give a body more early warning; but you must blame yourselves. Delany says he will come in the evening; and for aught I know Sheridan may be here at dinner: which of you was it that undertook this frolick? Your letter hardly explained your meaning, but at last I found it. Pray do not serve me these tricks often. You may be sure, if there be a good bottle you shall have it. I am sure I never refused you, and therefore that reflection might have been spared. Pray be more positive in your answer to this.

Margoose,† and not *Mergoose*; it is spelt with an *a*, simpleton.

* Indorsed by Mrs. Jonhson; "An answer to no letter." N.

† The name of a species of strong wine. A similar word is used in an epilogue, ascribed to the Dean, in the Gulliveriana, p. 64.

No, I am pretty well after my walk. I am glad the archdeacon* got home safe, and I hope you took care of him. It was his own fault; how could I know where he was? and he could have easily overtaken me; for I walked softly on purpose; I told Delany I would.

TO THE REV. MR. WALLIS.

SIR, *Dublin, May* 18, 1721.

I HAD your letter, and the copy of the bishop's circular enclosed, for which I thank you; and yet I will not pretend to know any thing of it, and hope you have not told any body what you did. I should be glad enough to be at the visitation, not out of any love to the business or the person, but to do my part in preventing any mischief. But in truth my health will not suffer it; and you, who are to be my proxy, may safely give it upon your veracity. I am confident the bishop would not be dissatisfied with wanting my company, and yet he may give himself airs when he finds I am not there. I now employ myself in getting you a companion to cure your spleen.

I am,

Your faithful humble servant,

J. S.

"And with richest *margoux* to wash down a tit-bit."
Dr. Bramston, in his "Crooked Sixpence," talks of
"Chatteau, margout, or the renown'd pontack."
And Dr. Dunkin, vol. II. p. 211, after deprecating bumpers, adds,
"O raise not the fury of potent margouze!" N.

* Archdeacon Walls. N.

TO THE BISHOP OF MEATH.*

MY LORD, *July 5*, 1721.

I HAVE received an account of your lordship's refusing to admit my proxy at your visitation,† with several circumstances of personal reflections on myself, although my proxy attested my want of health; to confirm which, and to lay before you the the justice and christianity of your proceeding, above a hundred persons of quality and distinction can witness, that since Friday the 26th of May, I have been tormented with an ague, in as violent a manner as possible, which still continues, and forces me to take use of another hand in writing to you. At the same time, I must be plain to tell you, that if this accident had not happened, I should have used all endeavours to avoid your visitation, upon the public promise I made you three years ago, and the motives which occasioned it; because I was unwilling to hear any more very injurious treatment and appellations given to my brethren or myself; and by the grace of God, I am still determined to absent myself on the like occasion, as far as I can possibly be dispensed with by any law, while your lordship is in that diocese, and I a member of it. In which resolution I could not conceive but your lordship would be easy; because, although my presence might possibly contribute to your real (at least future) interest, I was sure it could not to your present satisfaction.

If I had had the happiness to have been acquainted with any one clergyman in the diocese, of your lordship's principles, I should have desired him to represent me, with hopes of better success: but I wish you would

* Dr. Evans. N.

† See the preceding letter to Mr. Wallis. N.

sometimes think it convenient to distinguish men as well as principles; and not to look upon every person, who happens to owe you canonical obedience, as if ——.*

I have the honour to be ordinary over a considerable number of as eminent divines as any in this kingdom, who owe me the same obedience, as I owe to your lordship, and are equally bound to attend my visitation; yet neither I, nor any of my predecessors, to my knowledge, did ever refuse a regular proxy.

I am only sorry that you, who are of a country famed for good nature, have found a way to unite the hasty passion of your own countrymen,† with the long, sedate resentment of a Spaniard: but I have an honourable hope, that this proceeding has been more owing to party, than complexion. I am,

My lord,

Your lordship's most humble servant.

TO VANESSA.

Gallstown, near Kinnegad, July 5, 1721.

It was not convenient, hardly possible, to write to you before now, though I had a more than ordinary desire to do it, considering the disposition I found you in last; though I hope I left you in a better. I must here beg you to take more care of your health by company and exercise, or else the spleen will get the better of you, than which there is not a more foolish or troublesome disease, and what you have no pretences to in the world, if all the advantages of life can be any defence against

* The remainder of the paragraph he has left to the bishop's conjecture. N.

† The bishop was a Welshman D. S

in Cadenus —— assures me, he continues to esteem, and love, and value you above all things, and so will do to the end of his life; but at the same time entreats that you would not make yourself or him unhappy by imaginations. The wisest men of all ages have thought it the best course to seize the minutes as they fly, and to make every innocent action an amusement. If you knew how I struggle for a little health, what uneasiness I am at in riding and walking, and refraining from every thing agreeable to my taste, you would think it but a small thing take a coach now and then, and to converse with fools or impertinents, to avoid spleen and sickness. Without health you will lose all desire of drinking coffee, and be so low as to have no spirits. Pray write to me cheerfully, without complaints or expostulations, or else Cadenus shall know it, and punish you. What is this world without being as easy in it as prudence and fortune can make us? I find it every day more silly and insignificant, and I conform myself to it for my own ease. I am here as deeply employed in other folks' plantations and ditches, as if they were my own concern; and think of my absent friends with delight, and hopes of seeing them happy, and of being happy with them. Shall you, who have so much honour and good sense, act otherwise, to make Cad—— and yourself miserable? Settle your affairs, and quit this scoundrel island, and things will be as you desire. I can say no more, being called away. *Mais soyez assurée que jamais personne au monde n'a été aimée, éstimée, adorée par votre ami que vous.* I have drunk no coffee since I left you, nor intend it till I see you again: there is none worth drinking but yours, if myself may be the judge. Adieu.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

July 28, 1721.

I NEVER was so angry in all my life, as I was with you last week, on the receipt of your letter of the 19th of June. The extreme pleasure it gave me takes away all the excuses which I had invented for your long neglect. I design to return my humble thanks to those men of eminent gratitude and integrity, the weavers and the judges, and earnestly to intreat them, instead of tossing you in the person of your proxy, who had need to have iron ribs to endure all the drubbings you will procure him, to toss you in your proper person, the next time you offend, by going about to talk sense or to do good to the rabble. Is it possible, that one of your age and profession should be ignorant, that this monstrous beast has passions to be moved, but no reason to be appealed to; and that plain truth will influence half a score men at most in a nation, or an age, while mystery will lead millions by the nose?

Dear Jonathan, since you cannot resolve to write as you preach, what public authority allows, what councils and senates have decided to be orthodox, instead of what private opinion suggests, leave off instructing the citizens of Dublin. Believe me, there is more pleasure, and more merit too, in cultivating friendship, than in taking care of the state. Fools and knaves are generally best fitted for the last; and none but men of sense and virtue are capable of the other. How comes it then to pass, that you, who have sense, though you have wit and virtue, though you have kept bad company in your time, should be so surprised that I continue to write to you, and expect to hear from you, after seven years absence?

Anni prædantur euntes, say you; and time will lop off my luxuriant branches: perhaps it will be so. But I have put the pruning-hook into a hand, which works hard to leave the other as little to do of that kind as may be. Some superfluous twigs are every day cut; and as they lessen in number, the bough, which bears the golden fruit of friendship, shoots, swells, and spreads.

Our friend told you what he heard, and what was commonly said, when he told you that I had taken the fancy of growing rich. If I could have resolved to think two minutes a day about stocks, to flatter Law* half an hour a week, or to have any obligation to people I neither loved nor valued, certain it is that I might have gained immensely. But not caring to follow the many bright examples of these kinds, which France furnished, and which England sent us over, I turned the little money I had of my own, without being let into any secret, very negligently: and if I have secured enough to content me, it is because I was soon contented. I am sorry to hear you confess, that the love of money has got into your head. Take care, or it will, ere long, sink into your heart, the proper seat of passions. Plato, whom you cite, looked upon riches, and the other advantages of fortune, to be desirable; but he declared, as you have read in *Diogenes Laertius: Ea et si non affluerint, nihilominus tamen beatum fore sapientem.* You may think it, perhaps, hard to reconcile his two journies into Sicily with this maxim, especially since he got fourscore talents of the tyrant. But I can assure you, that he went to the elder Dionysius only to buy books, and to the younger only to borrow a piece of ground, and a num-

* The projector of the Mississippi scheme in France, which produced the South sea scheme here; and of whose very interesting history a full account may be seen in the History of Leicestershire, vol. iii. p. 487. N.

ber of men, women, and children to try his Utopia. Aristippus was in Sicily at the same time; and there passed some billingsgate between these reverend persons. This philosopher had a much stronger fancy to grow rich than Plato: he flattered, he cracked jests and danced over a stick to get some of the Sicilian gold; but still even he took care, *sibi res, non se rebus submittere.* And I remember, with great edification, how he reproved one of his catechumens, who blushed, and shrunk back, when his master showed him the way to the bawdy-house. *Non ingredi turpe est, sed egredi non posse turpe est.* The conclusion of all this is; *un honnete homme* ought to have *cent mille livres, de rente,* if you please; but a wise man will be happy with the hundredth part. Let us not refuse riches when they offer themselves; but let us give them no room in our heads or our hearts. Let us enjoy wealth, without suffering it to become necessary to us. And, to finish with one of Seneca's quaint sentences: "Let us place it so, that fortune may take it without tearing it from us." The passage you mention does follow that which I quoted to you, and the advice is good. Solon thought so; nay, he went farther: and you remember the reason he gave for sitting in the council of Pisistratus, whom he had done his utmost to oppose; and who, by the way, proved a very good prince. But the epistle is not writ by Cicero, as you seem to think. It is, if I mistake not, an epistle of Dolabella to him. Cato, you say, would not be of the same mind. Cato is a most venerable name, and Dolabella was but a scoundrel with wit and valour; and yet there is better sense, nay, there is more virtue, in what Dolabella advises, than in the conduct of Cato. I must own my weakness to you. This Cato, so sung by Lucan in every page, and so much better sung by Virgil in half a line, strikes me with no great respect. When I

see him painted in all the glorious colours which eloquence fur——, I call to mind that image of him, which Tully gives in one of his letters to Atticus, or to somebody else; where he says, that having a mind to keep a debate from coming on in the senate, they made Cato rise to speak, and that he talked till the hour of proposing matters was over. Tully insinuates, that they often made this use of him. Does not the moving picture shift? Do you not behold Clarke of Taunton Dean, in the gown of a Roman senator, sending out the members to piss? The censor used sharp medicines; but, in his time, the patient had strength to bear them. The second Cato inherited this receipt without his skill; and like a true quack, he gave the remedy, because it was his only one, though it was too late. He hastened the patient's death: he not only hastened it, he made it more convulsive and painful.

The condition of your wretched country is worse than you represent it to be. The healthful Indian follows his master, who died of sickness, to the grave; but I much doubt, whether those charitable legislators exact the same, when the master is a lunatic, and cuts his own throat. I mourn over Ireland with all my heart, but I pity you more. In reading your letter, I feel your pulse; and I judge of your distemper as surely by the figures into which you cast your ink, as the learned doctor at "The hand and urinal"* could do, if he pored over your water. You are really in a very bad way. You say your memory declines: I believe it does, since you forget your friends, and since repeated importunity can hardly draw a token of remembrance from you. There are bad airs for the mind, as well as the body: and what do you imagine that Plato, since you have

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No, I am pretty well after my walk. I am glad the archdeacon* got home safe, and I hope you took care of him. It was his own fault; how could I know where he was? and he could have easily overtaken me; for I walked softly on purpose; I told Delany I would.

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Our friend told you what he heard, and what was commonly said, when he told you that I had taken the fancy of growing rich. If I could have resolved to think two minutes a day about stocks, to flatter Law* half an hour a week, or to have any obligation to people I neither loved nor valued, certain it is that I might have gained immensely. But not caring to follow the many bright examples of these kinds, which France furnished, and which England sent us over, I turned the little money I had of my own, without being let into any secret, very negligently: and if I have secured enough to content me, it is because I was soon contented. I am sorry to hear you confess, that the love of money has got into your head. Take care, or it will, ere long, sink into your heart, the proper seat of passions. Plato, whom you cite, looked upon riches, and the other advantages of fortune, to be desirable; but he declared, as you have read in *Diogenes Laertius: Ea et si non affluerint, nihilominus tamen beatum fore sapientem.* You may think it, perhaps, hard to reconcile his two journies into Sicily with this maxim, especially since he got fourscore talents of the tyrant. But I can assure you, that he went to the elder Dionysius only to buy books, and to the younger only to borrow a piece of ground, and a num-

* The projector of the Mississippi scheme in France, which produced the South sea scheme here; and of whose very interesting history a full account may be seen in the History of Leicestershire, vol. iii. p. 487. N.

ber of men, women, and children to try his Utopia. Aristippus was in Sicily at the same time; and there passed some billingsgate between these reverend persons. This philosopher had a much stronger fancy to grow rich than Plato: he flattered, he cracked jests and danced over a stick to get some of the Sicilian gold; but still even he took care, *sibi res, non se rebus submittere.* And I remember, with great edification, how he reproved one of his catechumens, who blushed, and shrunk back, when his master showed him the way to the bawdy-house. *Non ingredi turpe est, sed egredi non posse turpe est.* The conclusion of all this is; *un honnete homme* ought to have *cent mille livres, de rente,* if you please; but a wise man will be happy with the hundredth part. Let us not refuse riches when they offer themselves; but let us give them no room in our heads or our hearts. Let us enjoy wealth, without suffering it to become necessary to us. And, to finish with one of Seneca's quaint sentences: "Let us place it so, that fortune may take it without tearing it from us." The passage you mention does follow that which I quoted to you, and the advice is good. Solon thought so; nay, he went farther: and you remember the reason he gave for sitting in the council of Pisistratus, whom he had done his utmost to oppose; and who, by the way, proved a very good prince. But the epistle is not writ by Cicero, as you seem to think. It is, if I mistake not, an epistle of Dolabella to him. Cato, you say, would not be of the same mind. Cato is a most venerable name, and Dolabella was but a scoundrel with wit and valour; and yet there is better sense, nay, there is more virtue, in what Dolabella advises, than in the conduct of Cato. I must own my weakness to you. This Cato, so sung by Lucan in every page, and so much better sung by Virgil in half a line, strikes me with no great respect. When I

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The condition of your wretched country is worse than you represent it to be. The healthful Indian follows his master, who died of sickness, to the grave; but I much doubt, whether those charitable legislators exact the same, when the master is a lunatic, and cuts his own throat. I mourn over Ireland with all my heart, but I pity you more. In reading your letter, I feel your pulse; and I judge of your distemper as surely by the figures into which you cast your ink, as the learned doctor at "The hand and urinal"* could do, if he pored over your water. You are really in a very bad way. You say your memory declines: I believe it does, since you forget your friends, and since repeated importunity can hardly draw a token of remembrance from you. There are bad airs for the mind, as well as the body: and what do you imagine that Plato, since you have

* The sign of a noted quack in those days. *N.*

set me upon quoting him (who thanked heaven, that he was not a Bœotian) would have said of the *ultima Thule?* Shake off your laziness, ramble over hither, and spend some months in a kinder climate. You will be in danger of meeting but one plague here, and you will leave many behind you. Here you will come among people, who lead a life singular enough to hit your humour; so near the world, as to have all its conveniencies; so far from the world, as to be strangers to all its inconveniences; wanting nothing which goes to the ease and happiness of life; embarrassed by nothing which is cumbersome. I dare almost venture to say, that you will like us better than the persons you live with, and that we shall be able to make you retrogade (that I may use a canonical simile) as the sun did on the dial of Hezekiah, and begin anew the twelve years which you complain are gone. We will restore to you the *nigros angusto fronte capillos;* and with them, the *dulce loqui*, the *ridere decorum, et inter vina fugam Cynaræ mœrere protervæ. Hæc est vita solutorum miserâ ambitione gravique*, and not yours.

I was going to finish with my sheet of paper; but having bethought myself, that you deserve some more punishment, and calling all my anger against you to my aid, I resolve, since I am this morning in the humour of scribbling, to make my letter at least as long as one of your sermons; and, if you do not mend, my next shall be as long as one of Dr. Manton's,* who taught my youth to yawn, and prepared me to be a high churchman, that I might never hear him read, nor read him more.

* Thomas Manton, D. D. who had been ejected from the rectory of Covent Garden, for nonconformity, after the Restoration. He was a voluminous writer in divinity, and published a large folio volume of sermons on the 119th psalm. B.

You must know, that I am as busy about my hermitage, which is between the Chateau and the Maison Bourgeoise, as if I was to pass my life in it: and if I could see you now and then, I should be willing enough to do so. I have in my wood the biggest and the clearest spring perhaps in Europe, which forms, before it leaves the park, a more beautiful river than any which flows in Greek or Latin verse. I have a thousand projects about this spring, and among others, one, which will employ some marble. Now marble, you know, makes one think of inscriptions: and if you will correct this, which I have not yet committed to paper, it shall be graved, and help to fill the table-books of Spons and Missons* yet to come.

"Propter fidem adversus Reginam, et Partes,
Intemeratè servatam,
Propter operam in pace generali conciliandâ
Strenuè saltem navatam,
Impotentiâ vesanæ factionis
Solum vertere coactus,
Hîc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ
Injuste exulat,
Dulce vivit,
H. De B. An." &c.

Ob were better than *propter*, but *ob operam* would never please the ear. In a proper place, before the front of the house, which I have new built, I have a mind to inscribe this piece of patchwork:

"Si resipiscat patria, in patriam rediturus;
Si non resipiscat ubivis melius quam inter
Tales civis futurus,

* James Spon, M. D. and Maximilian Misson, were two eminent travellers, who have published their travels; in which are inserted many inscriptions. B.

Hanc villam instauro et exorno:
Hinc, velut ex portu, alienos casus
Et fortunæ ludum insolentem
Cernere suave est.
Hic, mortem nec appetens nec timens
Innocuis deliciis,
Doctâ quiete,
et
Felicis animi immotâ tranquillitate,
Fruiscor.
Hic mihi vivam quod superest aut exilii,
Aut ævi."

If in a year's time you should find leisure to write to me, send me some mottoes for groves, and streams, and fine prospects, and retreat, and contempt of grandeur, &c. I have one for my greenhouse, and one for an alley, which leads to my apartment, which are happy enough. The first is, *Hic ver assiduum, atque alienis mensibus æstas.* The other is, —— *fallentis semita vitæ.*

You see I amuse myself *de la bagatelle* as much as you; but here lies the difference; your *bagatelle* leads to something better; as fiddlers flourish carelessly, before they play a fine air. But mine begins, proceeds, and ends in *bagatelle.*

Adieu: it is happy for you that my hand is tired.

I will take care that you shall have my picture, and I am simple enough to be obliged to you for asking for it. If you do not write to me soon, I hope it will fall down as soon as you have it, and break your head.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

SIR, *Sept.* 1, 1721.

I DO not know how to account for your long silence, unless your time has been taken up in making an interest with those in power here, for one of the two archbishoprics, that we heard were void, but I am very glad are not so. Set your heart at rest, for they are promised; and therefore you may as well write to a sister, when next you honour this kingdom with any despatches, as to any greater people. It is a shame to think how you have neglected those of your own house. I had once determined to write to you no more, since no answer was to be expected; but then revenge came into my head, and I was resolved to tease you, till at last, to be quiet, you will send me some plausible excuse at least, for never inquiring after brother or sister. I wonder when you will be good natured enough to come and see how we do; but Ireland has such powerful charms, that I question whether you would leave it to be one of our archbishops. I was at your brother Arran's* a good while this summer, and have been much upon the ramble, or else you would have sooner had these just reproaches from me; whom you have no way of appeasing, but by a letter of at least four sides of paper: though I am so good a Christian, upon this occasion, as to be, notwithstanding all this ill treatment, sir,

Your most sincere friend, and humble servant,

M. ORMOND.

* A member of the club of sixteen. H.

TO MR. WORRALL.

DEAR JACK, *Gallstown, Sept.* 14, 1721.

I ANSWERED your letter long ago, and have little to say at present. I shall be in town by the beginning of next month, although a fit of good weather would tempt me a week longer; for I never saw or heard of so long a continuance of bad, which has hindered me from several little rambles I intended; but I row or ride every day, in spite of the rain, in spite of a broken shin, or falling into the lakes, and several other trifling accidents. Pray what have you done with the Litchfield man? Has he mended his voice, or is he content to sit down with his Christchurch* preferment? I doubt Mrs. Brent will be at a loss about her industry book,† for want of a new leaf, with a list drawn of the debtors. I know you are such a bungler you cannot do it, and therefore I desire that you would, in a loose sheet of paper, make a survey list, in your bungling manner, as soon as she wants it, and let that serve till I come. Present my service to Mrs. Worrall. I wonder how you and she, and your heir,‡ have spent the summer, and how often you have been at Dunleary,‖ and whether you have got her another horse, and whether she hates dying in the country as much as ever. Desire Mrs. Brent, if a messenger goes from hence, to give him my fustian waistcoat, because the mornings grow cold. I have now and then some threatenings with my head; but have ne

* One of the cathedrals in Dublin. F.

† The book wherein Mrs. Brent kept the account of the money lent by Dr. Swift to poor industrious tradesmen, in small sums without interest. F.

‡ Mr. Fairbrother. F.

‖ A village at the seaside near Dublin. F.

ver been absolutely giddy above a minute, and cannot complain of my health, I thank God. Pray send them inclosed to the post-office. I hear you have let your house to Mrs. Dopping, who will be a good tenant if she lives. I suppose your new house is finished, and if Mrs. Worral does not air it well, it may get you a new wife, which I would not have you tell her, because it will do the business better than a boat at Dalky.* I hope you have ordered an account of absent vicars, and that their behaviour has not been so bad as usual during my sickness in town: if so, I have but an ill subdean.

I am, sir, your's, &c.

P. S. Tell Mrs. Brent, that if Lloyd agrees, I shall be glad one of his hogsheads was left unracked.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Gallstown, near Kinnegad,
Sept. 28, 1721.

MY LORD,

I HAD the honour of your grace's letter of the first instant; and although I thought it my duty to be the last writer in corresponding with your grace, yet I know you are so punctual, that if I should write sooner, it would only be the occasion of giving you a new trouble, before it ought in conscience to be put upon you. Besides, I was in some pain that your letter of September 1, was not the first you had writ, because, about ten days after, a friend sent me word, that your grace said you had writ to me six weeks before, and had NO ANSWER; whereas I can assure your grace, that I received

* A most delightful island, within six or seven miles of Dublin. F.

but one from you; nor had I reason to expect it, having not done myself the honour to write to you before. I will tell you the secret of dating my letter; I was in fear lest the post should be gone, and so left a blank, and wisely huddled it up without thinking of the date; but we country gentlemen are frequently guilty of greater blunders; and in that article I grow more perfect every day.

I believe you seriously that you will take care of your health, to prevent a successor: that is to say, I believe you tell truth in jest; for I know it is not the value of life that makes you desire to live, and am afraid the world is much of your mind; for it is out of regard to the public, or some of themselves, more than upon your own account, that they wish your continuance among us.

It seems you are a greater favourite of the lieutenant's* than you care to own; for we hear that he killed but two bucks, and sent you a present of one.

I hear you are likely to be the sole opposer of the bank:† and you will certainly miscarry, because it would prove a most perfidious thing. Bankrupts are always for setting up banks: how then can you think a bank will fail of a majority in both houses?

You are very perverse, my lord, in misinterpreting the ladies' favour, as if you must die to obtain it; I assure you it is directly contrary; and if you die, you will lose their favour forever: I am commanded to tell you so; and therefore at the peril of your life, and of their good graces, look to your health.

I hear the bishop of Bangor,‡ despairing of doing any

* Charles, Duke of Grafton. F.

† At this time there was a proposal for a national bank in Ireland; which was rejected by parliament. F.

‡ Dr. Benjamin Hoadly. F.

good with you, has taken up with Hereford. I am a plain man, and would be glad at any time to see fifty such bishops hanged, if I could thereby have saved the life of his predecessor, for whom I had a great esteem and friendship. I do not much approve the compliments made you by comparisons drawn from good and bad emperors, because the inference falls short on both sides. If Julian had immediately succeeded Constantine, it would have been more to the purpose. Sir James of the Peak* said to Bouchier the gamester, "Sirrah, I shall look better than you, when I have been a month in my grave," A great man in England was blaming me for despising somebody or other; I assured him I did not at all despise the man he mentioned; that I was not so liberal of my contempt; nor would bestow it where there was not some degree of merit. Upon this principle, I can see no proper ground of opposition between your grace, and that wretch of Bangor. I have read indeed, that a dog was once made king of Norway, but I forgot who was his predecessor; and therefore am at a loss for the other part of the comparison.

I am afraid the clatter of ladies' tongues is no very good cure for a giddiness in the head. When your grace, (as you say) was young, as I am not, the ladies were better company, or you more easily pleased. I am perpetually reproaching them for their ignorance, affectation, impertinence, (but my paper will not hold all) except lady Betty Rochfort, your old acquaintance.

I own, my head, and your grace's feet, would be ill

* Sir James of the Peak, is described by Mrs. Manley in the "New Atalantis," as a notorious gamester; he bears the same character in Dr. King's works, vol. II. p. 245; and his gaming on Sundays is censured by the Examiner, see No. 46. From his skill in play, he was called "monsieur le chevalier," by the fools he had cheated of their estates. N.

joined; but give me your head and take my feet, and match us in the kingdom if you can.

My lord, I row after health like a waterman, and ride after it like a post-boy, and find some little success; but *subeant morbi tristisque senectus.* I have a receipt to which you are a stranger; my lord Oxford and Mr. Prior used to join with me in taking it; to whom I often said, when we were two hours diverting ourselves with trifles, *vive la bagatelle.* I am so deep among the workmen at Rochfort's canals and lakes, so dexterous at the oar, such an alderman after the hare———

I am just now told from some newspapers, that one of the king's enemies, and my excellent friend, Mr. Prior,* is dead; I pray God deliver me from many such trials. I am neither old nor philosopher enough to be indifferent at so great a loss; and therefore I abruptly conclude, but with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your grace's most dutiful,
and obedient servant,
J. SWIFT.

TO THE REV. MR. JACKSON, AT GALLSTOWN.†

Dublin, Oct. 6, 1721.

I HAD no mind to load you with the secret of my going, because you should bear none of the blame. I fell upon a supposition that Mr. Rochfort had a mind to keep me longer, which I will allow in him and you, but

* He died Sept. 18, 1721. N.

† Copied from the original in the possession of two Irish ladies, of the name of Shenton, (daughters of a late precentor of Christ-church, Dublin.) N.

not one of the family besides, who I confess had reason enough to be weary of a man, who entered into none of their tastes, nor pleasures, nor fancies, nor opinions, nor talk. I baited at Clencurry, and got to Leslip between three and four, saw the curiosities there, and the next morning came to Dublin by eight o'clock, and was at prayers in my cathedral. There's a traveller. I forgot a long treatise copied by my Irish secretary, which I lent Clem. Barry. Pray get it from him, and seal it up, and keep it, till you get a convenience of sending it. Desire Lady Betty to give you the old silver box that I carried the comfits in: it belongs to poor Mrs. Brent, and she asked me for it with a sigh. You may trust it with Arthur. You are now happy, and have nobody to tease you to the oar or the saddle. You can sit in your night-gown till noon without any reproaches.

I left a note for you with James Doyl, with commissions which I hope you will fulfil, though you borrow the money; I will certainly be out of your debt in all articles between us when you come to town, or before, if you draw a bill upon me, for now I have money, and value no man. I am told your tribe here is all well, though I have seen none but Jack Jackson.

Farewell, go to cards, and lose your money with great gravity.

My service to all your girls.

I gave James Doyl two crowns, and a strict order to take care of [my / our] grey-colt, which I desire you will second.

I had a perfect summer journey, and if I had staid much longer I should have certainly had a winter one, which, with weak horses and bad roads, would have been a very unpleasant thing.

TO THE REV. MR. WALLIS.

SIR, *Dublin, Nov.* 3, 1721.

You stole in and out of town without seeing either the ladies or me; which was very ungratefully done, considering the obligations you have to us, for lodging and dieting with you so long. Why did you not call in the morning at the deanery? Besides, we reckoned for certain that you came to stay a month or two, as you told us you intended. I hear you were so kind as to be at Laracor, where I hope you planted something; and I intend to be down after Christmas, when you must continue a week. As for your plan, it is very pretty, too pretty for the use I intend to make of Laracor. All I would desire is, what I mention in the paper I left you, except a walk down to the canal. I suppose your project would cost me ten pounds and a constant gardener. Pray come to town, and stay some time, and repay yourself some of your dinners. I wonder how a mischief you came to miss us. Why did you not set out a Monday, like a true country parson? Besides, you lay a load on us, in saying one chief end of your journey was to see us: but I suppose there might be another motive, and you are like the man that died of love and the colic. Let us know whether you are more or less monkish, how long you found yourself better by our company, and how long before you recovered the charges we put you to? The ladies assure you of their hearty services; and I am, with great truth and sincerity,

Your most faithful humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Jan. 1, 1721-2.

I RECEIVED your letter of the twenty-ninth of September, above a fortnight ago; and should have set you an example, by answering it immediately, (which I do not remember you ever set me) if I had not been obliged to abandon the silence and quiet of this beloved retreat, and to thrust myself into the hurry and babble of an impertinent town. In less than ten days which I spent at Paris, I was more than ten times on the point of leaving my business there undone; and yet this business was to save four-fifths of four hundred thousand livres, which I have on the townhouse; *restes misérables du naufrage de ma fortune.* Luckily I had the fear of you before my eyes; and though I cannot hope to deserve your esteem by growing rich, I have endeavoured to avoid your contempt by growing poor. The expression is equivocal: a fault which our language often betrays those who scribble hastily, into; but your own conscience will serve for a comment, and fix the sense. Let me thank you for remembering me in your prayers, and for using your credit above, so generously in my behalf. To despise riches with Seneca's purse, is to have at once all the advantages of fortune and philosophy.

Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno?

You are not like H. Guy,* who, among other excellent pieces of advice gave me this, when I first came to court; to be very moderate and modest in my applica-

* Henry Guy, who had been secretary to the treasury during three successive reigns, died February 23, 1710, and left to William Pulteney, Esq. late Earl of Bath, near forty thousand pounds, with an estate of about five hundred pounds a year; as the latter owns, in his answer to one part of a late infamous libel, &c. published in 1731, p. 39. B.

tions for my friends, and very greedy and importunate when I asked for myself. You call Tully names, to revenge Cato's quarrel; and to revenge Tully's, I am ready to fall foul of Seneca. You churchmen have cried him up for a great saint; and as if you imagined, that to have it believed that he had a month's mind to be a christian, would reflect some honour on christianity, you employed one of those pious frauds, so frequently practised in the days of primitive simplicity, to impose on the world, a pretended correspondence between him and the great apostle of the gentiles.* Your partiality in his favour shall bias me no more than the pique which Dion Cassius and others show against him. Like an equitable judge, I shall only tax him with avarice in his prosperity, adulation in his adversity, and affectation in every state of life. Were I considerable enough to be banished from my country, methinks I would not purchase my restoration at the expense of writing such a letter to the prince himself, as your christian stoic wrote to the emperor's slave, Polybius.† Thus I think of the man, and yet I read the author with pleasure; though I join in condemning those points, which he introduced into the Latin style; those eternal witticisms, strung like beads together, and that impudent manner of talking to the passions, before he has gone about to convince the judgment; which Erasmus, if I remember right, objects to him. He is seldom instructive, but he is perpetually entertaining; and when he gives you no

* It consists of thirteen letters, which seemed to St. Jerom and St. Augustin to have been genuine. But du Pin (Nouvelle Bibliotheque, des Auteurs Ecclésiastiques, tom. i. p. 24. edit. 1690, 4to.) acknowledges, that they contain nothing worthy of the apostle or philosopher, and have not the least resemblance to the style of either. This is likewise the judgment of the most learned among the modern critics. B.

† Seneca de Consolatione ad Polybium. B.

new idea, he reflects your own back upon you with new lustre. I have lately writ an excellent treatise in praise of exile.* Many of the hints are taken from *Consolatio ad Helviam*, and other parts of his works. The whole is turned in his style and manner; and there is as much of the spirit of the *portique*, as I could infuse without running too far into the *mirabilia, inopinata, et paradoxa*; which Tully, and I think Seneca himself, ridicules the school of Zeno for. That you may laugh at me in your turn, I own ingenuously, that I began in jest, grew serious at the third or fourth page, and convinced myself, before I had done, of what perhaps I shall never convince any other, that a man of sense and virtue may be unfortunate, but can never be unhappy. Do not imagine, however, that I have a mind to quarrel with Aristippus; he is still my favourite among the philosophers; and if I find some faults in him, they are few and venial.

You do me much honour, in saying, that I put you in mind of Lord Digby;† but say it to no one else, for fear of passing for partial in your parallels, which has done Plutarch more hurt than it has done good to his Grecian heroes. I had forgot, or I never knew, the remarkable passage which you mention. Great virtue, unjustly persecuted, may hold such language, and will be heard with applause; with general applause I mean, not universal. There was at Athens a wretch, who spit in the face of Aristides, as he marched firm, calm, and almost gay, to execution. Perhaps there was not another man among the Athenians, capable of the same vile action.

* It is printed in his works, under the title of "Reflections upon Exile." B.

† George Lord Digby, afterward Earl of Bristol. Dr. Swift, in a letter to Lord Bolingbroke, April 5, 1729, styles Lord Digby the prototype of Lord Bolingbroke. B.

And for the honour of my country, I will believe, that there are few men in England, beside Lord Oxford, capable of hearing that strain of eloquence, without admiration. There is a sort of kindred in souls, and they are divided into more families than we are apt to imagine. Digby's and Harley's are absolute strangers to one another. Touch a unison, and all the unisons will give the same sound; but you may thrum a lute till your fingers are sore, and you will draw no sound out of a jew's harp.

I thank you for correcting my inscriptions, and I thank you still more for promising to gather up mottoes for me, and to write often to me. I am as little given to beg correspondents, as you are to beg pictures; but since I cannot live with you, I would fain hear from you. To grow old with good sense, and a good friend, was the wish of Thales; I add, with good health: to enjoy but one and a half of these three, is hard. I have heard of Prior's death,* and of his epitaph;† and have seen a strange book, writ by a grave and eloquent doctor,‡

* See p. 266. N.

† In the following triplet, written by himself.

"To me 'tis given to die; to you 'tis given
"To live. Alas! one moment sets us even;
"Mark how impartial is the will of Heaven!"

Bishop Atterbury, in a letter to Mr. Pope, dated Sept. 27, 1721, says, "I had not strength enough to attend Mr. Prior to his grave; else I would have done it, to have showed his friends, that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me. He was buried as he desired, at the feet of Spenser. I will take care to make good, in every respect what I said to him when living, particularly as to the triplet he wrote for his own epitaph; which, while we were on good terms, I promised him should never appear on his tomb while I was Dean of Westminster." Atterbury's Epistolary Correspondence, 1799, vol. II. p. 117. N.

‡ Richard Fiddes, D. D. published in 1721, in octavo, "A Letter in Answer to one from a Freethinker; occasioned by the late Duke of Buckinghamshire's Epitaph; wherein certain passages in it, that have been thought exceptionable, are vindicated; and the Doctrine

about the Duke of Buckinghamshire. People, who talk much in that moment, can have, as I believe, but one of these two principles, fear or vanity. It is therefore much better to hold one's tongue. I am sorry, that the first of these persons, our old acquaintance Matt. lived so poor as you represent him. I thought that a certain lord,* whose marriage with a certain heiress was the ultimate end of a certain administration, had put him above want. Prior might justly enough have addressed himself to his young patron, as our friend Aristippus did to Dionysius; "you have money, which I want; I have wit and knowledge, which you want." I long to see your "Travels;"† for, take it as you will, I do not retract what I said. I will undertake to find, in two pages of your *bagatelles*, more good sense, useful knowledge, and true religion, than you can show me in the works of nineteen in twenty of the profound divines and philosophers of the age.

I am obliged to return to Paris in a month or six weeks time, and from thence will send you my picture. Would to Heaven I could send you as like a picture of my mind; you would find yourself, in that draught, the object of the truest esteem, and the sincerest friendship.

FROM DR. SNAPE.

REVEREND SIR, *Windsor, April* 23, 1722.

I TAKE the opportunity of two of our choir going over to try their fortune in your country, at once to re-

of the Soul's Immortality asserted, &c." This was followed by a Second Letter, published the same year. B.

* Edward Lord Harley, who married in October 1713, the Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, only daughter and heir of John Duke of Newcastle. B.

† Gulliver's. N.

turn my thanks for a very obliging letter you favoured me with some years ago, and your kind interpretation of my endeavours at that time to assert the cause of our establishment against a prelate* who was undermining it; and also to recommend to your favour the bearer, Mr. Elford; who upon the encouragement of your worthy primate, is going to settle at Armagh. I cannot pretend to say, he has the same compass of voice with his late brother, whom the good queen so much admired; but I will venture to say, he has a greater compass of understanding; and upon the whole, that he is a good choirman. The other, that bears him company, was a very useful chorister to us. His voice, since its breaking, is somewhat harsh, but I believe will grow mellower. If you find either of them for your purpose, especially the bearer, when you have a vacancy in your church, I shall be much obliged to you for any favour you are pleased to show; and be ready to approve myself, on any occasion, reverend sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate servant,

A. SNAPE.

TO VANESSA.

Clogher, June 1, 1722.

The weather has been so constantly bad that I have wanted all the healthy advantages of the country, and it seems likely to continue so. It would have been infinitely better once a week to have met at Kendal, and so forth, where one might pass three or four hours in drinking coffee in the morning, or dining *tête-à-tête*, drinking coffee again till seven. God send you through

* Bishop Hoadly. B.

your law suit, and your reference. And remember that riches are nine parts in ten of all that is good in life, and health is the tenth; drinking coffee comes long after, and yet it is the eleventh; but without the two former you cannot drink it right: and remember the china in the old house, and Rider-street, and the colonel's journey to France, and the London wedding, and the sick lady at Kensington, and the indisposition at Windsor, and the strain by the box of books at London. Last year I writ you civilities, and you were angry. This year I will write you none, and you will be angry; yet my thoughts were still the same—*Croyez que je serai toujours tout ce que vous dêsirez. Adieu.*

TO THE SAME.

Loughgall, County of Armagh, July 13, 1722.

I AM well pleased with the account of your visit, and the behaviour of the ladies. I see every day as silly things among both sexes, yet endure them for the sake of amusement. The worst thing in you and me is, that we are too hard to please; and whether we have made ourselves so, is the question; at least I believe we have the same reason. One thing that I differ from you in is, that I do not quarrel with my best friends. I believe you have ten angry passages in your letter, and every one of them enough to spoil two days apiece of riding and walking. We differ prodigiously in one point: I fly from the spleen to the world's end; you run out of your way to meet it. I doubt the bad weather has hindered you much from the diversions of your country house, and put you upon thinking in your chamber. The use I have made of it, was to read, I know not

how many, diverting books of history and travels. I wish you would get yourself a horse, and have always two servants to attend you, and visit your neighbours; the worse the better: there is a pleasure in being reverenced; and that is always in your power, by your superiority of sense, and an easy fortune. The best maxim I know in this life is, to drink your coffee when you can; and when you cannot, to be easy without it: while you continue to be splenetic, count upon it, I will always preach. Thus much I sympathise with you, that I am not cheerful enough to write; for I believe coffee, once a week, is necessary to that. I can sincerely answer all your questions as I used to do; but then I give all possible way to amusements, because they preserve my temper, as exercise does my health; and without health and good humour I would rather be a dog. I have shifted scenes oftener than ever I did in my life, and I believe have lain in thirty beds since I left town, and always drew up the clothes with my left hand; which is a superstition I have learned these ten years. I long to see you in figure and equipage. Pray do not lose that taste. Farewell.

TO THE SAME.

August 7, 1722.

I AM this hour leaving my present residence; and if I fix any where shall let you know it.

A long vacation. Law lies asleep, and bad weather. How do you wear away the time? Is it among the groves and fields of your country seat, or among your cousins in town; or thinking in a train that will be sure to vex you; and then reaping, and forming teasing con-

clusions from mistaken thoughts? The best companion for you is a philosopher; whom you would regard as much as a sermon. I have read more trash since I left you, than would fill all your shelves, and am abundantly the better for it, though I scarce remember a syllable. What a foolish thing is time; and how foolish is man, who would be as angry if time stopped, as if it passed. But I will not proceed at this rate; for I am writing, and thinking myself fast into the spleen, which is the only thing I would not compliment you by imitating. So adieu till the next place I fix in.

TO ROBERT COPE, ESQ.

Dublin, Oct. 9, 1722.

I AM but just come to town, and therefore look upon myself to have just left Loughgall, and that this is the first opportunity I have of writing to you.

Strange revolutions since I left you: a bishop* of my old acquaintance in the Tower for treason, and a doctor of my new acquaintance made a bishop.† I hope you are returned with success from your Connaught journey, and that you tired yourself more than you expected in taking the compass of your new land; the consequence of which must be, that you will continue needy some years longer than you intended. Your new Bishop Bolton was born to be my tormentor; he ever opposed me as my subject,‡ and now has left me embroiled for want of him. The government, in consideration of the

* Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. N.

† Dr. Theophilus Bolton, Bishop of Clonfert, Sept. 12, 1722; and in 1719 Archbishop of Cashell. N.

‡ Dr. Bolton had been chancellor of St. Patrick's. N.

many favours they have shown me, would fain have me give St. Bride's to some one of their hangdogs, that Dr. Howard may come in to St. Werburgh's. So that I must either disoblige whig and tory in my chapter, or be ungrateful to my patrons in power. When you come to town, you must be ready, at what time you hear the sound of tabret, harp, &c. to worship the brazen image set up, or else be cast into a cold watery furnace; I have not yet seen it, for it does not lie in my walks, and I want curiosity. The wicked tories themselves begin now to believe there was some thing of a plot; and every plot costs Ireland more than any plot can be worth. The court has sent a demand here for more money by three times than is now in the hands of the treasury, and all the collectors of this kingdom put together. I escaped hanging very narrowly a month ago; for a letter from Preston, directed to me, was opened in the post-office, and sealed again in a very slovenly manner, when Manley found it only contained a request from a poor curate. This hath determined me against writing treason: however, I am not certain that this letter may not be interpreted as comforting his most excellent majesty's enemies, since you have been a state prisoner. Pray God keep all honest men out of the hands of lions and bears, and uncircumcised Philistines! I hoped my brother Orrery* had loved his land too much

* Charles Boyle, born in August, 1676, was entered, when only fifteen, of Christ's Church, Oxford; and early distinguished himself by publishing the life of Lysander, from the Greek of Plutarch; and still more, by his edition of Phalaris in 1695, and the consequent controversy with Dr. Bentley. He succeeded to the title of Earl of Orrery, Aug. 23, 1703, on the death of his elder brother Lionel, and had a regiment given him; was elected a knight of the Thistle, Oct. 13, 1705; raised to the rank of major general in 1709, and sworn of the privy council. At the time the peace of Utrecht was settling he was appointed envoy extraordinary to the states of Flanders and Brabant, Jan. 11, 1710-11; and, for his services, was created Baron

to hazard it on revolution principles. I am told that a lady of my acquaintance was the discoverer of this plot, having a lover among the true whigs, whom she preferred before an old battered husband.

You never saw any thing so fine as my new Dublin plantations of elms; I wish you would come and visit them; and I am very strong in wine, though not so liberal of it as you. It is said that Kelly the parson* is admitted to Kelly the squire,† and that they are cooking up a discovery between them, for the improvement of the hempen manufacture. It is reckoned that the best trade in London this winter will be that of an evidence. As much as I hate the tories, I cannot but pity them as fools. Some think likewise, that the pretender ought to have his choice of two caps, a red cap or a fool's cap. It is a wonderful thing to see the tories provoking his present majesty, whose clemency, mercy, and forgiving temper, have been so signal, so extraordinary, so more than hu-

Boyle, of Marston, in Somersetshire, Sept. 10, 1711. He resided at Brussels, as envoy, till June 1713; and, on the accession of King George I. was continued in his command in the army, made a lord of the bedchamber; and lord lieutenant of the county of Somerset, Dec. 3, 1714. He resigned his post in the bedchamber in 1716, his regiment having before been taken from him; was committed to the Tower, Sept. 28, 1722, on suspicion of being concerned in Layer's plot; whence he was at last discharged, after suffering severely in his health; and died Aug. 28, 1731, aged 57. His lordship's taste as a fine writer is well established; and the noble instrument invented by him, which bears his name, is a proof of his mechanical genius; he had also a peculiar turn to medicine; and bought and read whatever was published on that subject. N.

* George Kelly, taken up on suspicion of treasonable correspondence, was tried by the house of lords, found guilty, and sentenced to be confined in the Tower for life; but made his escape in 1736. N.

† Captain Dennis Kelly, who had a very good estate in Ireland, was committed to the Tower in 1722, on suspicion of corresponding with the pretender. Mr. Kelly's daughter was honoured with the friendship of Dr. Swift; and several of her letters are in this collection of his works. N.

mane, during the whole course of his reign; which plainly appears, not only from his own speeches and declarations, but also from a most ingenious pamphlet just come over, relating to the wicked bishop of Rochester. But enough of politics. I have no town news: I have seen nobody: I have heard nothing. Old Rochfort* has got a dead palsy. Lady Betty† has been long ill. Dean Percivale‡ has answered the other dean's journal§ in Grub-street, justly taxing him for avarice and want of hospitality. Madam Percivale absolutely denies all the facts: insists that she never made candles of dripping; that Charly never had the chin cough, &c.

My most humble service to Mrs. Cope, who entertained that covetous lampooning dean much better than he deserved. Remember me to honest Nanty, and boy Barclay.

Ever yours, &c.

* Robert Rochfort, Esq. He was made attorney general to King William, June 6, 1695; chosen speaker of the house of commons the same year; and appointed chief baron of the exchequer in 1707, in which post he continued till the death of the queen. N.

† Wife to Mr. George Rochfort (the chief baron's son,) and daughter to the Earl of Drogheda. N.

‡ Dr. William Percivale, Archdeacon of Cashell in 1713, appears by Boulter's Letters, to have been promoted in the year 1725, to the rectory of St. Michan's in Dublin, he was then a dean, and evidently the person here meant. Dr. Percivale died suddenly at Gaulstown Oct. 10, 1727. N.

§ See The Country Life, by Dean Swift, in the Poetical part of this collection. N.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

MY LORD, *Oct.* 11, 1722.

I OFTEN receive letters franked *Oxford*, but always find them written and subscribed by your lordship's servant *Mynett*. His meaniug is some business of his own, wherein I am his solicitor; but he makes his court by giving me an account of the state of your family; and perpetually adds a clause, "That your lordship soon intends to write to me." I knew you indeed when you were not so great a man as you are now, I mean when you were treasurer; but you are grown so proud since your retirement, that there is no enduring you: and you have reason, for you never acted so difficult a part of life before. In the two great scenes of power and persecution you have excelled mankind; and in this of retirement, you have most injuriously forgotten your friends. Poor Prior often sent me his compliments on this occasion; and I have returned him mine. I never courted your acquaintance when you governed Europe, but you courted mine; and now you neglect me, when I use all my insinuations to keep myself in your memory. I am very sensible, that next to receiving thanks and compliments, there is nothing you more hate than writing letters; but, since I never gave you thanks, nor made you compliments, I have so much more merit than any of those thousands whom you have less obliged, by only making their fortunes, without taking them into your friendship, as you did me; whom you always countenanced in too public and particular a manner to be forgotten, either by the world or myself; for which, never man was more proud, or less vain.

I have now been ten years soliciting for your picture; and if I had solicicited you for a thousand pounds (I

mean of your own money, not the public) I could have prevailed in ten days. You have given me many hundred hours; can you not now give me a couple? have my mortifications been so few, or are you so malicious to add a greater than I ever yet suffered? did you ever refuse me any thing I asked you? and will you now begin? In my conscience, I believe, and by the whole conduct of your life I have reason to believe, that you are too poor to bear the expense. I ever told you, I was the richer man of the two; and I am now richer by five hundred pounds, than I was at the time when I was boasting at your table of my wealth, before Diamond Pitt.*

I have hitherto taken up with a scurvy print of you, under which I have placed this lemma:

—Veteres actus primamque juventam
Prosequar? ad sese mentem præsentia ducunt.

And this I will place under your picture, whenever you are rich enough to send it me. I will only promise, in return, that it shall never lose you the reputation of poverty; which, to one of your birth, patrimony, and employments, is one of the greatest glories of your life, and so shall be celebrated by me.

I intreat your lordship, if your leisure and your health will permit, to let me know when I can be a month with

* Thomas Pitt, Esq. governor of Fort St. George, in the East-Indies, where he resided many years, and gained an immense fortune. In 1716, he was made governor of Jamaica, but resigned that post in 1717. He died April 28, 1726. It having been reported that he gained his famous diamond by a stretch of power, he declared in a very solemn manner, that he purchased it fairly of an emient diamond merchant, for 48,000 pagodas, or 20,400*l*. It was reckoned the largest jewel in Europe, and weighed 127 carats. When polished, it was as big as a pullet's egg. The cuttings amounted to eight or ten thousand pounds. He sold it to the king of France for 136,000*l*. *N.*

you at Brampton castle; because I have a great deal of business with you that relates to posterity. Mr. Mynett has, for some time, led me an uncomfortable life, with his ill accounts of your health; but, God be thanked, his style of late is much altered for the better.

My hearty and constant prayers are perpetually offered up for the preservation of you and your excellent family. Pray, my lord, write to me: or you never loved me, or I have done something to deserve your displeasure. My lord and Lady Harriot, my brother and sister,* pretend to atone by making me fine presents; but I would have his lordship know, that I would value two of his lines more than two of his manors, &c.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, *London, Dec.* 22, 1722.

After every postday, for these eight or nine years, I have been troubled with an uneasiness of spirit, and at last, I have resolved to get rid of it, and write to you. I do not deserve you should think so well of me as I really deserve; for I have not professed to you, that I love you as much as ever I did: but you are the only person of my acquaintance almost that does not know it. Whomever I see that comes from Ireland, the first question I ask is after your health; of which I had the pleasure to hear very lately from Mr. Berkeley. I think of you very often: nobody wishes you better, or longs more to see you. Duke Disney, who knows more news than any man alive, told me I should certainly

* The members of the club of sixteen all called one another brothers, and consequently their wives were sisters to the several members. D. S.

meet you at the Bath this season: but I had one comfort in being disappointed, that you did not want it for your health. I was there for near eleven weeks for a colic, that I have been often troubled with of late; but have not found all the benefit I expected.

I lodge, at present, in Burlington-house, and have received many civilities from many great men, but very few real benefits. They wonder at each other for not providing for me; and I wonder at them all. Experience has given me some knowledge of them; so that I can say, that it is not in their power to disappoint me. You find I talk to you of myself; I wish you would reply in the same manner. I hope, though you have not heard of me so long, I have not lost my credit with you; but that you will think of me in the same manner, as when you espoused my cause so warmly, which my gratitude never can forget.

I am, dear sir,

Your most obliged and sincere humble servant,

J. GAY.

P. S. Mr. Pope, upon reading over this letter, desired me to tell you, that he has been just in the same sentiments with me, in regard to you; and shall never forget his obligations to you.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Dublin, Dec. 22, 1722.

WHAT care we, whether you swim or sink? Is this a time to talk of boats, or a time to sail in them, when I am shuddering? or a time to build boat houses, or pay for carriage? No; but toward summer, I promise here-

by, under my hand to subscribe a (guinea*) shilling for one; or, if you please me, what is blotted out, or something thereabouts, and the ladies shall subscribe three thirteens between them, and Mrs. Brent a penny, and Robert and Archy halfpence a piece, and the old man and woman a farthing each; in short, I will be your collector, and we will send it down full of wine, a fortnight before we go at Whitsuntide. You will make eight thousand blunders in your planting; and who can help it? for I cannot be with you. My horses eat hay, and I hold my visitation on January 7, just in the midst of Christmas. Mrs. Brent is angry, and swears as much as a fanatic can do, that she will subscribe sixpence to your boat. Well, I shall be a countryman when you are not; we are now at Mr. Fad's,† with Dan and Sam; and I steal out while they are at cards, like a lover writing to his mistress. We have no news in our town. The ladies have left us to day, and I promised them that you would carry your club to Arselagh, when you are weary of one another. You express your happiness with grief in one hand, and sorrow in the other. What fowl have you but the weep? what hairs, but Mrs. Macfaden's gray hairs? what pease but your own? Your mutton and your wether are both very bad, and so is your wedder mutton. Wild fowl is what we like. How will this letter get to you? A fortnight good from this morning, you will find Quilca not the thing it was last August; nobody to relish the lake; nobody to ride over the downs; no trout to be caught; no dining over a well; no night heroics, no morning epics; no stolen hour when the wife is gone; no creature to call you names. Poor miserable Master Sheridan! No blind harpers! no

* The word *guinea* is struck through with a pen in the copy. F.

† Faden. F.

journies to Rantavan! Answer all this, and be my *magnus Apollo*. We have new plays and new libels, and nothing valuable is old but Stella, whose bones she recommends to you. Dan desires to know whether you saw the advertisement of your being robbed—and so I conclude,

Yours, &c.

T.

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, Jan. 8, 1722-3.

Coming home after a short Christmas ramble, I found a letter upon my table, and little expected when I opened it to read your name at the bottom. The best and greatest part of my life, until these last eight years, I spent in England; there I made my friendships, and there I left my desires. I am condemned for ever to another country; what is in prudence to be done? I think, to be *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis*. What can be the design of your letter but malice, to wake me out of a scurvy sleep, which however is better than none? I am toward nine years older since I left you, yet that is the least of my alterations; my business, my diversions, my conversations, are all entirely changed for the worse, and so are my studies and my amusements in writing; yet, after all, this humdrum way of life might be passable enough, if you would let me alone. I shall not be able to relish my wine, my parsons, my horses, nor my garden for three months, until the spirit you have raised shall be dispossessed. I have sometimes wondered that I have not visited you, but I have been stopped by too many reasons, beside years and la-

illness, and yet these are very good ones. Upon my return after half a year among you, there would be to me *desiderio nec pudor nec modus.* I was three years reconciling myself to the scene, and the business, to which fortune had condemned me, and stupidity was what I had recourse to. Besides, what a figure should I make in London, while my friends are in poverty, exile, distress, or imprisonment, and my enemies with rods of iron? Yet I often threatened myself with the journey, and am every summer practising to get health to bear it: the only inconvenience is, that I grow old in the experiment. Although I care not to talk to you as a divine, yet I hope you have not been author of your colic; do you drink bad wine, or keep bad company? Are you not as many years older as I? It will not be always *et tibi quos mihi dempserit apponet annos.* I am heartily sorry you have any dealings with that ugly distemper, and I believe our friend Arbuthnot will recommend you to temperance and exercise. I wish they could have as good an effect upon the giddiness I am subject to, and which this moment I am not free from. I should have been glad if you had lengthened your letter by telling me the present condition of many of my old acquaintance, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Lewis, &c. but you mention only Mr. Pope, who I believe is lazy, or else he might have added three lines of his own. I am extremely glad he is not in your case of needing great men's favour, and could heartily wish that you were in his. I have been considering why poets have such ill success in making their court, since they are allowed to be the greatest and best of all flatterers: the defect is that they flatter only in print or in writing, but not by word of mouth: they will give things under their hand which they make a conscience of speaking. Besides, they are too libertine to haunt antichambers, too poor to

bribe porters and footmen, and too proud to cringe to second-hand favourites in a great family. Tell me, are you not under original sin by the dedication of your eclogues to Lord Bolingbroke? I am an ill judge at this distance; and besides, am, for my ease, utterly ignorant of the commonest things that pass in the world; but if all courts have a sameness in them (as the parsons phrase it) things may be as they were in my time,* when all employments went to parliament-men's friends, who had been useful in elections, and there was always a huge list of names in arrears at the treasury, which would at least take up your seven years expedient to discharge even one half. I am of opinion, if you will not be offended, that the surest course would be to get your friend who lodged in your house, to recommend you to the next chief governor who comes over here, for a good civil employment, or to be one of his secretaries, which your parliament-men are fond enough of, when there is no room at home. The wine is good and reasonable; you may dine twice a week at the deanery-house; there is a set of company in this town sufficient for one man; folks will admire you because they have read you, and read of you; and a good employment will make you live tolerably in London, or sumptuously here; or if you divide between both places, it will be for your health.

I wish I could do more than say I love you. I left you in a good way both for the late court, and the successors; and by the force of too much honesty or too little sublunary wisdom, you fell between two stools. Take care of your health and money; be less modest and more active; or else turn parson and get a bishop-

* At what period of time, in the English history, was not this the case, and the true state of things? Dr. Warton.

ric here: would to God they would send us as good ones from your side!

I am ever, &c.

FROM MR. POPE.

Jan. 12, 1722-3.

I FIND a rebuke in a letter of yours that both stings and pleases me extremely. Your saying that I ought to have writ a postscript to my friend Gay's, makes me not content to write less than a whole letter; and your seeming to take his kindly, gives me hopes you will look upon this as a sincere effect of friendship. Indeed, as I cannot but own the laziness with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have had (and one of us has both had and given*) a surfeit of writing; so I really thought you would know yourself to be so certainly entitled to my friendship, that it was a possession you could not imagine stood in need of any farther deeds or writings to assure you of it.

Whatever you seem to think of your withdrawn and seperate state at this distance, and in this absence, Dean Swift lives still in England, in every place and company where he would choose to live, and I find him in all the conversations I keep, and in all the hearts in which I desire any share.

We have never met these many years without mention of you. Beside my old acquaintance, I have found that all my friends of a later date, are such as were yours before; Lord Oxford, Lord Harcourt, and Lord Harley, may look upon me as one entailed upon them

* Alluding to his large work on Homer. WARBURTON.

by you: Lord Bolingbroke is now returned (as I hope) to take me with all his other hereditary rights; and, indeed, he seems grown so much a philosopher, as to set his heart upon some of them as little, as upon the poet you gave him. It is surely my ill fate, that all those I most loved, and with whom I most lived, must be banished. After both of you left England, my constant host was the Bishop of Rochester.* Sure this is a nation that is cursedly afraid of being overrun with too much politeness, and cannot retain one great genius but at the expense of another.† I tremble for my Lord Peterborow, whom I now lodge with; he has too much wit, as well as courage, to make a solid general;‡ and if he escapes being banished by others, I fear he will banish himself. This leads me to give you some account of the manner of my life and conversation, which has been infinitely more various and dissipated, than when you knew me and cared for me; and among all sexes, parties, and professions. A glut of study and retirement in the first part of my life, cast me into this: and this, I begin to see, will throw me again into study and retirement.

The civilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have hindered me from being violent or sour to

* Dr. Atterbury. WARBURTON.

† The Bishop of Rochester thought this to be indeed the case; and that the price agreed on for Lord Bolingbroke's return, was his banishment; an imagination which so strongly possessed him when he went abroad, that all the expostulations of his friends could not convince him of the folly of it. WARBURTON.

‡ This Mr. Walsh seriously thought to be the case, where, in a letter to Mr. Pope, Sept. 9, 1716, he says: "When we were in the North, my Lord Wharton showed me a letter he had received from a certain great general in Spain (Lord Peterborow) I told him I would by all means have that general recalled, and set to writing here at home, for it was impossible that a man with so much wit as he showed, could be fit to command an army, or do any other business. WARBURTON.

any party; but at the same time the observations and experiences I cannot but have collected, have made me less fond of, and less surprised at any: I am therefore the more afflicted, and the more angry, at the violences and hardships I see practised by either. The merry vein you knew me in, is sunk into a turn of reflection, that has made the world pretty indifferent to me; and yet I have acquired a quietness of mind, which by fits improves into a certain degree of cheerfulness, enough to make me just so good humoured as to wish that world well. My friendships are increased by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminished. Aversions I have none, but to knaves, (for fools I have learned to bear with) and such I cannot be commonly civil to; for I think those men are next to knaves who converse with them. The greatest man in power of this sort shall hardly make me bow to him, unless I had a personal obligation, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleasure of my life is one I learned from you, both how to gain, and how to use the freedom of friendship, with men much my superiors. To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a praise; but not to have flattered them, and yet not have displeased them, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all intercourse with poets and scribblers, unless where by great chance I have found a modest one. By these means I have had no quarrels with any personally: none have been enemies, but who were also strangers to me; and as there is no great need for an éclaircissement with such, whatever they writ or said I never retaliated, not only never seeming to know, but often really never knowing, any thing of the matter. There are very few things that give me the anxiety of a wish; the strongest I have would be to pass my days with you, and a few such as you: but fate has dispersed them all about the world:

and I find to wish it is as vain as to wish to see the millennium and the kingdom of the just upon earth.

If I have sinned in my long silence, consider there is one to whom you yourself have been as great a sinner. As soon as you see his hand, you will learn to do me justice, and feel in your heart how long a man may be silent to those he truly loves and respects.

TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

MY LORD, *Dublin, Jan.* 24, 1722-3.

I RECEIVED lately from the Dean of Downe, a favourable message from your grace, relating to a clergyman, who married my near relation, and whose estate is much encumbered by a long suit at law. I return my most humble acknowledgments for your grace's favourable answer. I can assure your grace, that in those times, when I was thought to have some credit with persons in power, I never used it to my own interest, and very rarely for that of others, unless where it was for the public advantage; neither shall I ever be a troublesome or common petitioner to your grace. I am sorry the Archbishop of Dublin* should interpose in petty matters, when he has justly so much weight in things of greater moment. How shall we, the humblest of your addressers, make our way to the smallest mark of your favour? I desired your secretary, Mr. Hopkins, (whom I have long known) to deal plainly with me, as with a man forgotten, and out of the world, and if he thought my request unreasonable, I would drop it. This he failed to do: and therefore I here complain of him to your

* Dr. William King. B.

grace, and will do so to himself, because I have long done with court answers.

I heartily wish your grace full success in all your great and good endeavours for the service of your country, and particularly of this kingdom; and am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient, and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM MR. GAY.

London, Feb. 3, 1722-3.

You made me happy in answering my last letter in so kind a manner, which, to common appearance, I did not deserve; but I believe you guessed my thoughts, and knew, that I had not forgot you, and that I always loved you. When I found, that my book was not sent to you by Tooke, Jervas undertook it, and gave it to Mr. Maxwell, who married a niece of Mr. Meredith's. I am surprised you have heard nothing of it; but Jervas has promised me to write about it, so that I hope you will have it delivered to you soon. Mr. Congreve I see often: he always mentions you with the strongest expressions of esteem and friendship. He labours still under the same afflictions, as to his sight and gout; but, in his intervals of health, he has not lost any thing of his cheerful temper. I passed all the last season with him at the Bath, and I have great reason to value myself upon his friendship; for I am sure he sincerely wishes me well. We pleased ourselves with the thoughts of seeing you there; but Duke Disney, who knows more intelligence than any body besides, chanced to give us a wrong information. If you had been there,

journies to Rantavan! Answer all this, and be my *magnus Apollo*. We have new plays and new libels, and nothing valuable is old but Stella, whose bones she recommends to you. Dan desires to know whether you saw the advertisement of your being robbed—and so I conclude,

Yours, &c.

T.

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, Jan. 8, 1722-3.

Coming home after a short Christmas ramble, I found a letter upon my table, and little expected when I opened it to read your name at the bottom. The best and greatest part of my life, until these last eight years, I spent in England; there I made my friendships, and there I left my desires. I am condemned for ever to another country; what is in prudence to be done? I think, to be *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis*. What can be the design of your letter but malice, to wake me out of a scurvy sleep, which however is better than none? I am toward nine years older since I left you, yet that is the least of my alterations; my business, my diversions, my conversations, are all entirely changed for the worse, and so are my studies and my amusements in writing; yet, after all, this humdrum way of life might be passable enough, if you would let me alone. I shall not be able to relish my wine, my parsons, my horses, nor my garden for three months, until the spirit you have raised shall be dispossessed. I have sometimes wondered that I have not visited you, but I have been stopped by too many reasons, beside years and la-

[illegible], and yet these are very good ones. Upon my return after half a year among you, there would be to me *desiderio nec pudor nec modus*. I was three years reconciling myself to the scene, and the business, to which fortune had condemned me, and stupidity was what I had recourse to. Besides, what a figure should I make in London, while my friends are in poverty, exile, distress, or imprisonment, and my enemies with rods of iron? Yet I often threatened myself with the journey, and am every summer practising to get health to bear it: the only inconvenience is, that I grow old in the experiment. Although I care not to talk to you as a divine, yet I hope you have not been author of your colic; do you drink bad wine, or keep bad company? Are you not as many years older as I? It will not be always *et tibi quos mihi dempserit apponet annos*. I am heartily sorry you have any dealings with that ugly distemper, and I believe our friend Arbuthnot will recommend you to temperance and exercise. I wish they could have as good an effect upon the giddiness I am subject to, and which this moment I am not free from. I should have been glad if you had lengthened your letter by telling me the present condition of many of my old acquaintance, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Lewis, &c. but you mention only Mr. Pope, who I believe is lazy, or else he might have added three lines of his own. I am extremely glad he is not in your case of needing great men's favour, and could heartily wish that you were in his. I have been considering why poets have such ill success in making their court, since they are allowed to be the greatest and best of all flatterers: the defect is that they flatter only in print or in writing, but not by word of mouth: they will give things under their hand which they make a conscience of speaking. Besides, they are too libertine to haunt antichambers, too poor to

bribe porters and footmen, and too proud to cringe to second-hand favourites in a great family. Tell me, are you not under original sin by the dedication of your eclogues to Lord Bolingbroke? I am an ill judge at this distance; and besides, am, for my ease, utterly ignorant of the commonest things that pass in the world; but if all courts have a sameness in them (as the parsons phrase it) things may be as they were in my time,* when all employments went to parliament-men's friends, who had been useful in elections, and there was always a huge list of names in arrears at the treasury, which would at least take up your seven years expedient to discharge even one half. I am of opinion, if you will not be offended, that the surest course would be to get your friend who lodged in your house, to recommend you to the next chief governor who comes over here, for a good civil employment, or to be one of his secretaries, which your parliament-men are fond enough of, when there is no room at home. The wine is good and reasonable; you may dine twice a week at the deanery-house; there is a set of company in this town sufficient for one man; folks will admire you because they have read you, and read of you; and a good employment will make you live tolerably in London, or sumptuously here; or if you divide between both places, it will be for your health.

I wish I could do more than say I love you. I left you in a good way both for the late court, and the successors; and by the force of too much honesty or too little sublunary wisdom, you fell between two stools. Take care of your health and money; be less modest and more active; or else turn parson and get a bishop-

* At what period of time, in the English history, was not this the case, and the true state of things? Dr. Warton.

ric here: would to God they would send us as good ones from your side!

I am ever, &c.

FROM MR. POPE.

Jan. 12, 1722-3.

I FIND a rebuke in a letter of yours that both stings and pleases me extremely. Your saying that I ought to have writ a postscript to my friend Gay's, makes me not content to write less than a whole letter; and your seeming to take his kindly, gives me hopes you will look upon this as a sincere effect of friendship. Indeed, as I cannot but own the laziness with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have had (and one of us has both had and given*) a surfeit of writing; so I really thought you would know yourself to be so certainly entitled to my friendship, that it was a possession you could not imagine stood in need of any farther deeds or writings to assure you of it.

Whatever you seem to think of your withdrawn and seperate state at this distance, and in this absence, Dean Swift lives still in England, in every place and company where he would choose to live, and I find him in all the conversations I keep, and in all the hearts in which I desire any share.

We have never met these many years without mention of you. Beside my old acquaintance, I have found that all my friends of a later date, are such as were yours before; Lord Oxford, Lord Harcourt, and Lord Harley, may look upon me as one entailed upon them

* Alluding to his large work on Homer. WARBURTON.

by you: Lord Bolingbroke is now returned (as I hope) to take me with all his other hereditary rights; and, indeed, he seems grown so much a philosopher, as to set his heart upon some of them as little, as upon the poet you gave him. It is surely my ill fate, that all those I most loved, and with whom I most lived, must be banished. After both of you left England, my constant host was the Bishop of Rochester.* Sure this is a nation that is cursedly afraid of being overrun with too much politeness, and cannot retain one great genius but at the expense of another.† I tremble for my Lord Peterborow, whom I now lodge with; he has too much wit, as well as courage, to make a solid general;‡ and if he escapes being banished by others, I fear he will banish himself. This leads me to give you some account of the manner of my life and conversation, which has been infinitely more various and dissipated, than when you knew me and cared for me; and among all sexes, parties, and professions. A glut of study and retirement in the first part of my life, cast me into this: and this, I begin to see, will throw me again into study and retirement.

The civilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have hindered me from being violent or sour to

* Dr. Atterbury. WARBURTON.

† The Bishop of Rochester thought this to be indeed the case; and that the price agreed on for Lord Bolingbroke's return, was his banishment; an imagination which so strongly possessed him when he went abroad, that all the expostulations of his friends could not convince him of the folly of it. WARBURTON.

‡ This Mr. Walsh seriously thought to be the case, where, in a letter to Mr. Pope, Sept. 9, 1716, he says: "When we were in the North, my Lord Wharton showed me a letter he had received from a certain great general in Spain (Lord Peterborow) I told him I would by all means have that general recalled, and set to writing here at home, for it was impossible that a man with so much wit as he showed, could be fit to command an army, or do any other business. WARBURTON.

any party; but at the same time the observations and experiences I cannot but have collected, have made me less fond of, and less surprised at any: I am therefore the more afflicted, and the more angry, at the violences and hardships I see practised by either. The merry vein you knew me in, is sunk into a turn of reflection, that has made the world pretty indifferent to me; and yet I have acquired a quietness of mind, which by fits improves into a certain degree of cheerfulness, enough to make me just so good humoured as to wish that world well. My friendships are increased by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminished. Aversions I have none, but to knaves, (for fools I have learned to bear with) and such I cannot be commonly civil to; for I think those men are next to knaves who converse with them. The greatest man in power of this sort shall hardly make me bow to him, unless I had a personal obligation, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleasure of my life is one I learned from you, both how to gain, and how to use the freedom of friendship, with men much my superiors. To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a praise; but not to have flattered them, and yet not have displeased them, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all intercourse with poets and scribblers, unless where by great chance I have found a modest one. By these means I have had no quarrels with any personally: none have been enemies, but who were also strangers to me; and as there is no great need for an éclaircissement with such, whatever they writ or said I never retaliated, not only never seeming to know, but often really never knowing, any thing of the matter. There are very few things that give me the anxiety of a wish; the strongest I have would be to pass my days with you, and a few such as you: but fate has dispersed them all about the world:

and I find to wish it is as vain as to wish to see the millennium and the kingdom of the just upon earth.

If I have sinned in my long silence, consider there is one to whom you yourself have been as great a sinner. As soon as you see his hand, you will learn to do me justice, and feel in your heart how long a man may be silent to those he truly loves and respects.

TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

MY LORD, *Dublin, Jan.* 24, 1722-3.

I RECEIVED lately from the Dean of Downe, a favourable message from your grace, relating to a clergyman, who married my near relation, and whose estate is much encumbered by a long suit at law. I return my most humble acknowledgments for your grace's favourable answer. I can assure your grace, that in those times, when I was thought to have some credit with persons in power, I never used it to my own interest, and very rarely for that of others, unless where it was for the public advantage; neither shall I ever be a troublesome or common petitioner to your grace. I am sorry the Archbishop of Dublin* should interpose in petty matters, when he has justly so much weight in things of greater moment. How shall we, the humblest of your addressers, make our way to the smallest mark of your favour? I desired your secretary, Mr. Hopkins, (whom I have long known) to deal plainly with me, as with a man forgotten, and out of the world, and if he thought my request unreasonable, I would drop it. This he failed to do: and therefore I here complain of him to your

* Dr. William King. B.

grace, and will do so to himself, because I have long done with court answers.

I heartily wish your grace full success in all your great and good endeavours for the service of your country, and particularly of this kingdom; and am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient, and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM MR. GAY.

London, Feb. 3, 1722-3.

You made me happy in answering my last letter in so kind a manner, which, to common appearance, I did not deserve; but I believe you guessed my thoughts, and knew, that I had not forgot you, and that I always loved you. When I found, that my book was not sent to you by Tooke, Jervas undertook it, and gave it to Mr. Maxwell, who married a niece of Mr. Meredith's. I am surprised you have heard nothing of it; but Jervas has promised me to write about it, so that I hope you will have it delivered to you soon. Mr. Congreve I see often: he always mentions you with the strongest expressions of esteem and friendship. He labours still under the same afflictions, as to his sight and gout; but, in his intervals of health, he has not lost any thing of his cheerful temper. I passed all the last season with him at the Bath, and I have great reason to value myself upon his friendship; for I am sure he sincerely wishes me well. We pleased ourselves with the thoughts of seeing you there; but Duke Disney, who knows more intelligence than any body besides, chanced to give us a wrong information. If you had been there,

the duke promised, upon my giving him notice, to make you a visit. He often talks of you, and wishes to see you.

I was two or three days ago at Dr. Arbuthnot's, who told me, he had written you three letters, but had received no answer. He charged me to send you his advice, which is, to come to England and see your friends. This he affirms (abstracted from the desire he has to see you) to be very good for your health. He thinks, that your going to Spa, and drinking the waters there, would be of great service to you, if you have resolution enough to take the journey. But he would have you try England first. I like the prescription very much, but I own, I have a self interest in it; for your taking this journey would certainly do me a great deal of good. Pope has just now embarked himself in another great undertaking as an author; for, of late, he has talked only as a gardener. He has engaged to translate the Odyssey in three years, I believe rather out of a prospect of gain than inclination; for I am persuaded he bore his part in the loss of the South Sea. He lives mostly at Twickenham, and amuses himself in his house and garden. I supped about a fortnight ago with Lord Bathurst and Lewis, at Dr. Arbuthnot's. Whenever your old acquaintance meet, they never fail of expressing their want of you. I wish you would come, and be convinced, that all I tell you is true.

As for the reigning amusement of the town, it is entirely music; real fiddles, base-viols, and hautboys; not poetical harps, lyres, and reeds. There's nobody allowed to say, I sing, but an eunuch, or an Italian woman. Every body is grown now as great a judge of music as they were, in your time, of poetry; and folks, that could not distinguish one tune from another, now daily dispute about the different styles of Handel, Bononcini, and

Attilio. People have now forgot Homer, and Virgil, and Cæsar; or, at least, they have lost their ranks. For, in London and Westminster, in all polite conversations, Senesino is daily voted to be the greatest man that ever lived.

I am obliged to you for your advice, as I have been formerly for your assistance, in introducing me into business. I shall this year be a commissioner of the state lottery, which will be worth to me a hundred and fifty pounds. And I am not without hopes, that I have friends that will think of some better and more certain provision for me. You see I talk to you of myself, as a thing of consequence to you. I judge by myself; for to hear of your health and happiness, will always be one of my greatest satisfactions. Every one that I have named in the letter, give their service to you. I beg you to give mine, Mr. Pope's, and Mr. Kent's,* to Mr. Ford. I am, dear sir,

Your most faithful and most humble servant,

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P. S. My paper was so thin, that I was forced to make use of a cover. I do not require the like civility in return.

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* A celebrated gardener, to whom Pope, speaking of Esher, a seat of the late Mr. Pelham's, pays a most elegant compliment;

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tied me here. There is a long difficulty, that concerns the government, the archbishop, the chapter, the dean, Dr. Howard, and Robin Grattan, and I know not whether it will be determined in a month. All my design is, to do a job for Robin Grattan; but the rest have their different schemes and politics, too deep and too contemptible for me to trouble myself about them. Mean time you grow negligent, and the improvements at Laracor are forgotten. I beg you will stop there for a day or two, and do what is necessary now, before the season is too late; and I will come when this affair is over, and bring down wine (which will not be ready till then, for it is but just bottled;) and we will be merry at your house and my cottage.

I sent your memorial, drawn up by myself, with my opinion upon it, and a letter to Dr. Kearney, to recommend it to the primate. I likewise desired Mr. Morgan to second it. I have in vain hitherto sought Dr. Kearney, but shall find him soon; and I intend to engage Dr. Worth and Mr. Cross, and probably all may come to nothing——*Sed quid tentare nocebit?* The ladies are as usually—Mrs. Johnson eats an ounce a week, which frights me from dining with her. My crew has drunk near three hogsheads since I came to town, and we must take up with new when I come down. I suppose you are in the midst of spleen and justice. I have often an ill head, and am so unfortunate as to pick out rainy days to ride in. What is it to you that old Proby the painter is dead?

I am ever your's

J. SWIFT.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

MY LORD, *Deanery House, Feb.* 22, 1722-3.

MR. CHETWODE* intends to deliver in a petition to the government to-day, and entreated me to speak to your grace before he delivered it, which not having an opportunity to do, I make bold to enclose th letter, which your grace may please to read; and is the substance of what he desired me to say. I am,

With the greatest respect, my lord,
Your grace's most dutiful
And most humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

TO ROBERT COPE, ESQ.

Dublin, May 11, 1723.

I PUT up your letter so very safe, that I was half an hour looking for it. I did not receive it till a few days before I came to town; for I often changed stages, and my last as well as my first was at Woodpark with Mr. Ford. This is the first minute of leisure I have had to answer you, which I did not intend to do, till I heard you were come and gone from hence like a spright. I will tell you that for some years I have intended a southern journey; and this summer is fixed for it, and I hope to set out in ten days. I never was in those parts, nor am acquainted with one Christian among them, so that I

* Knightly Chetwode, Esq. who had very good pretensions to an English peerage, for which he presented several memorials; but to no purpose. B.

shall be little more than a passenger; from thence I g to the bishop of Clonfert,* who expects me, and pr tends to be prepared for me. You need not take so muc pains to invite me to Loughgall. I am grown so peevis that I can bear no other country place in this kingdon I quarrel every where else, and sour the people I go as well as myself. I will put the greatest complime on you that ever I made; which is to profess sincerel that I never found any thing wrong in your house, ar that you alone of all my Irish acquaintance have foun out the secret of loving your lady and children, wi some reserve of love for your friends, and, which is mor without being troublesome; and Mrs. Cope, I think, e cels even you; at least you have made me think so, ar I beg you will deceive me as long as I live. The wor of it is, that if you grow weary of me (and I wond why you do not) I have no other retreat. The neig bours you mention may be valuable, but I never wa them at your house; and I love the very spleen of yc and Mrs. Cope better than the mirth of any others yc can help me to; it is indeed one additional good ci cumstance that Tisdell will be absent. I am sorry say so of an old acquaintance; I would pity all infirm ties that years bring on, except envy and loss of goc nature; the loss of the latter I cannot pardon in any o but myself. My most humble service to Mrs. Cop and pray God bless your fireside! It will spare D Jinny† the trouble of a letter, if he knows from you a few days that I intend in a week from your receivi this to begin my journey; for he promised to be my co panion. It is probable I may be at Clonfert by the b ginning of July. It is abominable that you will get n

* Dr. Theophilus Bolton. N.

† A clergyman in the neighbourhood. F.

none of Prior's guineas. If you want news, seek other correspondents. Mr. Ford is heartily weary of us, for want of company. He is a tavern man, and few here go to taverns, except such as will not pass with him; and, what is worse, as much as he has travelled, he cannot ride. He will be undone when I am gone away; yet he does not think it convenient to be in London during these hopeful times. I have been four hours at a commission to hear the passing of accompts, and thought I should not have spirits left to begin a letter; but I find myself refreshed with writing to you. Adieu, and do me the justice to believe that no man loves and esteems you more than yours, &c.

TO THE SAME.

June 1, 1723.

I WROTE to you three weeks ago; perhaps my letter miscarried: I desired you would let Dr. Jinny know that I intended my journey in ten days after my letter would reach you; and I staid five or six more, and do now leave this town on Monday, and take a long southern journey, and in five or six weeks hope to get to the bishop of Clonfert's. My letter to you was very long, and full of civilities to you and Mrs. Cope, and it is a pity it should be lost. I go where I was never before, without one companion, and among people where I know no creature; and all this to get a little exercise, for curing an ill head. Pray reproach Dr. Jinny soundly, if you received my letter, and sent my message; for I know not where to direct to him, but thought you might hear of him once a week. Your friend Ford keeps still in Ireland, and passes the summer at his

country house with two sober ladies of his and my quaintance. If there be time after my being at Cl fert, I will call at Loughgall; though I wish you wo come to the bishop's, if Mrs. Cope will give you lea It seems they are resolved to find out plots here w the parliament meets, in imitation of England; and chief justice and postmaster are gone on purpose bring them over, and they will raise fifty thous pounds on the papists here. The bishop of Mea says, "the bishop of Rochester was always a silly low."

I wish you many merry meetings with Tisdell. graziers will be ruined this year. Praised be God all things! Bermudas† goes low. The walk tov

* Dr. John Evans; whose urbanity may be estimated from conduct to Dr. Swift in 1721. N.

† Alluding to Dr. Berkeley's project of founding a universi Bermudas. This excellent divine, by Dr. Swift's recommenda went to Sicily with Lord Peterborow, as secretary and chapla His letters to Mr. Pope from Leghorn and Naples (see that P Works) make us regret that there are only three of them. On ter to him from Mr. Pope is in Mr. Duncombe's collection. D Dr. Berkeley's absence, Trinity College, Dublin, of which he wa one of the senior fellows, created him, in 1717, D. D. by dip He returned to Ireland in 1718, and in 1721 was advanced t deanery of Derry; where he was no sooner settled than he fo the benevolent plan which he published, in 1725, under the tit "A Proposal for the better supplying of Churches in our Fo Plantations, and for converting the Savage Americans to Chris ty, by a College to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise ed the Isles of Bermuda." Having obtained a royal charter, Berkeley set sail for Rhode-Island in Sept. 1728. But, not fi himself supported in this laudable design, by those who alone render it effectual, he returned to England in 1731; and, in a se preached at Bow church, Feb. 18, 1731-2, before the society fo pagating the Gospel, gave a full account of his pious labours. H promoted to the bishopric of Cloyne, March 5, 1733; in which station he steadily persevered in his truly patriotic endeavours nefit the community, as appears by some valuable tracts in th lume of his miscellanies, 1752. The Earl of Chesterfield, whe

the Bishop of Clonfert's is full of grass. The college and I are fallen out about a guinea. We have some hangings, but few weddings. The next packet will bring us word of the king and Bishop of Rochester's* leaving England; a good journey and speedy return to one, and the other, is an honest whig wish. And so I remain, ever entirely yours, &c.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.†

I AM not so lazy as Pope, and therefore you must not expect from me the same indulgence to laziness; in defending his own cause he pleads yours, and becomes your advocate while he appeals to you as his judge: You will do the same on your part; and I, and the rest of your common friends, shall have great justice to expect from two such righteous tribunals; you resemble perfectly the two alehouse-keepers in Holland, who were at the same time burgomasters of the town, and taxed one another's bills alternately. I declare beforehand I will not stand to the award; my title to your friendship is good, and wants neither deeds nor writings to confirm it; but annual acknowledgments at least are necessary to preserve it: and I begin to suspect, by your defrauding

lieutenant of Ireland, offered him a richer see; which he with great modesty declined. He died at Oxford, in the 73d year of his age, Jan. 1753; having settled there a few months before, to superintend the education of his son. N.

* Dr. Atterbury embarked at Dover, June 18, 1723. See the Epistolary Correspondence of that learned Prelate. vol II. p. 274. N.

† This letter was printed at the end of the quarto edition very faultily (as for instance, *Arabians* for *Zabians*, Egyptian *Seres* for *seers*, &c.) occasioned by its being taken from Curll's stolen copy only: the original having been since recovered among Dr. Swift's papers, it is now correctly printed. F.

me of them, that you hope in time to dispute it, and to urge prescription against me. I would not say one word to you about myself (since it is a subject on which you appear to have no curiosity) were it not to try how far the contrast between Pope's fortune and manner of life, and mine, may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform, and less dissipated, than when you knew me and cared for me. That love which I used to scatter with some profusion among the female kind, has been these many years devoted to one object. A great many misfortunes (for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly) and a retirement from the world, have made that just and nice discrimination between my acquaintance and my friends, which we have seldom sagacity enough to make for ourselves: those insects of various hues, which used to hum and buz about me while I stood in the sunshine, have disappeared since I lived in the shade. No man comes to a hermitage but for the sake of the hermit; a few philosophical friends come often to mine, and they are such as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extremely from what you were nine years ago.

The hoarse voice of party was never heard in this quiet place; gazettes and pamphlets are banished from it, and if the lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff be admitted, this distinction is owing to some strokes, by which it is judged that this illustrious philosopher, had (like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Persian Zoroaster, and others his precursors among the Zabians, Magians, and the Egyptian seers) both his outward and his inward doctrine, and that he was of no side at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I ever was of any party myself; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted reason of things, that I am ready to imagine

there never was any such monster as party. Alas! I am soon awakened from that pleasing dream by the Greek and Roman historians, by Guicciardin, by Machiavel, and Thuanus; for I have vowed to read no history of our own country, till that body of it which you promise to finish, appears.

I am under no apprehensions that a glut of study and retirement should cast me back into the hurry of the world: on the contrary, the single regret which I ever feel, is, that I fell so late into this course of life; my philosophy grows confirmed by habit, and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you. *Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nisi recte facere non possim.* The little incivilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all: some have cured me of my fears, by showing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by showing how precarious popular friendships are; all have cured me of surprise. In driving me out of party, they have driven me out of cursed company; and in stripping me of titles, and rank, and estate, and such trinkets, which every man that will, may spare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world so indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased, at what happens in it, any farther than personal friendships interest me in the affairs of it, and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect tranquillity is the general tenor of my life: good digestions, serene weather, and some other mechanic springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am sometimes gay, but I am never sad; I

have gained new friends, and have lost some old ones; my acquisitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleasure, because they have not been made lightly. I know no vows so solemn as those of friendship, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance should methinks precede them; my losses of this kind give me but little trouble, I contributed nothing to them, and a friend who breaks with me unjustly, is not worth preserving. As soon as I leave this town (which will be in a few days) I shall fall back into that course of life which keeps knaves and fools at a great distance from me: I have an aversion to them both, but in the ordinary course of life, I think I can bear the sensible knave better than the fool: One must, indeed, with the former, be in some or other of the attitudes of those wooden men whom I have seen before a sword cutler's shop in Germany; but even in these constrained postures, the witty rascal will divert me: and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay in another coin: the fool obliges me to be almost as much upon my guard as the knave, and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the torpor, or he teases me like the fly. This is the picture of an old friend, and more like him than that will be which you once asked, and which he will send you, if you continue still to desire it. Adieu, dear Swift, with all thy faults I love thee entirely; make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Clonfert, Aug. 3, 1723.

No, I cannot possibly be with you so soon, there are too many rivers, bogs, and mountains between; besides, when I leave this, I shall make one or two short visits in my way to Dublin, and hope to be in town by the end of this month; though it will be a bad time, in the hurry of your lousy p——t. Your dream is wrong, for this bishop is not able to lift a cat upon my shoulders; but if you are for a curacy of twenty-five pounds a year, and ride five miles every Sunday to preach to six beggars, have at you: and yet this is no ill country, and the bishop has made, in four months, twelve miles of ditches from his house to the Shannon, if you talk of improving. How are you this moment? Do you love or hate Quilca the most of all places? Are you in or out of humour with the world, your friends, your wife, and your school? Are the ladies in town or in the country? If I knew, I would write to them, and how are they in health? Quilca (let me see) (you see I can (if I please) make parentheses as well as others) is about a hundred miles from Clonfert; and I am half weary with the four hundred I have rid. With love, and service, and so adieu.

Yours, &c.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, Sept. 20, 1723.

Returning from a summer expedition of four months on account of my health, I found a letter from you, with an

appendix longer than yours from Lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more miserable malady than an unwillingness to write letters to our best friends, and a man might be philosopher enough in finding out reasons for it. One thing is clear, that it shows a mighty difference betwixt friendship and love, for a lover (as I have heard) is always scribbling to his mistress. If I could permit myself to believe what your civility makes you say, that I am still remembered by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep myself here——*Non sum qualis eram.* I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours, to which if you add the dulness of air, and of the people, it will make a terrible sum. I have no very strong faith in your pretenders to retirement, you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner, and form conclusions *de contemptu mundi et fuga sæculi*, unless a poet grows weary of too much applause, as ministers do of too much weight of business.

Your happiness is greater than your merit, in choosing your favourites so indifferently among either party: this you owe partly to your education, and partly to your genius employing you in an art in which faction has nothing to do, for I suppose Virgil and Horace are equally read by whigs and tories. You have no more to do with the constitution of church and state than a christian at Constantinople; and you are so much the wiser and the happier, because both parties will approve your poetry, as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your notions of friendship are new to me;* I believe every man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the first places in my friendship, but

* Yet they are the christian notions. WARBURTON.

they are not in the way: I am condemned to another scene, and therefore I distribute it in pennyworths to those about me, and who displease me least; and should do the same to my fellow prisoners, if I were condemned to jail. I can likewise tolerate knaves much better than fools, because their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have met with them, which however I own is more dangerous, though not so troublesome, as that of fools. I have often endeavoured to establish a friendship among all men of genius, and would fain have it done; they are seldom above three or four contemporaries, and if they would be united would drive the world before them. I think it was so among the poets in the time of Augustus: but envy, and party, and pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the subalterns, of which you are seldom without a large tribe. Under the name of poets and scribblers, I suppose you mean the fools you are content to see sometimes, when they happen to be modest; which was not frequent among them while I was in the world.

I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be called so in this country. I choose my companions among those of least consequence and most compliance: I read the most trifling books I can find, and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects: but riding, walking, and sleeping take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have several things to finish which I put off to twenty years hence; *Hæc est vita solitorum*, &c. I send you the compliments of a friend of yours, who has passed four months this summer with two grave acquaintance at his country house, without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles distant; yet when he returns to London, I will engage you shall find him as deep in the court of requests, the park, the

operas, and the coffee-house, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You must remember me with great affection to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Congreve, and Gay——I think there are no more *eodem tertios* between you and me, except Mr. Jervas, to whose house I address this, for want of knowing where you live: for it was not clear from your last whether you lodge with Lord Peterborow, or he with you! I am ever, &c.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.*

DEAR SIR, *Nov.* —, 1723.

I HAVE as good a right to invade your solitude as Lord Bathurst, Gay, or Pope, and you see I make use of it. I know you wish us all at the devil for robbing a moment from your vapours and vertigo. It is no matter for that; you shall have a sheet of paper every post till you come to yourself. By a paragraph in yours to Mr. Pope, I find you are in the case of the man, who held the whole night by a broom brush, and found when daylight appeared, he was within two inches of the ground. You do not seem to know how well you stand with our great folks. I myself have been at a great man's table, and have heard, out of the mouths of violent Irish whigs, the whole table turn all upon your commendation. If it had not been upon the general topick of your good qualities, and the good you did, I should have grown jealous of you. My intention in this is not to expostulate, but to do you good. I know how unhappy a vertigo makes any body, that has the

* Endorsed, "Received Nov. 17, 1723." N.

misfortune to be troubled with it. I might have been deep in it myself, if I had had a mind, and I will propose a cure for you, that I will pawn my reputation upon. I have of late sent several patients in that case to the Spa, to drink there of the Geronstere water, which will not carry from the spot. It has succeeded marvellously with them all. There was indeed one, who relapsed a little this last summer, because he would not take my advice, and return to his course, that had been too short the year before. But, because the instances of eminent men are most conspicuous, Lord Whitworth, our plenipotentiary, had this disease, (which, by the way, is a little disqualifying for that employment;) he was so bad, that he was often forced to catch hold of any thing to keep him from falling. I know he has recovered by the use of that water, to so great a degree, that he can ride, walk, or do any thing as formerly. I leave this to your consideration. Your friends here wish to see you, and none more than myself; but I really do not advise you to such a journey to gratify them or myself; but I am almost confident, it would do you a great deal of good. The dragon is just the old man, when he is roused. He is a little deaf, but has all his other good and bad qualities just as of old. Lord B—— is much improved in knowledge, manner, and every thing else. The shaver* is an honest friendly man as before; he has a good deal to do to smother his Welsh fire, which, you know, he has in a greater degree than some would imagine. He posts himself a good part of the year in some warm house, wins the ladies' money at ombre, and convinces them, that they are high-

* Erasmus Lewis, Esq. who in Dr. Swift's imitation of Horace, ep. vii. b. 1. is so called:

"This Lewis is an arrant shaver." B.

ly obliged to him. Lord and Lady Masham, Mr. Hill, and Mrs. Hill, often remember you with affection.

As for your humble servant, with a great stone in his right kidney, and a family of men and women to provide for, he is as cheerful as ever. In public affairs, he has kept, as Tacitus says, *Medium iter inter vile servitium, et abruptam contumaciam.* He never rails at a great man, but to his face; which, I can assure you, he has had both the opportunity and license to do. He has some few weak friends, and fewer enemies: if any, he is low enough to be rather despised than pushed at by them.

I am faithfully, dear sir,
Your affectionate humble servant,
J. ARBUTHNOT.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

SIR, *Dec.* 9, 1723.

I FIND by yours of the 6th of November, which I did not receive till last night, that you have been so good as to remember your poor relation here. But as your three last never came to hand, I think it very happy that you have kept your liberty thus long; for I cannot account for my not receiving them any other way, than that they were stopped in the post-office, and interpreted, as most innocent things are, to mean something very distant from the intention of the writer or actor.

I am surprised at the account you give me of that part of Ireland you have been in; for the best I expect from that grateful country is to be forgotten by the in-

habitants. For, to remember with any kindness one under the frowns of the court, is not a gift the Irish are endowed with. I am very sorry to hear you have got the spleen, where a man of your sense must every day meet with things ridiculous enough to make you laugh; but I am afraid, the jests are too low to do so. Change of air is the best thing in the world for your distemper. And if not to cure yourself, at least, have so much goodness for your friends here, as to come and cure us; for it is a distemper we are overrun with. I am sure your company would go a great way toward my recovery; for I assure you, nobody has a greater value for you than I have, and hope I shall have the good fortune to see you before I die.

I have no sort of correspondence with the person you have not seen, and wonder at nothing they do, or do not do.

I will let your brother* and mine know, that you remember him in my letter. He is as good a man as lives.

I am afraid you will wish you had not encouraged my scribbling to you, when you find I am still such an insipid correspondent; but with that, which I hope will make some amends, am with great sincerity and respect, your most faithful friend and humble servant.

* In the society of sixteen, Charles, Lord Butler of Weston, and Earl of Arran, brother to the Duke of Ormond, on whose attainder he was elected chancellor of the university of Oxford. B.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.*

Dec. 25, 1723.

NEVER letter came more opportunely than your last. The gout had made me a second visit, and several persons were congratulating with me on the good effect of the waters, which had determined my former illness to a distemper so desirable. My toe pained me; these compliments tired me; and I would have taken my fever again to give the gout to all the company. At that instant your letter was delivered to me, it cleared my brow, diverted my ill humour, and, at least, made me forget my pain. I told the persons, who were sitting round my bed, and who testified some surprise at so sudden a change, that this powerful epistle came from Ireland; at which, to say the truth, I did not observe that their surprise diminished. But the dullest fellow among them, who was a priest, (for that happens to be the case sometimes in this country,) told the others, that Ireland formerly had been called *insula sanctorum*: that by the acquaintance he had at the Irish college, he made no doubt of her deserving still the same appellation: and that they might be sure the three pages were filled with *matière d'édification, et matière de consolation*, which he hoped I would be so good as to communicate to them. A learned rosicrusian of my acquaintance, who is a fool of as much knowledge and as much wit as ever I knew in my life, smiled at the doctor's simplici-

* This letter appears to have been written from France, though Lord Bolingbroke had come over to England in the latter end of June this year, in order to plead his pardon, which had passed the seals on the 28th of May. P

ty; observed, that the effect was too sudden for a cause so heavy in its operations; said a great many extravagant things about natural and theurgic magic; and informed us, that though the sages who deal in occult sciences have been laughed out of some countries, and driven out of others, yet there are, to his knowledge, many of them in Ireland. I stopped these guessers, and others who were perhaps ready, by assuring them, that my correspondent was neither a saint nor a conjurer. They asked me, what he was then? I answered, that they should know it from yourself; and opening your letter, I read to them in French the character which you draw of yourself. Particular parts of it were approved or condemned by every one, as every one's own habits induced him to judge; but they all agreed, that my correspondent stood in need of more sleep, more victuals, less ale, and better company. I defended you the best I could; and, bad as the cause was, I found means to have the last word, which in disputes you know is the capital point. The truth is, however, that I convinced no body, not even the weakest of the company, that is, myself.

I flatter my friendship for you with the hopes, that you are really in the case in which you say that our friend Pope seems to be; and that you do not know your own character. Or did you mean to amuse yourself, like that famous painter, who, instead of copying nature, tried in one of his designs, how far it was possible to depart from his original? Whatever your intention was, I will not be brought in among those friends, whose misfortunes have given you an habitual sourness. I declare to you once for all, that I am not unhappy, and that I never shall be so, unless I sink under some physical evil. Retrench therefore the proportion of peevishness which you

set to my account. You might for several other reasons retrench the proportions, which you set to the account of others, and so leave yourself without peevishness, or without excuse. I lament, and have always lamented, your being placed in Ireland; but you are worse than peevish, you are unjust, when you say, that it was either not in the power or will of a ministry to place you in England. Write *minister*, friend Jonathan, and scrape out the words, *either, power, or;* after which the passage will run as well, and be conformable to the truth of things. I know but one man* who had power at that time, and that wretched man had neither the will nor the skill to make a good use of it. We talk of characters; match me that, if you can, among all the odd phenomena which have appeared in the moral world. I have not a Tacitus by me: but I believe, that I remember your quotation, and as a mark that I hit right, I make no comment upon it. As you describe your public spirit, it seems to me to be a disease, as well as your peevishness. Your proposals for reforming the state are admirable: and your schemes concise. With respect to your humble servant, you judge better than you did in a letter I received from you about four years ago. You seemed at that time not so afraid of the nightingale's falling into the serpent's mouth. This reflection made me recollect, that I writ you at that time a long epistle in metre. After rummaging among my papers, I found it, and send it with my letter: it will serve to entertain you the first fast day. I depend on the fidelity of your friendship, that it shall fall under no eye but your own. Adieu.

I read in English (for she understands it) to a certain lady, the passage of your letter, which relates to her. The Latin I most generously concealed. She desires

* Lord Oxford. N

to receive the compliments of one, who is so far from
g equal to fifty others of her sex, that she never
d herself equal to any one of them. She says, that
as neither youth nor beauty, but that she hopes on
ong and intimate acquaintance she has had with you,
a you meet, if that ever happens, to cast such a mist
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END OF VOL. SIXTEEN.

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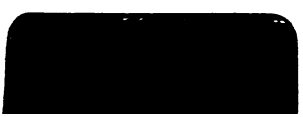

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